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FRIENDS' QUARTERLY EXAMINER

A Religious, Social, and Miscellaneous Review

CONDUCTED BY MEMBERS OF

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

VOL. LVI.

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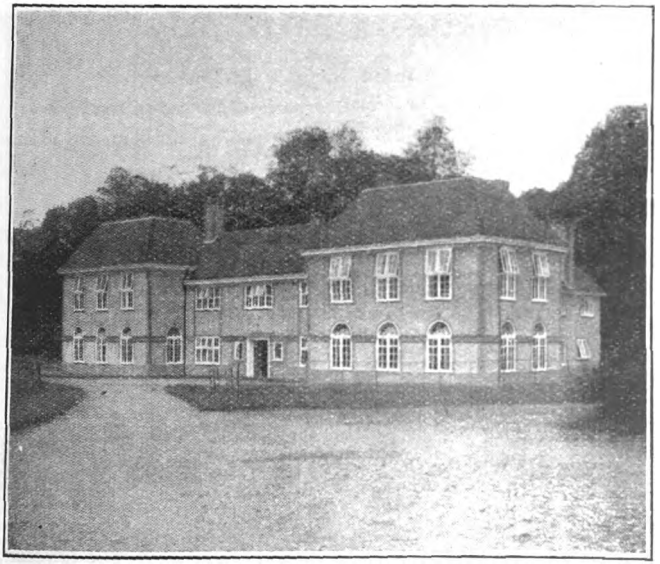

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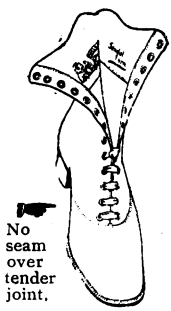

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FRIENDS' QUARTERLY EXAMINER.

No. 221. First Month, 1922.

FROM THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR WINDS. XV.

A CENTURY OF MEDICINE AT PADUA.

I stood alone, musing, in the deserted quadrangle of the old University at Padua on a sunny spring morning in the year of our Lord, 1921.

I.

It was in 1594 that Shakespeare put into the lips of Lucentio in *The Taming of the Shrew* the words :

> "Since for the great desire I had
> To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
> I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy
> The pleasant garden of great Italy
> . . . . for I have Pisa left
> And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
> A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep
> And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst."

That was Padua's time of zenith as the first medical school of Italy, the country which was the birthplace of the medical university of the West. In the eleventh century Salerno, in the twelfth Bologna, and in the thirteenth Padua, as our American

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cousins say, 'blazed the trail' and prepared for the grand sweep of the Renaissance. Before the close of the Middle Ages Italy possessed a score of examples of *universitas, schola,* or *studium generale.* The terms fluctuated as did the students, and sometimes a pope and sometimes an emperor was patron. The condition of their existence—for they can scarce be said to have been founded—was dependent at first upon a variety of factors, not the least being the migration of students, the presence of libraries or teachers, national politics, commercial activities, and the willingness or otherwise of communes to receive them and provide accommodation at a low cost. Thus it came about that the university at Padua was a daughter of Bologna, initiated by a secession of students from the elder institution in 1222. Six years later a secondary migration took place to Vercelli beyond Milan, leaving the studium at Padua bereft, but not extinct, and faced with the tyranny of Ezzelino.

The revival of Padua came in 1260, due to the commune granting additional privileges and to further immigration from Bologna. In the fourteenth century the city conceded full university rights, and the studium developed into two universities, that of the jurists and that of the humanists—the *universitas artistarum* (including medicine) being subordinate to the *universitas juristarum,* which was the larger, richer and more dominant. In each university the students were enrolled as "nations," each nation electing concilarii, who formed with the Rectors the executive of the university. In the fifteenth century collegia, or hostels, were established and Padua rose to be one of the great universities of the learned

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world. To it flocked men from all parts of Europe.

There were two particular reasons why Padua flourished as the seat of a university. First, she made her way in the Lombard league and became the head of the towns of the Marches. As in Florence so in Padua, there were internecine struggles between guelf and ghibelline, though the terms did not bear the same or even a continuous meaning. Chroniclers in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were anti-imperial and yearned for a republican golden age. The House of Este (ancestors of our own royal dynasty), the families of Camposanpiero, of Romano, and of Carrara were destined at different times to rule in Padua, and their feuds and fortunes, and their conflicts with the people, spell out the long story of her struggle for independence. Victory placed her in a predominant position among her peers, and her favourable situation in the plains of Lombardy made her not only something of a health resort, to which her healing springs contributed, but a natural emporium for the wool and thread spinning industries. Thus in the thirteenth century she was ready to cultivate the arts of peace, and her Bishop being then in Bologna enticed two of its professors to join Albertus Magnus, the teacher of Thomas Aquinas, at Padua. So began the long line of illustrious teachers who made her fame.

The second reason for the ultimate emergence of the university at Padua was the protection of Venice. Between them there had been an intermittent history of concord and strife. In the fourteenth century "great friendship" obtained, which

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ended in the absorption of Padua in the Venetian State, and her political history from the beginning of the fifteenth century onwards melts into the wider world of Venetian policy. Under the auspices of the Signory, learning at Padua began to sow seeds which in after years brought forth a rich harvest. Within her walls were gathered many of the great men of the time, and they fed her with seminal thought. The Signory patronised and encouraged them, paid part or all of their salaries, conferred honours and privileges on the Rector of Padua, and required students of Venice to study there. Indeed, as Dean Rashdall says, a period of study at Padua was "required as a qualification for the exercise of public functions at Venice. Padua became, in fact, the university town, or, as M. Renan styled it, the *quartier latin* of Venice; while the tolerance which under the protection of the great commercial Republic long defied the fury of the catholic reaction, attracted an exceptional number of students, especially medical students, from England and the Protestant countries." This substantial protection of Venice, lying as it did outside the Papal States, drew the most famous teachers of Medicine to Padua, provided exceptional facilities and equipment for the anatomical dissection of the human body, attracted immense numbers of patients, and was some surety of personal safety, unavailable in the German universities and even in other centres of learning in Italy.

There was yet one other far-reaching advantage which Padua enjoyed from its allegiance to the Republic. For 400 years Venice was Byzantine in

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thought and deed, and Byzantium had, as Sir Clifford Allbutt has reminded us, conserved and embalmed and kept in safe custody that strange amalgam, Greek Medicine—a broad and living stream of medical knowledge and experience derived from many remote sources. Byzantine influences reached Padua through Ravenna and through Venice. The Tenth century tomb of St. Mark at Venice was built in Byzantine style, modelled on Santa Sophia, and a vast storehouse of Byzantine relic and treasure; venetian mosaics were wrought by Greeks; many madonnas and saints of Venice are Greek in aspect; its library is Greek in foundation; and before the early Renaissance Venice was "rather a Greek than an Italian city." Its argosies had sailed the seas, and during the fourth Crusade Doge Enrico Dandolo had won Constantinople, and thus the little Republic had vanquished the capital of the Eastern Empire. Though steady penetration of Greek inspiration had been going on for generations the world influence of Venice dates from that event. After that she stood at the gate of the East. She became the carrier of the nations. Her ships exported the fruits of Lombardy and brought back the timber of Dalmatia, the wares of Constantinople, the wines of the Ægean, the spices of Egypt, and the silks of Bagdad and the far Orient. And with this merchandise came back manuscripts and drugs.

Greece thus came to Venice 200 years before her university existed at Padua, and for four centuries the East had enriched her blood. Greek thought had, of course, influenced Italy from the days of

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the Greek colonies in Magna Graecia, 700 years before Christ, but here at Venice though the harvest was late the aftermath was sure. The restoration of Greek letters was prosecuted by a series of envoys, fugitives, merchants and manuscript collectors. Cardinal Bessarion, a Greek, and the founder of the Library of St. Mark, Leontius Pilatus, Aurispa, who brought 238 manuscripts to Venice in 1423, Francesco Filelfo, who brought another similar cargo four years later, Andrea Dandolo, the Doge, chronicler and historian, Professor of Law at Padua—these and many others came before the Fall of Constantinople in 1453 and before the Medici Academy had been established at Florence, and they filled the libraries of northern Italy with treasures of learning from the East.

Two circumstances made their work more than fleeting. In the fourteenth century Petrarch, "the harbinger of day," as Gibbon calls him, and his friend Boccaccio, were there at hand, hungry to assimilate the Greek learning and fix it in Western culture. This they did. Their work was assisted and made durable by Aldus Manutus, who at the end of the next century set up his printing press at Venice and for the first time put into type some of the principal works of Greek literature. Thus it came about that at the end of the fifteenth century Padua, the University of Venice, found itself protected, equipped, ready and waiting for a golden age. The Republic and its merchants had secured for it independence of thought and study, the tide of history travelling on the great road from the Adriatic coast had left its mark upon it, and liberal thinkers from other nations began to bring their glory and honour into it.

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II.

The unique advantages which Venice thus bestowed on Padua attracted our own fellow countrymen to its University. Thomas Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians of London, and the friend of Grocyn, John Colet, Sir Thomas More and Erasmus, was one of the earliest of the English students to seek, at the end of the fifteenth century, a medical education at Padua. About 1485 he travelled to Italy with his former master, Selling of Canterbury, who had been appointed Ambassador by Henry VII. at Rome. He visited Bologna and lived at the Court of Lorenzo the Magnificent at Florence, sharing with his two sons, Piero and Giovanni, the tuition of Politian and Chalcondyles. A year later after visiting Rome he went to Padua, where he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine. On his return he translated Aristotle and Galen, practised physic, became physician to the King, and with his friends introduced the New Learning to England. He was the outstanding type of medical humanist. Forty years later Edward Wootton followed his example. He subsequently became physician to Henry VIII. and was the first of our English physicians to become an eminent naturalist and to include the study of zoology in the medical curriculum. Another of the early English students at Padua was John Caius, who worked under Montanus and Vesalius from 1539 to 1541, lodging in the house of the latter. He became illustrious both as anatomist and classical scholar. He was professor of Greek in the university co-operating with Realdus Colombus on the Greek text of

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Aristotle. In 1543 he visited the libraries of Italy collecting manuscripts with the object of bringing to England the fullest knowledge obtainable of Galen, of Celsus, and of the learning of the Renaissance. He was one of the founders of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, physician to Queen Elizabeth, and President of the College of Physicians. He was the first to introduce the study of practical anatomy in this country and the earliest publicly to teach it. He also was a naturalist and likewise an epidemiologist, having been the first to describe the sweating sickness. Gesner told the Queen that Caius was "the most learned physician of his age."

Half a century passed before the arrival of William Harvey, the most famous English student who went to Padua. He was the son of Thomas Harvey, yeoman, of Folkestone, and was born in 1578. He studied at Caius College, Cambridge, and reached Padua probably in 1600, attending the lectures of Fabricius in anatomy, Minadous in medicine, and Casserius in surgery. He was a member of the more aristocratic *universitas juristarum,* which admitted a few selected medical students to its ranks. He was elected a *concilarius* of the English nation and his coat of arms, or *stemma,* was displayed in the court yard of the University where it was discovered in 1893—"Gulielmus Harveus Anglus." He probably graduated in 1602 and returned to England. His Lumleian lectures on the Circulation of the Blood were delivered before the College of Physicians in the spring of 1616, the year of the death of Shakespeare and Cervantes, and his immortal book,

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"Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu cordis et sanguinis in animalibus" was published at Frankfort in 1628. He was appointed physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital and to Charles I., and died in 1657.

Many English and Scotch students followed these great examples and crossed the Alps to study at Padua in the days before Leyden made disciples of Englishmen. Their thirst for knowledge and their ambition to drink at Italian sources emboldened them to undergo the rigours of the enterprise. The journey itself, as we know from the colloquies of Erasmus, the journals of Luther and the diary of Evelyn, was sufficiently tedious and formidable. The sufferings of Erasmus during his continental travels are described by him to Linacre and Colet in his letters of 1500-1518, and nearly 150 years later Evelyn gives us an account of his return journey from Padua over the Simplon to London. In the time of Erasmus the mode of progress was by pack-horse, but Evelyn travelled also by coach. Whatever the mode the monasteries, inns and caravanserai furnished abundant discomfort, nor were the dangers of the way inconsiderable. Seebohm writes in the *Oxford Reformers*:

"One room serves for all comers, and in this one room, heated like a stove, some eighty or ninety guests have already stowed themselves—boots, baggage, dirt and all. Their wet clothes hang on the stove iron to dry, while they wait for their supper. There are footmen and horsemen, merchants, sailors, waggoners, husbandmen, children and women—sound and sick—combing their heads, wiping their brows, cleaning their boots, stinking of garlic, and making as great a confusion of tongues as there was at the building

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of Babel! At length in the midst of the din and stifling closeness of this heated room, supper is spread—a coarse and ill-cooked meal,—which our scholar scarcely dares to touch, and yet is obliged to sit out to the end for courtesy's sake. And when past midnight Erasmus is shown to his bed-chamber, he finds it to be rightly named—there is nothing in it but a *bed;* and the last and hardest task of the day is now to find between its rough unwashed sheets some chance hours of repose. So, almost in his own words, did Erasmus fare on his way to Italy."

There were three or four routes from England to Padua, through France or Germany and over the Alps, or by sea to Genoa or Naples, or by sea to Venice and thence by road or canal. The usual route was that of the Simplon to Milan and thence by Bergamo, Brescia, and Verona. As the English student of the sixteenth century, taking this route, emerged from the hills and tramped or rode down the valley of the Bacchiglione he saw before him a brown walled city of the plains, embowered in a garden of fields and vineyards. On the north he would see, within the walls, the solitary square spire of the thirteenth century Church of the Eretami, immortalised by Montegna and under the shadow of which Giotto painted his frescoes on the walls of the arena chapel; in the middle of the city rose the tower of the Palazzo del Podesta and to its right hand the domes and minarets of the glorious Franciscan Church of St. Antonio, the beloved friar, which had been the pride of Padua for 200 years, and which enshrines the work of Donatello; at the southern end, he could not overlook the thirteenth century fortress of Ezzelino on the wall, and the new campanile and glistening cupolas of St. Justina, the tomb of the saints; and for the

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rest the stranger would look down upon the grey roofs and bell-towers of a medieval town. He would pass into the city from the open country through the Porta Giovanni, under the shadow of the Duomo, or possibly over the Roman bridge through the forbidding and imperious Porta Molino, and once inside he would find himself in dark, tortuous and narrow streets, arched and lined with arcades (the *portici*) and over-hanging storeys with small latticed windows.

The students' quarters lay to the east of the University, itself an old palace of the Maltraversi, situated in the heart of the city. Over the gateway was the Lion of St. Mark with the legend, *Gymnasium omnium Disciplinarum,* and above the escutcheon of the Doge of Venice the words, *Sic ingrede ut te ipso quotidie doctior evadas.* The student passed into a magnificent courtyard surrounded by a Doric colonnade and an upper logia with Ionic columns—the logia, the staircases, and the *aula magna,* the hall of the University, bearing on their walls the escutcheons, frescoed or sculptured, of former students. The University was nicknamed *Il bo,* perhaps because for a short period the palace had been used as the ox inn (*osteria del bo*), perhaps because the ox-tax of the city was paid into the University coffers. Round about the University, then as now, were situated the classrooms and technical laboratories, though in recent years the special medical and surgical departments have grown up in the vicinity of the hospital and Medical School in the Via del Fallopio, not far from the famous Physic

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Garden (and of which Fallopius was Keeper) founded in 1545, when the medieval herbals had come into use. Between the new buildings and the University still run the old narrow streets and arcades, which in the sixteenth century were crowded with the students of all nations. There still remains the ancient grandeur, the stigmata of the fourteenth century, and the symbols of the art and literature and architecture of the Renaissance.

Arrived in Padua the wandering student of the sixteenth century was required to live under Spartan conditions. He was often poor, and like Luther, begged his bread. Food though cheap was inadequate and ill-assorted; the houses were dismal, the lattice windows were often filled with sheets of linen; the beds were rough and unkempt; artificial light was expensive and poor; and there was an almost entire absence of healthy recreation and amusement—periodical wild orgies of students, "too horrid and petulant mirth," being the natural reaction. The medical session began on St. Luke's Day in the autumn of each year and lasted until August. During the ten months the whole human body was twice dissected in public by the professor of anatomy. These were formal occasions and the attendance became so large that a sort of wooden barrack or tabernacle was built to serve as an anatomical theatre. In 1593, after Fabricius had been professor for thirty years, the Venetian authorities erected for him a small circular theatre which still exists, and here Harvey learned at his feet. The lectures on anatomy were delivered at nine o'clock in the morning, but others as early as six o'clock, and in the summer almost at day break. In the

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adjoining *aula magna* Galileo taught mathematics, though many of his popular astronomical lectures were delivered in the open air. The courtyard and the logia hummed with the sound of many voices as groups of eager students discussed the rapid march of knowledge or the acquisition of new truth.

III.

In its golden age Padua was a very wonderful place. Both place and age stood at the dawn. For there and then the sixteenth century left its indelible mark on the youth of all nations and on the generations following. One of the oldest cities in Italy Patavia came under the Roman supremacy more than 200 years before Christ. In the fifth century it was destroyed by Attila the Hun, and the new city was taken by Agiluff the Lombard a hundred years later. From the Lombards it passed to the Franks, and during the guelf and ghibelline quarrels it alternately submitted to, or was conquered by, the tyrants and emperors or the Lombard league. In 1318 it took to itself as lord the head of the Carrara family, Jacopo, the patron of Petrarch, whose family ruled it, until, in 1405, it became a republic, passing within the dominion of Venice in 1509. Under the shadow of the wings of the Lion of St. Mark, faithful and beautiful daughter of Venice it remained—the fair possessor of priceless treasure in art and architecture. There it stands to-day a monument and embodiment of the Middle Ages, lying in the rich and fertile plains which for centuries proved its snare—the snare which was predicted by Thucydides—between the

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Euganean Hills and the sea, with all the Alps lying to the north and to the south the long low stretch of the Marches away to Ravenna.

The glory which is Padua is, however, not in stone but in human endeavour: the birthplace of Livy and of Montegna; the home of Petrarch; the land of the exile of Cosimo de Medici, patron of learning (accompanied by his friend Michelozzo, the Florentine sculptor) and of Palla Strozzi, the scholar and collector of Greek literature, and last and greatest of the banished heroes, of Dante Alighieri; the workshop of Giotto and Donatello and Squarcione; the university of Dandolo, Vesalius, Frascatorius, Fabricius and Galileo; the medical school of Linacre, Wootton, Caius and Harvey; the haunt of Tasso and Ariosto and Boccaccio. What a galaxy! What immortal works of art, literature and healing spring from the deeds of these men. Is it surprising that there should come to drink at this source a long procession of thirsty students and seekers of all nations, over the Alps and over the sea? Is it astonishing that Padua proved to be the foster mother of some of the most dynamic of the new and living forces of Medicine, and which gave it renaissance when the light of morning broke over the West? And we may remember that, when daylight came, the Revival of Medicine passed in the direct line from Padua to Leyden, from Leyden under Boerhaave to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh under Alexander Monro and William Cullen in the eighteenth century to the great medical schools of the New World—to Philadelphia, Columbia and Harvard.

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IV.

(*a*)

Who were these prophets of Medicine at Padua and what did they do? The forerunner was a young Belgian of 22 years of age, seeing visions. His name was Andreas Vesalius and he was born at Brussels in 1515, his father being apothecary to Charles V., and his mother an Englishwoman, named Isabella Crabbe. He was educated at Louvain and Leyden, and naturally turning to medicine, studied anatomy under Sylvius in Paris. He served as a military surgeon in Flanders in 1536 and lectured in Italy in 1537. Subsequently in the same year he set his face to Venice to seek the patronage of its far-sighted rulers. In December he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine at their University of Padua and was entrusted with the teaching of Anatomy. No sooner was he installed as professor than he introduced, in 1538, the new method of dissection and demonstration. This was the beginning of an incomparable century of Medicine at Padua. Instead of merely reading Galen—whose books had fixed medical knowlege for 1,400 years—Vesalius began to study the human body, to be guided by what he found and what he could see rather than by Galen. Nature, and not books, observation, and not authority, was the new method. The young men of Padua answered to the new voice and the new way, they saw instinctively that it was right, and an epoch began. The undisputed sway of the written word ended, and Vesalius declared in uncompromising fashion what he saw with his own

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eyes and handled with his own hands. "I had to put my own hand to the business," said he. Five years he thus spent in untiring labour, always with the vision yet not weaving webs of fancy, tracking out the structure of the human body as it actually is, dissecting it, demonstrating it to the crowds of students who hung on his words, and finally recording it in the folio pages of his *Fabrica Humani Corporis,* published at Basel in 1543, a lucid and orderly survey of acquired facts. "This book," said Sir Michael Foster, "is the beginning not only of modern anatomy but of modern physiology. . . Upon the publication of the *Fabrica* the pall of authority was once and for ever removed." It ended, for all time, the long reign of fourteen centuries of precedent; it began in a true sense the renaissance of Medicine. It added immensely to the knowledge of the body, it introduced a true method of science, above all, it engendered a new spirit.

Others had dissected before him in Alexandria, at Salerno, and elsewhere. Mundinus in 1315, and Carpi in 1521, had advanced the study of Anatomy at Bologna and proved themselves the forerunners of Vesalius—the anatomical painters of the fifteenth century, Verrochio, da Vinci, Dürer and Signorelli had used surface anatomy in the fine arts—but he it was who established and tilled the ground they had gained, and who opened the new book of Nature. "Vesalius was the first to collect on a large scale," says Dr. Klebs, "the accumulated mass of anatomical facts he had obtained from his predecessors, notably Galen. By his own observations he was able to correct some of them and to add new ones. The descriptive, systematic and especially graphic

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presentation of his great anatomic knowledge in a most impressive outward form was bound to exert a reformatory influence. This is without doubt his own intellectual deed." His brilliant and vigorous advocacy brought down upon him envy and opposition, and in 1544 he left Padua to become court physician to Charles V. and subsequently to Philip. He died at Zante on his way back from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in 1564—the year of the death of that other great anatomist, the painter Michaelangelo. He was succeeded in the professorship by Realdous Columbus, one of his pupils, who, following Michael Servetus the Martyr, correctly described the pulmonary circulation. In 1551 Colombus was succeeded by Gabriel Fallopius, who studied the anatomy of the pelvis, and who in his turn was followed by Fabricius, Casserins and Spigelius—all in the apostolic succession, all keeping alive the Vesalian fire, all laying anew the foundations of anatomy and physiology. In England this was done by John Caius, friend and pupil of Vesalius at Padua.

(*b*)

Three years after the issue of the *Fabrica* at Basel there appeared from the printing press at Venice a remarkable book, *De Contagione* by Hieronymous Fracastorius, poet and physician, of Verona. He was born in that city in 1483 and was sent to Padua for his medical education. After the Venetian War of 1509 he settled as a medical practitioner at Verona and cultivated the love of science,

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literature and philosophy he had acquired at Padua. He lived the greater part of the year on the Caphian Hills overlooking Lago di Garda, and here, at the age of 47, he brooded over the severity of the times and the cruelty and injustice of which he had been the witness in his native city, the aftermath of the wars between Francis I. and Charles V., and between the imperial and republican factions of Verona. He has left us a stanza of his sombre thoughts :

> To what estate, O wretched Italy,
> Has civil strife reduc'd and moulder'd thee!
> Where now are all thy ancient glories hurl'd?
> Where is thy boasted Empire of the world?
> What nook in thee from barbarous Rage is freed
> And has not seen thy captive children bleed?

But Fracastorius had a more constructive message to leave behind than this sad note. For here in his country villa he wrote the two medical books which brought him fame. The first was a poem, ***Morbus Gallicus,*** printed at Verona in 1530, the second was *De Contagione* in 1546. In his medical practice Fracastorius had seen many cases of syphilis, plague, epidemic typhus and consumption, and his book is a record of his views as to the contagion of these diseases by seeds or *semina,* which could, he believed, be generated spontaneously. He described three separate modes of infection, (a) by personal contact, (b) by intermediate agents, fomites, and (c) by aerial convection. He likens the first form to putrefaction passing from one grape or pear to another (as he had observed it in his garden), the *seminaria contagionum* being carried from one to another. The second mode is, he says, the same

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in principle though the seeds, or virus, may remain intact and active for long periods. Infection conveyed by air is more subtle and penetrating, and takes many different forms, some attacking animals and others man; some the old and others the young, some one organ of the body as the eye, others deeper organs, like the lungs. Fracastorius compared the process of contagion with fermentation of wine, two centuries before Pasteur, and he differentiated poisons from infections, showing that the former are not able to multiply or reproduce in the individual an agent capable of attacking another person. He first used the term "syphilis," and was one of the earliest to describe the disease; he also described typhus fever and differentiated it from plague and other current pestilences; and he argued that consumption was a contagious disease contracted by habitual residence with a consumptive, and that the infection may remain attached to clothing or house.

Mercurialis said that Fracastorius first opened men's eyes to the nature of contagion, and Dr. Charles Singer considers that he was the first writer to place "the theory of infectious diseases on a firm and rational foundation." His doctrine of spontaneous generation was disproved by Redi, and some of his views were dispelled by the invention of the microscope. His works were widely read and constituted the culmination of the medical conceptions of the Renaissance in regard to infection. He gathered up the evidence of three centuries and stimulated future study in these matters by Fallopius at Padua, and the great Jerome Cardan of Pavia. His conceptions were studied critically

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in England by Sydenham, put into operation by Richard Mead and Sir John Pringle in the eighteenth century, and scientifically proved during the nineteenth by Pasteur, Koch and their disciples. Fracastorius died 'mid Caphian Hills' in 1553, and monuments were erected to his memory at Padua. "The age in which he lived," wrote his biographer, "saw nothing equal to his learning but his honesty."

(*c*)

There is a small Tuscan town in the valley of the Paglio, near Orvieto, named Acquapendente, and there in 1537 was born in humble circumstances Hieronymous Fabricius. Though his parents were poor they contrived to send their boy to Padua to study medicine under Fallopius. His progress was so rapid that in eight or nine years he was called to the famous chair of Vesalius, but though the latter was professor for only five years Fabricius of Acquapendente reigned for upwards of forty, receiving from the Venetian republic the supreme honour of the gold chain of the Order of St. Mark. It was for him they built the new Anatomy theatre to celebrate thirty years' service, and in that theatre he taught Harvey.

Fabricius was a distinguished surgeon and scholar as well as anatomist. Above all he was a naturalist and taught the comparative structure of all animals. He wrote a book, *De formatione ovi*, in which he described the development of the chick in the egg, and in his *De Respiratione*, on which he was working when Harvey came to Padua, he

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sets out his knowledge of the mechanism of breathing and of locomotion. On the subject of the circulation he was a Galenist, though he added new knowledge as to the form, position and distribution of the valves of the veins, which he described as "little doors." His book on *Venarum ostiolis* was published in 1574. He believed that these valves delayed the flow of blood—which Galen-like he assumed was "crude" blood travelling from the heart to the tissues—so that the limbs should not become congested with too great a flow of blood. Fabricius, who also wrote on the eye and ear, the structure and functions of the skin, the larynx and speech, was an enthusiastic teacher and investigator, with generous sympathies and a keen sense of the responsibilities of his position, an all-round workman —anatomist, physiologist, surgeon, embryologist, historian. He exerted immense influence on generations of students and vastly extended the reputation of Padua.

It was from this man that Harvey learned comparative anatomy, physiology and embryology, and from him too he also learned to be a medical humanist. But the venerable old man was a Galenist and the dead hand of the Pergamite lay heavy upon him. "So strong was the hold upon his mind of conceptions coming down from the past," said Sir Michael Foster, "that Fabricius's eyes were blinded to the facts staring him in the face, and his ears were deaf to voices crying out new views." He was 62 when Harvey went to sit at his feet; he was followed in the chair by his faithful servant Casserius, and in 1616 by Spigelius, who both carried on his work. But the succession passed to Harvey.

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What exactly was the discovery which Harvey made? Let us consider it in the briefest possible form. Galen and Vesalius had both taught that the blood current acquired nutritive properties in the liver, that some of it when in the heart passed through the wall from the right to the left ventricle, and that air became mixed with the blood in the left ventricle. In 1553 Michael Servetus declared that no blood passed through the interventricular septum and that the blood was aerated by its passage through the lung. Twenty years later Cisalpinus of Pisa had grasped the principle that the heart received blood from the veins and propelled it through the arterial system. Lastly, Fabricius of Padua had described the structure and position of the valves of the veins, though he had not understood their purpose. Thus matters stood when Harvey came to Padua. He listened to Fabricius, he then studied the matter for himself in man and animals, he considered the structure of the circulatory system and its purpose, and he "weighed" (to use his own term) the physical factors affecting it. And briefly this is what he found. He first showed the nature and purpose of the heart beat, that the heart undergoes a contraction and a constriction, and forces all its contained blood into the arteries, the right ventricle into the pulmonary artery to the lungs and the left into the great artery (aorto) to the body, and no blood passes through the intervening wall. Secondly, he found that the blood coursing through the body was passing *from* the heart in the arteries and 'climbing back' *to* the heart in the veins by the support of their valves, "a motion, as it were, in a circle." "The

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blood in the animal body," he wrote, "is impelled in a circle, and is in a state of ceaseless motion; that this is the act or function which the heart performs by means of its pulse; and that it is the sole and only end of the motion and contraction of the heart." Thirdly, he saw that though the blood undergoes changes in the lung—the lesser circulation, and in the body tissues—the great circulation, it is one and the same blood. "Sense and reason alike assure us that the blood contained in the left ventricle is not of a different nature from that in the right. . . . It is the same blood in the arteries that is found in the veins." That is Harvey's three-fold discovery.

Its effect was amazing. For his mode of procedure vindicated for ever the experimental method; his finding placed the blood in the forefront of physical life, and gave it an altogether new meaning, chemical and physiological; lastly, the demonstration of the circulation gave a true conception to nutrition. Here was an end to "spirits" and "vapours," here was the operation of physical and physiological law. There was but one link missing, how the blood passed from the arteries to the veins. It was not until four years after Harvey's death that, with the aid of the microscope, Malpighi in 1661 observed the capillaries uniting by their network arteries and veins.

(*d*)

A fourth type of the Paduan pioneers who created its golden age of Medicine is Galileo Galilei. He was the son of a Florentine noble and was born at

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Pisa in 1564, the year in which Vesalius died and Shakespeare was born. He inherited from his father an aristocratic name, a love of music, art and mathematics, an enquiring mind, and an impoverished patrimony. His father intended him for commerce, but the boy showed so much scholarly capacity at the convent school that at the age of 17 he was sent to the University of his native city to study medicine. Nevertheless, he preferred Euclid and Archimedes to Hippocrates and Galen, and turning to mathematics became at the early age of 26 professor of that subject in the University.

Two episodes of his life at Pisa have come down to us. One day in the Duomo his attention was attracted by the great bronze lamp of the Cathedral, which after lighting the verger had left swinging to and fro on its chain. Galileo timed its oscillations by the only watch he possessed, namely, the beat of his own pulse—the rhythm of which he also measured by the pendulum—and observed that the time occupied by the swings was the same though the range became smaller. Thus was suggested the law of the isochronism of the pendulum, which led to the invention of the astronomical clock. On another occasion he climbed the leaning campanile adjoining the baptistery, and before the assembled University he dropped a 100-pound shot and a one pound shot from the top of the tower. Together they fell, together they struck the ground. "The simultaneous clang of those two weights," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "sounded the death knell of the old system of philosophy and heralded the birth of the new." This contraversion of the Aristotelians concerning the law of falling bodies contributed, with

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other like innovations, to Galileo's unpopularity at Pisa, and in 1592 he accepted the offer of the Senatori of Venice to be Professor of Mathematics at Padua.

Now began the splendid period of Galileo's life. He was 28, and, like Vesalius and the young Fabricius, he came into his kingdom in the first flush of manhood. His fame drew crowds of students, to whom he lectured in the *aula magna,* where his reading desk may still be seen, or, if the accommodation proved inadequate they all turned out into the open air. He taught them the laws of motion and mechanics, the principles of the sun dial, and "the mutability of the celestial globe." He perfected before them the telescope and invented a proportional compass, and with these instruments he demonstrated to the astonished students the Copernician helio-centric theory of the heavens, the new star of 1604, the mountains of the moon, the Milky Way, sun spots, and the satelites of Jupiter. The Senate, as well as the students, fell under his spell. The six year tenure of the professorship ran a second lap, and then the twelve years became eighteen. It was a brilliant career, perhaps even in that great time the most dazzling in Europe; it marked advance in the understanding of the laws of physics and the fundamental properties of matter. For at Padua Galileo did much else than teach mathematics. He enlarged the field of the mind of man, he taught the balance between induction and deduction as a scientific method, he advanced the far-reaching truth that all physical forces within the human body and outside it are *measurable.* But alas! the fate of the prophet over-

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took him and in 1610 he left Padua never to return. Two years later he published his belief in the Copernican theory and came under the papal ban; in 1632 he underwent the persecution of the Inquisition; and ten years after the blind, bereaved, old man passed beyond the power of his traducers. In spite of his recantation of his scientific faith, his work remained and brought forth a hundred-fold. For it was sown in strength and raised in power. "This is Galileo's main glory," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "that he first laid the foundation of mechanics on a firm and secure basis of experiment, reasoning and observation. He first discovered the true Laws of Motion."

The forerunners of Galileo had been Copernicus and Paracelsus, Telesio, Patrizzi and Campanella; his contemporaries were Kepler and our own William Gilbert, of Colchester, the author of *De Magnete,* and the first President of the College of Physicians who was pre-eminent as physicist; and his immediate successors were Sanctorius of Padua, Descartes, Stensen, Borelli and Malpighi. Yet once more the succession passed to an Englishman, Sir Isaac Newton. He it was who became Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge when 26 years old, and who took the learning of Descartes and Galileo, reformulated it and applied it to the differential calculus, to the law of gravitation and a complete theory of astronomy, and to the beginnings of spectrum analysis. The *Principia* was published in 1687.

It is important in the history of physiology to remember that for eighteen years the influence of

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Galileo permeated the first medical school of the age and left its ineffaceable mark upon the growing science of all living things. Harvey himself must often have listened to the Professor of Mathematics, for the aula magna and the anatomical theatre adjoined each other, and Galileo's amazing lectures, were the talk of the University. We know to what physiological purposes Harvey applied the principles of mechanics. But even before this, and only a year after Galileo had left the University, Sanctorius, the professor of medicine at Padua, introduced physical measurement for the determination of chemical and physiological change. He constructed a chair suspended to a steel-yard, and by this balance weighed himself before and after regulated meals, and thus measured the loss of weight due to, what he termed, insensible transpiration. "If the food and drink in one day amount to eight pounds," he says, "the insensible transpiration will generally amount to about five pounds." Quaint and imperfect as were his methods he was a pioneer of the physical measurement of physiological processes.

Descartes, the philosopher and mathematician, though not associated with Padua, was a follower of Galileo, and added the method of reasoning to that of observation and experiment. It was part of his creed that man was a machine, an automaton (*machine de terre*) inhabited and governed by a rational soul (*ame raisonable*), and he was the first to explain physiological and mental functions in a mechanical manner. "Other authors," said Stensen, "describe man; Descartes puts before us

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merely a machine." From the medical standpoint two of the greatest disciples of Galileo were Borelli of Pisa and Malpighi of Bologna. Borelli was born at Naples and was two years old when Galileo left Padua, but in 1656 he followed him in the chair of mathematics at Pisa. He devoted himself to the mechanics of physiology, muscular movement, heart beat, and the resistance and elasticity of the arteries. He also investigated the mechanics of respiration, secretion and excretion. Borelli's friend Malpighi became professor of medicine at Bologna, Padua's great neighbour, and there with the aid of the newly invented microscope he worked as naturalist, embryologist and pathologist. He discovered the capillaries and thus threw new light on the nutrition of the tissues, and as histologist he demonstrated the relation of structure to function and the response of structure to physical forces.

These men were the descendants of Galileo, and laid the foundations on which we build in that new world of physics, mathematics and chemistry in their relation to Medicine which marks our own day and generation. But as I have said the succession passed to England,—and to the man who knew, yet knew how little he knew. When an old man, full of honour and at the height of his fame, Sir Isaac Newton wrote these words: "I know not what the world will think of my labours, but to myself it seems that I have been but as a child playing on the sea shore; now finding some pebble rather more polished, and now some shell rather more agreeably variegated than another, while the immense ocean of truth extended itself unexplored before me."

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V.

Such were four of the leaders and teachers of the School of Padua in the century which began on New Year's Day, 1538—an anatomist, a practitioner, a professor, and a physicist. Their influence spread through Europe, and Padua, in spite of conservative and reactionary elements, gave many sons to the advancement of learning and the science and art of Medicine. Its contribution was supreme in three respects.

First and foremost, Padua called men's minds back to Nature. Not Galen or other authority, not the text of a book, not consistency with tradition, but the study of the Human Body was the issue that was joined—in the splendid words of Vesalius "the study of that true bible, as we account it, of the human body and of the nature of man." This was the source of new truth in 1538, and it is the source to-day. "It was in Padua," wrote Sir Clifford Allbutt, "that Medicine, long degraded or disguised, was to prove her lineage as the mother of natural science and the truth of the saying of Hippocrates that to know the nature of man one must know the nature of all things." This return to Nature was not merely an elegant fancy or philosophic idea, it was a way of thought and of life. Nature was to be observed, rather than interpreted, as the *fons et origo* of truth; but more than that, she was to be interrogated, cross-examined, tested. The Paduan School made experiments and control experiments, as Aristotle had done before them; but they did more, for following in the footsteps of Roger Bacon, they applied the experimental *method*

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to all things. It has been wisely said that "by the ordering of experiment after a definite plan discovery is to be guided, doctrine tested, error disipated, and the succession of natural phenomena ascertained." This was what Galileo and Harvey did. By design they verified the fundamental premises. They taught the world mighty truths, but better than that, the truths were natural and the offspring of their own experience. Their teaching was founded, as all consummate teaching must be, on their own research, their own first-hand knowledge of truth at the source. It is the supreme order, be the endeavour what it may.

Then in the second place, though to construct a true method is a larger gift to mankind than to discover items of knowledge, the Paduan School rendered inestimable service in extending the boundaries of learning. Vesalius revealed morphology as the bed-rock of systematic medicine; Fracastorius was the first of the moderns in the realm of infection and epidemiology; Fabricius was one of the greatest of the early exponents of the elements of physiology and embryology; and Galileo opened the august chapter of the laws of mechanics and physics. In the main, therefore, Padua is associated with the basic elements of physics, anatomy and physiology —in a word, with the essentials of the mechanics, structure and function of the body. The superstructure was to be built by other men. What is significant, though not surprising, is that these Paduan pioneers inspired, as we have seen, a long succession of descendants and disciples whose intellectual germ plasm has continued to reproduce its kind in many nations down to our own day.

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Their work was of the nature of fruit; it grew from seed and it had within it the seed of more fruit. That is their enduring fame. We may be proud, and should be profoundly encouraged, that chief of them all was an Englishman, the immortal William Harvey, whose demonstration of the circulation of the blood and whose method of proof opened a new chapter not for Medicine only but for mankind. "I profess both to learn and to teach anatomy," he wrote, "not from books but from dissections; not from the position of the philosophers but from the fabric of nature. I avow myself the partisan of truth alone."

Lastly, there is a third characteristic of the progress of Medicine at Padua in its wonderful century and it is this, there was co-operation and integration of the one into the many and the many into the one. The forerunners handed the glowing torch to these men of Padua—Vesalius, Fracastor, Galileo and Harvey—who carried it forward with enthusiasm, devotion and courage, and handed it on aflame to their followers—that was co-operation. But they did more. Biology was made by them to subserve anatomy, the anatomy was laid as the foundation of physiology, the physiology was illuminated and explained by physics, and the whole was applied to the healing art—that was integration. There was correlation and interdependence and integration; there was a fresh and large understanding of the unity of nature. These men lit a candle in Europe, the lamp of truth, and they used it to push out further into the darkness which surrounded them, seeking the many in the one. They kept their lamp well trimmed and burning, but always,

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though sometimes unconsciously, for the single-minded Search. Coming out of a great time they sang again the song of man's inheritance, of his unconquerable mind, of his partnership with the eternal wisdom. And in seeing this vision and singing this song, they made their day the Dawn.

Was Browning thinking of such men in the last words of *Paracelsus*, in the hospital of St. Sebastian in 1541?

> "If I stoop
> Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
> It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
> Close to my breast—its splendour, soon or late,
> Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge one day."

. . . . . .

Some of these were my musings that spring morning in Padua. But the evening came, and its long shadows fell across the plains of Lombardy and enshrouded the Euganean Hills; the workers came in from the fields and vineyards, the city toilers rested from their labours, the great bell of the Cathedral sounded the Ave Maria at sunset; and walking away in the twilight through those quiet and forsaken streets of the Middle Ages, familiar three centuries ago to Fabricius and Galileo and Harvey, I listened to "the deep sad murmur of voices long dead."

The House of the Four Winds,
New Year's Day, 1922.

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THE WASHINGTON SUNRISE.

(*November 12th, 1921.*)

Softly broodeth the Dove Eternal
  Over the waters of strife :
Motionless hover the Powers Infernal,
  Sapping the springs of Life.
Pent in the ark is the whole creation,
Longing, yearning to see salvation—
    Say, is the Dawn at hand?

Silence reigneth throughout high heaven,—
  Hope is holding her breath!
Half an hour is the period given, ...
  Shall it be Life or Death?
Hark, for the Wind of the Spirit bloweth!
Whither it leads there is no man knoweth,
    Sweeping o'er sea and land.

Voices cry from beneath the Altar,
  Echo to us on earth,
Stirring our heartstrings to throb and falter,
  (We who have given you birth.)
Voices of loved ones, what are you saying,
Eagerly calling, earnestly praying—
    "Lord of the earth, how long?"

Wind of God, thou art ever blowing
  Over the land and sea,
Leaves of the Life-tree lifting and strowing,
  Healing the nations free :
Leaves of olive, with healing balm,
Leaves of myrtle, that soothe and calm,
    Making the faint heart strong.

Peace on Earth! for the Dawn is waking,
  Flushing the eastern sky :
Love Triumphant, from prison breaking,
  Draws to His brethren nigh—
Swiftly moves o'er the glowing ocean,
Coming to welcome our hearts' devotion—
    Glory to God on high!

BERTHA M. SKEAT.

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THE SCHOOL WORK OF A FORMER DAY.

It has been suggested that the following notes on the curriculum of Friends' Schools about the year 1840 might be of interest to readers of the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner.* The Memorandum on which they are based was prepared for the use of the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education. Co-education, Natural History, Manual Work and English were specially mentioned in the request for information; and to explain the position with regard to these the date could not be strictly adhered to.

The "Reports and Essays of the Friends' Educational Society," 1837-45, give a good idea of the work attempted in Friends' Schools at that time. A "good, plain English education," namely English (reading, spelling and grammar), writing and arithmetic, were looked on as the essentials. For a time, they had been the only subjects of instruction. Geography and Scripture had been added later. At the date of the report, Latin was taught in the top class at Ackworth and Sidcot, Latin or French as alternatives at Croydon. History and the rudiments of Science were being gradually introduced on the initiative of the teachers, arising out of reading lessons and voluntary lectures; and the instruction in these subjects was becoming more systematic. Drawing was introduced about the same time (frequently in chalk on slates), from copies, maps and objects.

The Ackworth time table gives a total of 37

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hours' teaching per week, divided as follows in the different classes :—

	hours.
English, including reading and recitation, spelling and definition, grammar and composition ...	10½-14
Writing, including writing up "Ciphering books," &c.	2½-4
Arithmetic, including some Algebra and Geometry, &c., in the upper classes	8½-10½
Geography	2 - 4¾
History, "almost exclusively English History"	1¼- 2½
Science or General Knowledge ...	½- 1½
Scripture	2 - 4

There were some variations at the other four schools, falling mainly within the above limits of time. The figures were admittedly approximate, and it must be remembered that there were more interruptions than in a modern school; the pace was much slower, and greater freedom was allowed to the teacher to depart from the time table.

The committee which prepared the report favours one-third of the whole school time being given to English, one-third to writing and arithmetic, one-third for the additional subjects. They also add the following points : the reading lesson may be made a valuable means of imparting general information. Dictation is valuable both for spelling, writing and general knowledge. The definitions of words should be learned along with their derivation rather than with spelling. Writing should include carefully written notes, and commonplace books containing choice selections of prose and verse, exercises requiring the logical arrangement of matter, and mapping. Drawing is en-

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couraged. Arithmetic, including mathematics, should have a quarter of the school time. Geography throughout the school, and English History in the upper classes, should be regular compulsory studies. Two hours a week should be given to general history, biography and science. This expression of opinion indicates what had already been tried at one or other of the schools, and what was gradually acted upon by all.

Co-Education.

Except Bootham and The Mount, all the schools existing in 1840 were "dual schools," boys and girls being housed in different sides of the premises. The teaching and living were quite separate. Boys and girls met for worship on Sunday, and here and there, in meetings in connection with their leisure-time pursuits. Brothers and sisters and cousins were allowed to walk together, and the term "cousin" was stretched rather wide! It was not till about 1880 that combined classes of boys and girls were regularly taught together. At Rawdon in 1883, mixed teaching was introduced throughout the school, except during those periods when the girls were engaged in needle-work, &c. Most of the schools were small schools, and the combination of classes was found an economical way of securing more efficient classification of the children. The method was gradually extended (Ackworth alone remains a dual school) and the principle of co-education has been widely, though not universally, accepted by Friend teachers on the basis of their experience. Foolishness there has been occasionally, but no serious moral difficulty. The boys have gained in refinement, the girls in breadth and independence of thought.

Co-education is in harmony with the Quaker

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ideal of equality of the sexes. From the rise of the Society, the free, unpaid Ministry has been exercised by men and women alike, and women have gradually acquired during the last 150 years, complete equality with men in all matters of Church government. The Society is a small, and in some ways a select body, bound together by exceptionally close social ties, and co-education is probably simpler and more natural for us than for the country at large. It should be noted that the Society has not attempted a co-educational school for boys and girls staying beyond the age of about 17. Thus Bootham and Leighton Park (founded 1890) are separate schools for boys, The Mount for girls. At the same time, during the 40 years of our experience, the leaving age at our co-educational schools has advanced from about 15 to 17.

It is probably fair to say that the opposition to the system comes chiefly from those teachers who have had no personal experience of it, and chiefly from women teachers. Some who object to co-instruction, are quite favourable to the mixing of boys and girls at meals, and for many out-of-school pursuits. It is generally recognised that the problem of staffing is more difficult in the co-educational school: in particular a school must have one head, and at present, in this country, the head must be a man. The Senior Mistress therefore can hardly have full responsibility and initiative, and the girls lose the object lesson of a woman wielding full power. Another consequence is that many of the women teachers of commanding personality tend to find their work outside the co-education school.

Natural History.

The Bootham School Natural History Society was founded in 1834. Other similar organisations

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were started at other schools about the same time, and other schools again rapidly followed the lead thus given. The Society of Friends, from its origin, appears to have had a special interest in scientific pursuits, and has produced more men of eminence in this direction than in classical or literary studies.

Voluntary out-of-school study of Natural History was fostered by the teachers (particularly the men teachers) whose own interests went in this direction. It was usual for a master to take out a group of boys for a Natural History ramble on holiday afternoons, and at other times. Almost all the schools were placed in country surroundings, and each class was taken for a "monthly walk" in school hours. The Societies and clubs which grew up from about 1830, made collections of flowers, insects, &c., thus building up school museums, they observed the habitats of plants, and recorded the first appearance of flowers and migrant birds year by year. "Curators" were appointed from among the pupils for each branch of Natural History study, who were responsible in the first place to report to the periodical meetings of the Society. Later on, Natural History Diaries were specially encouraged, and the careful study of the life history of some genus or species. Prizes and Honours Boards were used to stimulate the interest, generally prizes of apparatus, or books for further study in the branch of science undertaken. Occasional lectures, exhibitions or conversaziones were held, and a Natural History Diary Competition has been organised open to pupils in any of the schools. For some years also a "Natural History Journal" was published, to which teachers gave devoted service, and which circulated in all the schools.

The same methods were adopted to foster an

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interest in carpentry and metal work, art, gardening, the keeping of pets, the writing of essays, and photography. At the outset the efforts in this direction had not to compete as they would often now-a-days, with a strongly entrenched athleticism.* The efforts have, on the whole, been less successful with girls than with boys; the claims of needlework, the preference on the part of the girls themselves for sedentary occupations, the difficulty of girls going long walks in the open country, have probably stood in the way. Perhaps also, there is less instinct for such scientific research on the part of most girls. The value of the work in promoting habits of observation, the scientific attitude of mind, and the spirit of enquiry has been constantly proved. Hobbies have remained as a life-long interest, and many boys have found their right professional work along these lines.

The voluntary character of the work has throughout been important. Nature study classes in school hours, in which the teacher teaches as part of his professional duty, are usual now with the younger children in all our schools. But such instruction is less potent in creating interest because it lacks this voluntary character on the part of the teacher. A short period has, however, sometimes been given with advantage in school time to directing and advising boys as to their leisure time researches.

Manual Work.

The idea of combining manual work with literary studies is an old one in the Society of Friends. As early as 1702, largely through the exertions and interest of John Bellers, a Labour School for poor

*Cricket in 1840 was just being introduced, and was looked on with some suspicion. Chess was found to be too engrossing, and was strongly denounced!

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Quaker boys was started at Clerkenwell, as an adjunct of a Workhouse for the aged poor. In this Institution, two hours a day were given to instruction in reading and writing; and in addition to necessary domestic work, the boys were occupied in spinning and weaving, the proceeds going to the institution. This remunerative work was not found successful, and it was gradually abandoned. By 1768, half the boys' time was given to school studies. In 1811, the School was removed to Croydon, and completely remodelled on the plan of Ackworth.

At all the schools except Bootham and The Mount, a considerable amount of time was given to manual work. Many domestic duties were performed both by boys and girls: the sweeping and dusting of rooms, the cleaning of knives, &c., waiting at meals, and the like; and in addition, help on the School farm and in the garden was given by the boys, and in the mending of school linen, laundry work and washing up by the girls. At Ackworth, in 1842, it was estimated that a boy spent 33 days of school time on the farm and garden, and 11 days of play time in domestic work in the course of a year (52 weeks: there were no vacations). Another estimate gives an hour and a-half to five hours per day manual work in different schools.

The work on farm and garden has now been abandoned. The amount of domestic help has been steadily reduced, though some sweeping and dusting and waiting at table are still usual; boys clean their own boots, and boys and girls make their own beds. The present development of school gardening, and the attempt to introduce an agricultural bias into the curriculum, which is being made in some Friends' Schools, among many others, is hardly a direct descendant of the old system of manual work, though the instinct and the old tradi-

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tion probably foster the interest of Friends in these experiments.

The ideas behind the old system were that the children were largely poor children who were being educated at less than cost price to the parents, and might therefore be expected to do their share in saving the school expense. The value of their work was in some cases estimated at as much as £2 a year per child. Secondly, it was thought right that boys and girls who were likely to engage in domestic or manual labour after leaving school, should have some training of this character. Thirdly, there was little in the way of organised games at that time, and the fresh air and vigorous exercise were held to be valuable. Finally, it seemed wise to the philanthropists of the Society, to cultivate the thought of the dignity of labour.

The subject was frequently and fully discussed by the Friends' Educational Society. It was found that literary studies did not suffer through the time given to such manual work, and this was attributed to the improved health of the children. On the other hand, the difficulties were that the work was too much of the nature of drudgery, and that there were no suitable teachers of these subjects. The moral results of boys mixing with farm labourers were found to be undesirable. There was too little system, and proposals for training teachers to direct and take the oversight of this kind of work do not appear to have been carried out. Hence, with the repeated inclusion of new subjects in the school curriculum, the work on farm and garden was gradually abandoned.

English.

The value of English Grammar is defined as an aid to correct speaking and writing, and as a means

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of intellectual discipline; but for the economy of time, it is urged that only what is really necessary should be done. The practice at that date appears to have given one-eighth of the total school time to the subject in the case of boys, and about one-twelfth or less in the case of girls. It was suggested that the subject should not be begun at the bottom of the school, and that in the highest class, only one period a week was necessary, especially where the children were learning Latin or French.

Pure memory work was discouraged, but it was urged that rules should be learned by heart, while the oral teaching with illustrations and questioning should appeal to the intelligence. Parsing was strongly commended, and the correction of bad English overheard by a teacher during play time. The derivation and definition of words, grouped under Latin, Greek or Anglo-Saxon roots, was learned by heart down to 1877 at least.

Recitation was advocated, though with some hesitation, on the ground of a fear of the theatrical! Composition, apart from the voluntary writing of essays in play time, was strongly recommended; the exercises included letter-writing, narrative and description, abstracts of lessons and lectures, paraphrase, and translations from Latin and French into careful English. In some schools, a list of subjects for essays was posted weekly, and apparently one essay was looked for each week from every pupil. Again, it was considered important that essays should deal with what the pupils had themselves "heard, read, witnessed, observed or experienced." Essays on religious or abstract subjects were discouraged, both on moral and intellectual grounds.

It is noted that "Higher English Grammar" had been abandoned at Ackworth on the introduction of Latin (1825). This higher English grammar in-

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cluded: "Perspicuity, figures of speech, versification and punctuation," but it was thought that this should not be entirely overlooked.

Eight or ten hours a week should be given to Arithmetic, or more where Geometry, Algebra, Logarithms and Trigonometry were included. In addition to the usual commercial arithmetic, book-keeping and mensuration and surveying took an important place. Much time was definitely allotted to "mental calculation," and neat and accurate work was insisted on in "ciphering books."

Small space was evidently found for the Classics at most of the schools. There were many opponents, but classical studies were ably defended on the ground of the intellectual discipline they afforded, and as an aid to English and other Modern Languages. It was urged that the time, where Latin and Greek were taught, should amount to at least 6 hours a week out of 33. They were looked on as the study of a select few, but it was difficult to select the right few; the parent and the boy should both have a voice in the decision. Careful selection on moral grounds was made among classical authors; Valpy's "Delectus," and the following authors were read: Caesar, C. Nepos, Sallust, Virgil, Selections from Horace, Cicero (Orations and Epistles), Tacitus (Germania and Agricola).

C. E. STANSFIELD.

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POETS OF THE EAST, WORKERS OF THE WEST.

When the ripe fruit falls at the feet, the initiative and energy required are that of a gatherer only. As in the East so in the West, with the difference that whilst the date palm yields its fruit year after year, to the dweller in the West "industries" soon fail to yield except as a reward of industry and man must cease to be, if he lose his manhood.

The processes of nature that bring forth dates ready for the eating, are marvellous, and so are the processes of nature through man's work in the workshop and the mill. His food is then a remote and synthetic product, the result of carefully co-ordinated actions. Energy is required, energy that can upset the co-ordination, can make mistakes, can have corresponding weaknesses and must have self-control of sufficient strength. A complication of forces of intricate interaction. The wonder of the mechanism of London is that it is ever in gear.

There is a gulf fixed and one that is rapidly widening in these modern days between the at least semi-satisfied date-picker and the strenuous worker. Given over to lives of intensive absorption neither has time to enter into the life of the other. Those of less complete devotion to one idea, may enjoy something of the work on both sides of the gulf—it is of varying width. It is possible that to a seer coming out of a trance, a treatise on thermo-dynamics or relativity would not be found to be the refreshing drink that the gems of Eastern thought are to a business-weary Western, who can neither lose self in a trance or wish to experience Nirvana —"the extinction of individual existence and ab-

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sorption into the supreme spirit." He can appreciate the delicacy of the translated verses of Sir Rabindranath Tagore and the wonderful delicacy and colouring of his brother's illustrations without being able to imitate either. They are foreign to the climate of the West, but speak peace and the soul of life made visible. We could not, like he, go into a trance in a boat "whereupon his rowers rested upon their oars for eight hours."

"No: it is not yours to open buds into blossoms.
Shake the bud, strike it; it is beyond your power to make it blossom,
Your touch soils it, you tear its petals to pieces and strew them in the dust.
But no colours appear, and no perfume.
Ah! it is not for you to open the bud into a blossom.

He who can open the bud does it so simply,
He gives it a glance, and the life sap stirs through its veins.
At his breath the flower spreads its wings and flutters in the wind.
Colours flush out like heart longings, the perfume betrays a sweet secret.
He who can open the bud does it so simply."

"What is there but the sky, O sun, that can hold thy image?"

"I dream of thee, but to serve thee I can never hope" the dewdrop wept and said. "I am too small to take thee into me, great lord, and my life is all tears."

"I illumine the limitless sky, yet I can yield myself up to a tiny drop of dew," thus the Sun said; "I shall become but a spark of light and fill you, and your little life will be a laughing orb."

"I am like a remnant of a cloud of autumn uselessly roaming in the sky, O my sun ever-glorious! Thy touch has not yet melted my vapour, making me one with thy light, and thus I count months and years separated from thee.

If this be thy wish and if this be thy play, then take this fleeting emptiness of mine, paint it with colours, gild it

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with gold, float it on the wanton wind and spread it in varied wonders.

And again, when it shall be thy wish to end this play at night, I shall melt and vanish away in the dark, or it may be in a smile of the white morning, in a coolness of purity transparent."

Soothing draughts these for the Western mind, as most readers of the *Quarterly Examiner* will have already experienced. They seem to have the gentle force as it were of a breath of air drifting through tree tops, on ears more accustomed to the notes of the north-easterly breeze in the branches. The one speaks of rest, the other of energy; of life beautiful but unproductive; of life productive, and it may be, cruel even unto death.

The same refreshing detachment from modern everyday concerns is found in The Ruba'yat of Omar Khayyam written centuries earlier. Skilled work was, then, that of individual craftsmen and common labour that of slaves, whose hard existence did not chill the heart of the poet, being of no account. There was no mass of seemingly sordid endeavour requited by mere existence to disturb his thoughts, all that was in the labour world was right, and therefore work and the daily concerns of life, if the drinking of wine be excluded, hardly appear in these quatrains of fatalistic philosophy. He does, however, mention potters.

"I pondered over the workshop of a potter;
In the shadow of the wheel I saw that the master with his feet,
Made handles and covers for goblets and jars,
Out of the skulls of kings and the feet of beggars."

"I made my way into the abode of the potters of the age,
Every moment showed some new skill with clay;
I saw, though men devoid of vision saw it not,
My ancestors' dust on the hands of every potter."

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"Oh! how long we shall be no more, and the world will
continue to exist,
It will continue to exist without fame or sign of us,
Long ago we existed not, and the world was none the
worse for it,
Afterwards, when we have ceased to exist, it will be all
the same."

"One moment in Annihilation's waste,
One moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The stars are setting, and the caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh make haste!"

"The rose said: I brought a gold-scattering hand,
Laughing, laughing, have I blown into the world,
I snatched the noose-string from off the head of my purse
and I am gone!
I flung into the world all the ready money that I had."

So the poets of the East, by their word pictures, show the workers of the West, life in its widest aspects.

Work, even in Western Europe—it may be different in more modern America with its comparative freedom from tradition—has not yet come into its own as the symbol of the highest human development. It is now tolerated but not exalted, by some flatly execrated. It does not lend itself to romance or poetic treatment. It resembles its own blast furnaces whose huge bulk contains all the mysteries of great heat and the fusion of rock into a molten mass which occasionally emerges in a small bright stream to form almost the only indication that the huge bulk is at work. And indeed the brightness of the metal is very evanescent, it cools and becomes an indistinguishable grey, even as the deeds of men—no place this for a trance, no place of solace for a poet. The heroes of the West are not enshrined in song, but in prose and fact and figures. Work appears to tend to be more and more intensive. Is the intensity of competition increasing out of proportion to the yield of development? if so, the

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movement is retrograde and the future dark. The minds of our fathers were able to work as it appears to us, perhaps erroneously, black-coated but ours in shirt sleeves.

There is one point of view in regard to the status of work which must not be overlooked. Industrialism is very modern and has suffered in dignity in consequence, it has no past. Railways have not yet been crowned with the honours of a centennial celebration, and steelworks as known to-day barely with those of a fiftieth birthday. However, work has, in bulk and in detail, a more honourable place socially than it had. To a great extent this has come about through, and has depended upon, the result achieved being commensurate or more than commensurate with the work. The first trade to feel the exaltation was the brewing trade, the results were so highly commensurate. Banking was at the top of the professions and was admitted into "decent" society at a comparatively early date for the same reason.

Within a decade or so of the end of last century, a youth of a commercial family, riding on a country road, fell in with the old squire of the district, a kindly man of the "county" with whom he had a slight acquaintance. In conversation the youth referred to one who, being interested in coal as an owner and manager of collieries, was to the youth a man of some position. "Oh! you mean one of those fellows in trade," said the squire, or as much as to say, "one of those fellows who work," and he was a kindly man, only traditional in thought. The youth felt that he had gained a small step in life, had not his connection with "trade"—with work—been ignored.

Not long after, the youth had a further experience of the position of "work" in the ordering of

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things social. He formed one of a shooting party, guests of an hereditary landowner of large estate in a part of England removed from the newer industrial influences, where the remains of feudalism linger. When the guests were being served with the elaborate lunch provided under a wood side, there unobtrusively appeared two new comers in clerical garments. They received no recognition from the host and were unknown to his guests, they were neither welcome or unwelcome but were there according to precedent, their small parishes were doubtless the scene of the day's shoot. They seated themselves on the ground at a respectful distance, and in silence ate the lunch provided and equally unobtrusively left the scene. The youth learned that not being bishops, but workers merely, and that at a low remuneration, their position socially entailed eating without being heard, or seen, more than was necessary. He also perceived that the position accorded to the judge of the high court who was present was different.

It is true that in these days there exists a "Labour Party." It does not exist for the canonisation of all labour,—manual, mental and spiritual,—even in this order. In men's minds, *labour* is printed in very small type, and *party* in black capitals of startling size and blackness. This is not helping in the enthroning of work, as the presiding spirit of the West. When two cogwheels are geared together, in order that they may revolve and do the work for which they are designed, they must revolve in opposite directions. One may be called capital and the other labour. It is useless to become frantic at an apparent want of agreement in the combination, it also displays ignorance on the part of the mechanic in charge.

It is clear that it would require much of the poetry

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of the East to soften the ways of the West, and how shall it be imbibed, and how shall the steel of the West enter into the soul of the East.

I.

The Dreamer.

His the joy of the condor high soaring,
Held aloft by earth-heated air current,
High though his stage yet upwardly yearning
For plane out of reach, even far heaven.

. . . . . .

Yearns not the beetle in deeper hole delving
For plane out of reach, even far heaven.

. . . . . .

Canst thou, O man! from thy place in the scales
The beam of the balance of all uplift,
All things and self and thy vanity, weigh?

II.

The Worker.

His the joy of the deed and the doing,
Of vitality vital through vision,
His the conscious pulse of creation,
His the gift of speed and decision.

King of life! death waits in Nirvana.

III.

To Dreamer and Worker.

Man's soul hath a nimbus as toiler,
A-blend with his nimbus as God,
A-glow in this haze-world mysterious,
A-light with the toil of the road.

E. Lloyd Pease.

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SOME QUAKER CHARACTERISTICS OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

I am beginning to realise that there is a generation of members of the Society of Friends who know very little of the state of things that existed among us seventy years ago, so complete is the change in the outward deportment, the language, the daily life and discipline from what it was in the days of my early childhood. As I am not aware of any such record being preserved, I pen the following reminiscences for the edification and it may be the amusement of those who will come after me.

I was brought up a member of a country meeting, and attended it very regularly often sitting two hours in absolute silence on Sunday mornings; an hour and a half on Sunday afternoons, and the same length of time on Thursday morning. Our business premises were closed for two hours on the latter day that all assistants might share in the privilege of our solemn and often living times of worship. I confess I was often glad when my Father and Grandmother finally shook hands and "broke up"; but I think the training was useful, though frequently our thoughts wandered to picturing what the damp stains on the walls, and the knots in the unvarnished wood of the dado might be made to represent. A dear aunt of mine was our only recorded Minister, and though occasionally a man Friend spoke he was not generally approved. My aunt was very often away paying religious visits to distant parts of England or Ireland, so that it was no unusual event to meet for many weeks in solemn silence.

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The ministry in Friends' meetings was generally of a very different order from that which prevails to-day. Much of it was to impress on us the necessity of being faithful to our testimonies, and almost all our preachers intoned their sermons—much as our late Friend Anna Fox used to do—indeed it came to be looked on as a mark of Divine unction, and to be cultivated rather than avoided. I well remember an American Minister telling us that when he first began to speak in meetings, some good Elders called on him to encourage him and one of them added, "If thou art faithful, dear young man, thou wilt learn the tune in time." This was James Owen, and he had certainly learnt his lesson well!

Yet some of the Ministers I knew as a boy were most excellent and mighty. I never forget such men as Benjamin Seebohm, John Pease, John Hodgkin and others. John Pease was called "The Silver Trumpet of the North." Some were very wordy, one, a connection of my own, would ring out a succession of words "in, by, through, toward and concerning us," but he avowed it was from an earnest concern to speak exact truth. I remember his beginning his prayer in meeting with the words "really, truly and surely; surely, truly and really."

Our meetings for discipline were often taken up a good deal with disownments, chiefly for "marrying out"—or for marrying first cousins, and many a good Christian family has been lost to us by that most un-Christian rule. I knew of one case when a young man informed the overseers of his engagement to a girl not a Friend. They told him he must be disowned if he married her, and he so much valued his membership that he gave the girl up. Then the Overseers told him that he must be disowned for breaking his engagement, so finding he

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was on the horns of a dilemma he married the girl and was disowned accordingly.

Weddings were difficult in those days as the engaged couples had to "pass the meeting" as it was called, that is, they had to come together into the Men's and then the Women's Monthly Meeting (always then held separately) and say, "Friends, I intend to take my friend to be my wife, if the Lord permit." This was done in the Monthly Meeting to which the young woman belonged, but the young man alone had to make the announcement in his own Monthly Meeting.

But the great concern in all our meetings for discipline from the local Preparative, right up to the Yearly Meeting, was the correct answering of the Queries. Oh the time that was spent in getting the answer to convey to the superior Meeting exactly what was intended. For instance—the first ran, "Are your meetings for worship and discipline kept up; do Friends attend them duly and at the time appointed and is all unbecoming behaviour avoided therein?" The answer usually ran, "Our meetings for worship and discipline are kept up, those held on First-day mornings are generally well attended, but some deficiency exists in the attendance of those held on the First-day afternoon and week-days. The time appointed is generally well observed and all unbecoming behaviour is avoided therein, except a little appearance of drowsiness at times. Some advice is reported to have been extended."

Then came a query about love, and there was often great searchings of heart as to whether it was "safest" to say "we believe Friends are preserved in love one towards another, or "nothing appears but that Friends are," &c. The latter part of the Query ran, "Do they avoid and discourage tale-

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bearing and detraction?" which was usually answered "Some endeavours are used to avoid," &c.

One query very difficult to answer was, "Is there among you any growth in the Truth." Our late friend G. S. Gibson, when Clerk to his Preparative Meeting, framed an answer so beautifully non-committal, that it went up to the Yearly Meeting every year as the best that could be said, "We fear to report much growth in the Truth amongst us."

One query, a very solemn one in the first part of it, ran as follows: "Are you careful to train up your children, servants and others under your care, in a religious life and conversation consistent with our Christian profession and in plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel." The answer nearly always began with the words, "With some exception, chiefly relating to the latter part of the Query," &c. Of course, as children, we knew quite well who were the exceptions—who wore needless ribbons in their bonnets, or fringes to their shawls, or had narrow brims to their hats or collars to their coats.

Then came the query about "Field sports and places of diversion," and as I belonged to a Monthly and Quarterly Meeting where many of our members were large farmers, the exception used to be chiefly "relating to the field sports." A concert, or comic lecture, was "a place of diversion." I remember a Friend telling me that when he was attending Yearly Meeting some time in the 'forties he had a great wish to hear the celebrated Jenny Lind sing, but he dared not go to the hall where she was to appear, dressed in his Friend's coat, so he tipped a waiter at the hotel where he was staying, to lend him his proper dress coat for the occasion.

But in reviewing the past I feel sure that the extreme care to find the right words in which to

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answer the Queries arose from the earnest desire to have a conscience void of offence, and the same thing is very noticeable in the caution exercised and embodied in the advices to meetings to be careful in too often using the name of "God." Thus, Friends of sixty years ago avoided that solemn word and spoke and wrote of "Best Wisdom," "Good Providence," "The Most High," "Infinite Goodness," and other like phrases.

Speaking of phrases, Friends were very fond of them. They rarely spoke of America, it was "The other side of the Atlantic," and in preaching, Isaiah was the "Evangelical Prophet," David "The Royal Psalmist," and Paul "The Great Apostle to the Gentiles." Death was "the undeniable messenger." We used many expressions peculiar to our own body, but not easily understood by others. Thus the "family sitting" or "religious opportunity" were terms in constant use and implied what others might describe as a prayer meeting, a devotional meeting, and yet possessing a meaning of their own, as such meeting might be or often was throughout in silence.

My late cousin, Edward Backhouse, told of a day school kept by a worthy Presbyterian to which some young Friend boys were sent, and on one occasion John Mounsey arrived late and the following ensued.

Master: "Morning lad, why art thou so late?"

Mounsey: "Please we had a family sitting."

Master: "What is that you had?"

Mounsey: "Please we had some visiting Friends."

Master: "What do you mean by that?"

Mounsey: "Please we had a religious opportunity."

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The situation was getting very difficult for poor young Mounsey when Jasper Capper—evidently a boy with a little more worldly wisdom—called out, "Please, he means they had a prayer meeting."

Master: "Why didn't he say so at first, the young fool."

I think one of the most singular modes of expression had connection with our public ministry. We never heard of a Friend preaching—"he appeared in testimony"; he never prayed but "appeared in supplication." Then if a Friend's public appearances were approved he was duly recorded as a Minister. The late Henry Southall told me of a Friend who had returned from meeting, and when asked what had taken place there replied, "A. B. appeared both from his feet and his knees."

Ministering Friends travelled with certificates from their Monthly Meeting much more frequently then than is now the case, and very often a Minister on coming to a town "would feel a concern to sit with families," which involved on the Elders the duty of arranging a suitable time when each family could conveniently gather together and have a religious opportunity. Often these were times of great blessing to those visited. I call to mind some dear Friends who were specially qualified for this work and who seemed to be Divinely enabled to read one through and through, or as Friends expressed it, "to see into states." Very particularly were Benjamin Seebohm and Joseph Thorp and Priscilla Green favoured in this way, but I might enumerate many others.

My venerable Friend, Joseph Shewell, of Colchester, told me of a curious evidence of the power of "seeing into states" that he remembered when a young man. A Minister was "visiting families" in a town where were three young men engaged in a

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shop, who much disliked the idea of receiving such a visit, and they persuaded three gay young acquaintances of theirs to take their places, instructing them how to behave so as not to excite suspicion. The "religious opportunity" was accordingly held, and the dear Friend had no idea that any trick was being played upon him. The three sat very still and behaved most demurely for a long while, and then the Minister just said these words, "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back. Young men, this is all the Lord has given me to say to you, so take it and divide it among yourselves." Probably such words would do them far more good than a long religious address. How they divided the three clauses among them I do not know.

Many instances are recorded of the wonderful insight granted to Ministers of a past generation. I can only record one or two. There was a certain Friend named Luke Cock, by trade a butcher. He was being driven by another Friend to a distant meeting, when in passing a lane, he said to his companion, "I must go down that lane." His friend replied, "If thou dost thou will hardly get to the meeting to which we are going in time." "Never mind," said Luke, "I must go down that lane." Accordingly they went, and after going some distance, came on a Friends' meeting house where a meeting was being held and a man was preaching. Luke sat down but soon rose and said, "Friends, the devil is in this meeting," and, after another pause, "Friends, the devil is in that man," pointing to the preacher. Immediately a man in the meeting called out, "Ah, I have won my wager. I knew you could not take in the Quakers." Luke then left the meeting and proceeded to the one he had arranged to attend. I have known Friends

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whose whole after life has been altered, or influenced by a heaven-sent messenger from one to whom was given the power "to see into states."

In my younger days we were very particular in the use of the plain language, we never used the title of Reverend, or Sir, and the straitest among us never used the word Church as applied to a building. Thus St. Paul's Churchyard was spoken of as "Paul's yard." A very dignified aged Minister, Cordelia Bayes, told of how, when sent to school, she was asked to tell the names of two rivers in North America, to which she answered "The Ippi" and the "Uri," and when she was reproved for such nonsense replied, "Please Friends never say Missis or Miss.

As a boy I remember often been called after in the streets, "Quack, Quack, Quaker," or the rhyme:

> "Oh thou Quaker, don't thou me,
> I was not born to be thoued by thee."

It was probably a useful training to learn to bear such things quietly and not to retaliate.

Sometimes our plain language became rather picturesque, as when two sisters were undecided as to which side of the ironing table they should go to and at last they settled it by saying, "I believe it will be right for me to go to the left and then it will be left for thee to go to the right."

Seventy years ago the policy of our Society was distinctly conservative; there was very little mission work either home or foreign, and many were the cautions given to us young Friends to beware of "creaturely activity" or "running before our guide," or "daubing with untempered mortar." The prevailing concern of our Church was that it

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should be kept pure and clean. Friends spoke of it as "The Spiritual Israel" and "Our Sion."

Many meetings up and down the country were always held in silence except when visited by some Minister travelling with a certificate, and then very frequently the visitor had a concern to have a "public meeting" in the evening to which everybody was invited and the shutters which usually divided the women's meeting-house from the rest were removed and often a very solemn impressive meeting was held, in which the Friend appointing the meeting spoke for an hour or more and usually closed in prayer.

As to the discipline of our Society, our women Friends were allowed no power whatever. They held their Preparative, Monthly, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings quite distinct from the men, and if they needed any directions from the men they sent a little note into the Meeting as, for instance, one well remembers the Yearly Meeting Clerk reading, "Women Friends request to know what hour the Yearly Meeting expects to adjourn"; or, "Is the present a suitable time for the Yearly Meeting to receive a visit from a woman Friend under a religious concern." Speaking of women Ministers visiting the Men's Meeting, I remember some such visits with great thankfulness, so distinct was the message that the "dear Sister" had to deliver.

An aunt of mine used to tell that on one occasion a woman Minister asked the Women's Yearly Meeting for leave to visit the Men's Meeting, but her friends did not see fit to liberate her. She was reminded of Abraham's sacrifice, and the ram which was offered instead of Isaac. Just then Elizabeth Fry asked permission to go into the Men's Meeting and someone at once called out "The very ram; the very ram."

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Sixty years ago the London Meetings were frequently disturbed by the conduct of a fanatical man named Sowerby, and on several occasions he managed to intrude himself into the Yearly Meeting. I saw him spring up from under a form where he had laid concealed, but before he had time to say much the doorkeepers got hold of him, and though he fought manfully, carried him out and handed him over to the care of the police. Once, however, he gave the doorkeepers the slip, and as they chased him upstairs into the gallery he vaulted over the rail on to the sounding board over the Ministers' seat, which was at that time only canvas stretched on wooden frames. This of course gave way and left the poor fellow caught in his own trap. I know it sent a very unpleasant thrill through the meeting for worship then being held, and I fear few of us remember much else that occurred that morning!

I remember about 1860 at our General Meeting a venerable minister from Ireland who occupied the centre seat in the ministers' gallery, preaching the great necessity of our using the "plain language," and in his sermon he said: "We know how in the 1st chapter of Genesis we read, the evening and the morning were the first day and the second day and the third day. Oh, how offensive it must be in the Divine sight when people say Sunday and Monday and Tuesday."

Another dear Friend in the body of the house, said, "I would rather lie down and die like a dog in a dyke than say 'you' to one man."

Well, all this is altered, and we must indeed be thankful that it is so. Many long sittings of the Yearly Meeting were occupied with questions such as the allowance of grave-stones, the marriage of first cousins and other questions of a like nature

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while "the weightier matters of the law" were left almost untouched.

But, while we rejoice in our present-day freedom, we surely need to remember that Christ and the terms of discipleship with Him remain the same and that non-conformity to the spirit of the world and the renewing of our minds are the conditions of our knowing "what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God," whether for ourselves or our Church.

WALTER ROBSON.

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EDUCATION IN CHINA, OLD AND NEW.

The name of China is very familiar to most people. They have gleaned some knowledge of this ancient country, either from books or from the lectures occasionally given by people who have visited the East. What is their impression of China, and what do they think she really means to the world? Is China merely a place on the map, or is she a live country? Is it worth while for us to understand and study things Chinese? The purpose of this paper is briefly to indicate the fact that China ranks highly in the world.

First of all, History gives China a place of which she need not be ashamed. She is unquestionably one of the great nations of the world, and possesses all the essential factors which make for national greatness. Her civilisation is amongst the oldest. Her population is the largest. Her natural resources are boundless. Her territory is extensive. In the quality of her people she also ranks not lower than any of the other countries. Moreover, the Chinese were the pioneers of Art, Science, Philosophy, Ethics and Inventions in the dark ages of the past. How many countries can be compared with China in these respects?

As a matter of fact, she used to be known as the most conservative land in the world and anything Chinese was expected to remain unaltered for an-

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other thousand years. But now that lethargic land has seen so many radical changes that one who has lived there says, "It is impossible to write a book about China, for you will find the early chapters out-of-date when you reach the last." During the twentieth century there has been such progress as is not only unparalleled in her history, but also unapproached in the history of any other country. The American professor, Dr. John Dewey, said, "China is the world's greatest kaleidoscope." She is even more than that.

Who could have thought that, within the period of merely five months in the year 1911, China would successfully emerge into a Republic State from being a nation which for thousands of years had held fast to an autocratic form of government? Besides, the phenomenal growth of freedom, and the circulation of newspapers; the marvellous development in the postal and telegraph services; the inauguration of railway building and the comprehensiveness of plans for a complete system of communications; the regulation of a new national currency and a national Customs service; the reforms of Courts of Justice and prisons; the standardisation of a national language to be taught in all schools; the abolition of opium smoking, foot-binding and idol-worship; together with other national and local reform movements which have involved radical, political, social, and economic changes; all these things demonstrate the rapid development of China's new national consciousness. She is no longer looking backward but forward.

Too many foreigners are extremely pessimistic, and think that China is in a period of darkness and that her people are entirely incapable of exercising intelligently the rights of the citizens in a Republic. They emphasise the evident lack of cohesion be-

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tween the South and the North, and the admitted tyranny of the militarists. They are, perhaps, unaware that these things are the results of the policy of a certain neighbouring country, and they do not bear in mind that China is still in her infancy as a Republic. It is no easy thing for her to be a Democracy after having been an autocracy for so long. In such a big and populous country it is inevitable that there should be chaos and tyranny here and there. When a big building is commenced, there is nothing to be seen on the site but a jumble of tiles, bricks, wood and stones. Then is heard the din of the various implements. And it is only after months or even years that the finished building is revealed in all its beauty. No less gradual is the building of a country's constitution. At present the Republic of China is still in course of construction. There can be little doubt that the edifice will, in due course, be completed, for the Chinese people are imbued with the democratic philosophy of Confucius and Mencius: "Heaven sees according as my people see; Heaven hears according as my people hear"; or again, "The will of the people is the will of Heaven."

Perhaps the most far-reaching of all the changes taking place in China to-day, the one which transcends all others in importance, is the re-modelling of education. For centuries China has reverenced education beyond all other nations, and depended upon a carefully elaborated scheme of education for the maintenance of her national life. It has been somewhat unfairly said that the only things she cared for in her old educational scheme were scholarship and style. Had there not been some more vital quality in it, China could hardly have survived for so many centuries. The vital element may have been the love of morality so inseparably

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connected with learning in China. Now that the old system has been completely discredited, the student class, as a whole, has swung away from the ethical teaching of Confucius and Mencius, and regards it as antiquated. It was adapted to their former environment, but its products stand no chance in the fierce struggle of the competitive civilisation introduced from the West. The Chinese themselves are well aware of the failure of the old system to meet the new circumstances into which their country has been plunged. To use their own metaphor, they can no longer enjoy the peace and prosperity in the calm centre of the maelstrom, but have been drawn into the mad rushing waters on its circumference. The educational system had to go, but it is sad to see the ideal it enshrined overthrown and not yet replaced by a better.

In the year 1898 the Manchu emperor Kuang Hsu initiated a "reform" in education, but the Empress Dowager deposed and imprisoned him. Two years later the Boxer outbreak attempted to destroy all progressive influence, but resulted in the overthrow of the reactionaries, and in 1901 the Empress Dowager revived the identical programme for proclaiming which she had imprisoned Kuang Hsu three years earlier. This programme ordered that all the temples which had not been set apart by edict for sacrifices should be utilised as schools or colleges for the new education, and that all who graduated from them should be eligible for government appointments. In 1905 another edict was issued which practically abolished the entire scheme of literary examinations for the Civil Service, and planned courses in modern subjects to be included, beginning from 1906, in the curriculum of all candidates. In response to this edict, hundreds

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of students have gone to Europe, America or Japan, supported by the Chinese Government. On their return, they have been examined by competent men in Peking and been given Chinese degrees which serve as passports to governmental offices. The objectionable feature of this system was that the successful candidates were not always employed in the work for which they had taken special pains to prepare themselves. Men with degrees in Medicine were sent to collect taxes, while qualified mining engineers were appointed as magistrates, and so on. Another mistake China formerly made was to start at the top, and build downwards. In her great anxiety for Universities and High Schools, she overlooked the primary importance of elementary education. However, these mistakes have been discovered a long while ago.

Since the establishment of the Republic, the Board of Education has been re-organised and includes able men. The system in operation under the monarchy has been considerably modified and greatly improved. As a whole, the policy is much more liberal, as may be seen by the abolition of the compulsory worship of Confucius, of the study of the classics, and especially by the grant of the franchise to graduates of Mission schools, who may now vote in elections for members of the provincial and national assemblies. Whether one is educated in schools maintained by the State or by some religious body, is entirely optional, and there is not the slightest discrimination shown between the two. Moreover, the Mission Universities are generally independent of the Government, but they are going to be registered by the Board of Education. China already perceives that it is to her advantage to have two parallel types of schools, and that the friendly competition between them is beneficial to both.

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China is absolutely honest in her desire for progress and the promotion of modern education. The Board of Education has made another effort to enforce universal free education for Chinese children, and a mandate was issued a few months ago that schools are to be established in the following order :

1921, in provincial capital towns and commercial ports.
1922, in district cities and large towns.
1923, in towns with more than 500 homes.
1924, in centres with more than 300 homes.
1925-6 in centres with more than 200 homes.
1927, in villages with more than 100 homes.
1928, in villages with less than 100 homes.

It is acknowledged that there will be great difficulty in carrying out the new scheme, owing to the lack of funds and the disturbances in the country. As the civil war continues and money is hard to obtain, the various armies have extorted large sums from the local authorities and the wealthy gentry, leaving nothing for education. It is no secret that some of the teachers in Government schools have continued their regular work without interruption though their salaries remained unpaid for months. With the restoration of peace in China, great activity will be seen in the development of the above scheme.

The following are the latest reliable statistics which are available. They give the position at the end of the year 1918. In spite of the obstacles mentioned above, there is every reason to believe that the figures for the year 1921 will be, when published, larger than these.

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Universities	10
Technical Colleges and Agricultural Institutions	73
Higher Normal Schools	10
Lower Normal Schools	212
Middle Schools	444
Higher and Lower Industrial Schools	585
Senior Primary Schools	7,862
Junior Primary Schools	118,952
Kindergartens, number unknown...	—
Total	128,148

Besides the above, there are also numerous private schools, and a good number of Mission schools. It is estimated that it will require one million schools to care for China's population of school age, so that there are over 800,000 schools short. Apparently the most pressing problem for China is, How are the remaining schools to be established? The provision of trained teachers is only a question of time, but there is no time to lose. The problem of finance is similar. At the present time, China is not rich enough to finance her school system. In the past China has lived by cultivating the soil, and has relied almost exclusively upon man power for all mechanical purposes. She has never utilised her mineral resources, though no part of the world is richer in coal, iron, and almost every requirement of industry. For instance, Shansi alone has enough coal to supply the whole world for several thousands of years. Yet coal is to be found in places other than Shansi, and China's wealth is by no means restricted to coal. She produces everything which is needed for the life of civilised man. As soon as she commands her mineral resources by the aid of mechanical devices, her material wealth will increase enormously,

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and she will then be able to finance her school system without any difficulty. Very often, however, things are found not to be so hard for China as they might appear. The province Shansi, with a population of twelve and a-half millions, began to introduce universal education only a few years ago, and now nearly all her people are able to read and write. A second province, Kiangsu, has already followed her example, and it is certain that the other provinces will soon begin to do the same in earnest. The hope of the future lies in the efforts of the local governments to realise their ideals.

In developing universal education China has been seriously handicapped by the ideographic writing and pregnant style of her language. There are over 41,000 characters in a standard Chinese dictionary, each of which is a word-picture or ideogram, different from all the rest. Each has to be remembered by sheer force of memory. There is no alphabet, no spelling, no beginning and no end. An English word can always be pronounced, more or less correctly, at sight, though the reader is ignorant of its meaning, whereas an unknown Chinese word cannot even be pronounced, nor can much hint of its meaning be gleaned from the strokes which compose it. It has been suggested by some who have not gone deeply into the matter that so difficult a language will have to be abandoned before the Chinese people can reap the benefits of universal education. As a matter of fact, the Chinese language can never be "scrapped." Its terseness and expressiveness, its beauty and grandeur, are as wonderful as they are unique. It is also adequate to express even the most technical of scientific terms and ideas. Well do the Chinese know what a glorious heritage they have in their ancient, yet ever new, language. The problem re-

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mains: How, on the one hand, to keep the ancient method of writing and yet, on the other hand, obtain the blessings of universal education, and enable every individual of her 400 millions to read and write? For many years, all the Chinese scholars and reformers realised this great difficulty. They now rejoice that necessity has given birth to a phonetic script, to be a key and stepping-stone to the difficult classical characters. There are only 39 symbols; each of them is itself a Chinese word, but other words are spelled out by the use of two or more symbols, representing the initial and final parts of the words. This script was originally prepared to meet the needs of illiterate adults, and it has been abundantly proved that they can read it with the greatest ease and fluency in one or two weeks. It has now been adopted by all the elementary schools as a supplement to the ordinary characters. It was by its aid that the province of Shansi succeeded in eradicating illiteracy in so brief a period.

There is another activity in Chinese schools and universities which is not a little interesting, *viz.*, the introduction of co-education. Formerly the sexes were kept strictly segregated, and young men could never talk to or associate with young girls in China. A Chinese would have been horrified to see a girl kiss, or even shake hands with, a young man in a public park or in the street. As a rule women were not very highly educated, because both public opinion and Chinese philosophy regarded them as far inferior to men in mental capacity. Now the national sentiment on this subject has been fundamentally changed. All her people realise that China can never be great while the mothers of the next generation are left uncared for or are unequally treated. The Government opened a great many

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schools for girls at the time when it began to adopt modern education. At the beginning of 1920, eight girls entered the College of Literature at the Government University in Peking. They took their places in the same class-rooms as the men students. It was unprecedented in the history of China. Though a great many schools have followed the example of Peking University, yet most people at present do not approve of this innovation, on the ground that ancient ethics forbid it. It is to be hoped that counsels of prudence and moderation will have due weight with those leaders of action who are enthusiastic advocates of the co-education principle.

A further significant feature is the development of public spirit throughout the whole country. Chinese people have for long acted on the old policy that the man without office need not trouble himself with the Government. They were also purposely kept in ignorance of what was going on either in their own Government or in the world around them. In this way it happened that, during the Sino-Japanese War of 1887-1895, absolutely nothing was known of the war by the bulk of the people of China. Not only did the people never hear of the war, but the vast majority of them had never even heard of a race called Japanese. But now the position is far otherwise; there is a great awakening on the part of the people. In view of the unfair treatment China received at the Peace Conference at Versailles with regard to the problem of Shantung (cf., the Peace Treaty, Chap. IV. part viii. sections 156/8), very strong feeling has been shown among the students all over the country against the aggressive attitude of Japan, which led to what is now known as the "Students' Strike" or "May the fourth Movement." As the first of

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these names indicates, the agitation began with a refusal on the part of the scholars to attend school. They occupied the leisure thus gained partly in military drill and the study of war, partly in propaganda work of all kinds. Use was made of the written and spoken word to rouse the feelings of the people, and the unsparing efforts of these boys (for such many of them were) met with a considerable measure of success. Petitions have also been sent, as occasion offered, to many Foreign Governments, including those of America and England, and the Peking Government was presented with more than one memorial.

Not content with words, the students proceeded to action. A date was fixed for the inauguration of a boycott of everything Japanese, and prompt measures were taken to enforce it. The transactions of "blackleg" merchants soon came to light, and brought down condign punishment. At Chungking, for example, a Treaty Port which is known as the Liverpool of Szechwan, an offending trader was placed in a Sedan chair with all the traditional insignia of the political traitor upon him—face blackened, national flag at his back,—and carried in ignominious procession through the city. In the International Settlement of Shanghai it was deemed necessary to enrol a force of Special Constables, and more than one of them received scratches or bruises in the efforts to quell the demonstrations against Japanese. Stocks of Japanese manufactured goods, held by Chinese merchants in many cases, were burnt in bonfires all over the country.

The destruction of Japanese commerce in China by no means absorbed all the energies of the agitators, nor were the Christians of China unmoved. When the International Sunday School Convention

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was held at Tokio the Chinese delegates were absentees. True, some prominent Chinese Christians thought it a mistake to hold aloof, but they failed to carry the day, and China withdrew from the Convention as a protest against the kind of righteousness which could condone the theft of another's territory and hold its conferences in the very Den of Thieves.

But the most signal triumph won by the students was over their own National Government. For days large bodies of Peking undergraduates took up their station outside the residence of the President, who found himself besieged by peaceful picketing. The demonstrators were then arrested in crowds and imprisoned in the empty buildings of their own University. They persisted in their policy of passive resistance, and it soon became obvious that the Cabinet would have to release them, and also accede to their demands. They had called for the dismissal of three pro-Japanese Ministers, two of whom had been Ministers at the Tokio Court, and the third Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This cabal found it impossible to resist indefinitely, and the three statesmen forming it retired into private life.

Those Chinese who were pursuing their studies abroad were at one with their fellows at home. One illustration must suffice. When the Republic's ambassador at Tokio was recalled (to be dismissed as already stated), a large crowd of his countrymen assembled at the station to see him off. As the train steamed out from the platform every man pulled out a flag inscribed "Traitor," and the great man's last glimpse of Tokio showed him nothing but these hundreds of fluttering accusations.

The foregoing is but a sketch of this Movement.

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Beginning with the student classes, it gradually spread until it has aroused both the gentry and the merchants. Ultimately even the Government itself came to realise that it must respect the will of the people and not work out as heretofore its bureaucratic purposes. The agitation has grown steadily since its inception in 1919 and is still in active operation. This new spirit of unselfish patriotism is the outcome of the new education which dates back only to the beginning of the present century.

There are also many signs which justify the optimism of those who realise the eagerness of the Chinese people for education even amidst very disturbed conditions. Last year a new university was founded in Amoy by a special contribution of several million dollars from a Chinese gentleman, Mr. Chen Kia Keng. Two or three other universities are in process of organisation at the present time. It is expected that they will be open for students in a year or two. The Government has sent a deputation to Europe and America to study Educational methods. A mandate was issued some months ago inaugurating the imposition of Income Tax, to meet the expenses of introducing universal education. Furthermore they have invited Drs. John Dewey and Paul Monroe, of the United States, and Mr. Bertrand Russell, of England, to lecture in many centres in China. It is certain that the visits of these Western scholars will arouse great interest among the Chinese, not only in regard to education, but also in regard to modern thought generally. They will exert a great influence on the educational policy which China is about to adopt.

China is a little word, but it stands for a big country. In a tract of land larger than Europe, with wide variations in climate and in surface, the

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influence of geographical environment cannot be uniform; every schoolboy knows something of the importance of this factor. In a nation whose national flag is an advertisement of its diversity in unity, the influences of racial heredity complicate many apparently simple problems; not every schoolboy knows that five races go to the make-up of the composite Chinese Republic. In a civilisation which stands at the cross-roads as no civilisation has ever stood before, past, present and future are inextricably entwined, and a comprehensive statement of the position is as elusive as a satisfactory solution. Only the ignorant would pretend that the question of Education could ever be stripped of the most intricate complexities, and when its difficulties are multiplied by the addition of China's peculiar circumstances, a wise man might well hesitate to air his views on the subject. The writer is conscious that what he has written is, in the very nature of the case, inadequate as a presentment of Chinese Education. Few in number are the individuals who may speak for the Chinese people, but the words of one such will form a fitting conclusion. They are those of H. E. Mr. Sze, lately Chinese Minister at the Court of St. James's.

"Our whole idea is that we shall develop a peaceful people, anxious to co-operate with other countries and to develop our own resources. We do not wish aggression. We are friends of all, and desire therefore no aggression against ourselves, but freedom to develop our own resources in our own way."

FANG-LING YANG.

Kingsmead,
Birmingham, October, 1921.

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ELIJAH AND THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.

The episode of Elijah and the Prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel must rank as one of the most dramatic in the Old Testament, but it has other interests besides those due to its dramatic force. Not only are there important lessons in human conduct to be learned from it but also to the scientist it is of interest as being one of those miracles of divine guidance where some natural occurrence was used to vindicate the divine power, and where the account given of the miracle can be taken as evidence in favour of the actual occurrence of the incident recorded. In this case the descent of the fire upon Elijah's sacrifice is in accordance with natural laws.

First let us see what we are told of this incident. We see Elijah under God's guidance calling together all the prophets of Baal to the top of Mount Carmel in the presence of the King and of a large number of people confident that Jehovah would vindicate Himself. We see all through that long day the prophets of Baal performing their mystic dances and even lascerating themselves in the hope of thereby appealing to their god to vindicate his power, then towards evening we see Elijah doing what appeared to be an extraordinary thing and, at the expense of much labour, having water carried up and poured over the altar which he had built and the sacrifice upon it, then after his prayer comes the blinding flash of lightning which not only burns up the sacrifice but also splits to pieces the stones and evaporates the water in the trench

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around the altar, thus giving to the assembled multitude an overwhelming evidence that Elijah had spoken truth and that Jehovah must be recognised as the only God of Israel.

Let us look for a few moments at the circumstances under which this miracle was wrought. The sacrifice is on the top of Mount Carmel when after a whole day's sunshine the contrast between the heat of the mountain top and the coolness of the air over the sea, and the stream at its foot, must have caused a current of air to rise upwards from it. The air must have been surcharged with electricity on account of the approaching storm, and the pouring of water upon the altar must have made the air ascending from it moister than the surrounding air and thus created a pathway down which the lightning flash would travel directly on to the sacrifice,—for warm moist air is a far better conductor for electricity than dry air.

We see the same principle at work when cattle are sheltering under a tree in a thunder storm, and the column of warm moist air ascending from them makes that particular tree more likely to be struck than the adjacent ones.

And now what is the result of this miracle? Elijah would naturally be extremely elated with the dramatic answer to his prayer, and it is possible that we can see in his subsequent actions evidence that he was carried away by that excitement instead of waiting to seek for divine guidance.

We see him with a sense of triumph and of human confidence that a further outward vindication of Jehovah must be accomplished commanding that the prophets of Baal be slain. The king and the people are so much carried away by the evidence of Jehovah's power that the command of His prophet is obeyed Then later on, when Elijah had

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evidence of a fulfilment of his prophecy that rain would come, he warns the king that he must hurry back to his palace before the tracks (which have always passed for roads in Palestine) become impassable owing to the rain, and he himself runs in front of the king's chariot, as it were a herald of the new régime under which Jehovah would be acknowledged as supreme in Israel.

In looking back over this episode in the light of God's fuller revelation to us we cannot fail to ask ourselves the question, is it not likely that Elijah made the mistake which our Saviour (so far as his human personality was concerned) was so tempted to make, namely, that the Kingdom of God should come with outward triumph instead of being a Kingdom coming in the hearts of men; and is it not probable that, in consequence of the feeling of triumph which followed God's demonstration of His recognition of Elijah as His servant in that blinding lightning flash, his enthusiasm for his God carried Elijah further than God's leading was actually taking him?

Under divine guidance Elijah had done a thing which humanly speaking was calculated to hinder the granting of his prayer—he had poured water upon a sacrifice which he was praying should be consumed by fire. In the same way it may have been that the spread of Jehovah's Kingdom in Israel would have been furthered by an action which to Elijah would seem to have the reverse effect.

Is it not probable that many of those prophets whose enthusiasm for Baal led them even to injure themselves for the benefit of the cause they were serving would have been so impressed by that extraordinary manifestation of divine power that they would have become equally keen servants of

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Jehovah, and that as a result of that day on Carmel many of them would have spent the rest of their lives in the service of Jehovah?

We are, I think, justified in asking whether in ordering their massacre Elijah was really following God's leading, and whether by so doing he was not hindering instead of helping on God's purposes, and the insignificant results which appear to have followed the miracle on Mount Carmel were really due to his misinterpretation of God's will. These actions of Elijah's, whereby he seemed to be working for the outward triumph of Jehovah's Kingdom, appear to have been rebuked by the revelation which God gave him in the cave on Horeb, for the earthquake, the fire, and the storm, did not reveal Him, but the Almighty spoke to the prophet in a quiet voice. A still, small voice. It was a lesson to him that God often works in silence and not with anything approaching to outward triumph.

The lesson of this episode of Elijah may be taken to be that we must be very careful not to run beyond our guidance. In the case of Elijah the miracle he hoped for, followed an action which appeared to make that result humanly impossible, although our scientific knowledge leads us to see now that it did directly lead towards the accomplishment of the result. In the same way nowadays God may lead us to do things which seem to be unlikely to bring about the result we desire, but the lesson is that when that result is obtained we must be very careful in going forward upon what may seem to us a clear path, and that God's subsequent path for us may be one that is just as circuitous as that by which we reached the original result.

In our meetings for worship, as in the case of all our activities, we must be careful that our human enthusiasm does not lead us to go beyond the guid-

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ance we have received, and the following is an instructive instance of this given by one who occasionally felt called upon to speak in our meetings for worship but who, when he was a young man, found it somewhat of an ordeal to rise and speak in the large meeting at Bull Street, Birmingham, on a Sunday morning. One morning a text came into his mind shortly after the commencement of the meeting, and he felt that he might have to speak upon it, and he was confirmed in this feeling for the subject developed easily and satisfactorily. He, however, had some hesitation as to the right time for it to be given, and after going carefully through it three times was on the point of rising to deliver it when a speaker in the Ministers' gallery, the late Miss Elizabeth Cadbury, rose with the same text on her lips and the same arrangement of headings as in the address which he had so carefully thought out, but she delivered the address with a wealth of Christian love and experience which would have been quite impossible to him. He felt strongly that he had been given the privilege of arranging her address for her and was thankful that he had not been led (by satisfaction in the success of his preparation) to deliver an address which he would not have done with nearly so much power and effect and spiritual benefit to the meeting as she had done.

Here is another very similar instance which concerns another Birmingham Friend. A teacher in Severn Street School had been asked on a certain Sunday to take the opening address, usually given before the classes separated to their own special work, and he had carefully worked up an address for the purpose. When the Sunday morning came the superintendent of the school happened to come in and was urged to take the address. He at first

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hesitated, and it was only after some persuasion that he agreed to take the address, for he said he did not feel that he had any special message to the school that morning. On opening the Bible he read the precise passage which the teacher had intended to do and gave the same message which the teacher had prepared, although he knew nothing whatever as to what had been in the teacher's mind, and the latter felt thankful that he had not gone beyond his guidance but had given place to one who was able to give the address with far more helpfulness to the school than he himself could have done.

This incident in Elijah's career may rightly be taken as a warning as to the dangers of success, and it behoves us in all our working to be exceedingly careful when success seems to crown any effort of our own, and especially so where religious work is concerned. There is much truth in the saying, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," and this warning is especially necessary when things appear to be going smoothly, for then is the time when we are most liable to over-run our guidance.

T. Stacey Wilson.

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A POET OF THE PEOPLE.

The long line of English poets who have dealt with the experiences of labouring men and women has received a notable addition in the person of Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, whose father was a well known citizen of Hexham,—a man possessing original gifts among which was a keen faculty for sifting local history, including that of the Roman wall. Wilfrid Gibson began his career as a poet with Eastern romance, proceeding to embody his thoughts about nature (in Northumberland and Durham) in a volume or two of short poems; and then, feeling the call of humanity, he devoted himself to the portrayal of the life of human toil:

"So I, first waking from oblivion, heard,
With heart that kindled to the call of song,
The voice of young life, fluting like a bird,
And echoed that wild piping; till, ere long,
Lured onward by that happy singing flight,
I caught the stormy summons of the sea,
And dared the restless deeps that, day and night,
Surge with the life-song of humanity."

Immediately Mr. Gibson produced a series of dramatic poems which depart from tradition in matter and manner.* He does not write in dialect, neither does he report actual conversations; but he has captured the knowledge and emotions of the worker. Some readers of "Daily Bread," especially, may think that he has practised economy in rhythm and in language at too great a sacrifice, and that he has abstained so severely from developing the conventional interests of the situation that

*One of the best guides to Gibson's work is "Twenty-three Poems," Westminster Classics series, which provides examples from most of the numerous volumes published by Mr. Elkin Mathews and Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

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his final work is almost too simple, deep and austere.

I believe, however, that careful readers will find that this poet has experienced the deeper life emotions, and has expressed them worthily in verse. Recently Mr. Lynd has said (in an introduction to Sir A. Methuen's "Anthology of Modern Verse"): "the function of poetry is to make the life of man more full and real; it is to make him an independent hunter of the facts by which men live"; and again—"It is imagination that cleanses the scales from our eyes and awakens our senses to the real things that surround us." Mr. Lynd might have had "Daily Bread" in his mind as he wrote the last sentence.

"The Ice Cart," one of the three poems given by Sir A. Methuen to illustrate Gibson's work, and "On the Road," are typical examples of the method employed by this poet and of his outlook. In the second of these poems a man out of work is facing the problem: Should he ever have got married when now there is no food for the wife and the babe? His wife, almost starving, has no doubt about the matter and says: Was not love right enough, and must it not still be right enough in spite of the terrible difficulties facing them?

A vivid sense of the unseen is to be found in several poems, notably in "The Hare" and "Stonefolds," "The Flute," "The Ferry," "Flannan Isle" and "Nicholas Hall," and in the beautiful tribute to Rupert Brooke of which this is a part:

"Once in my garret,—you being far away,
Tramping the hills and breathing upland air,
Or so I fancied—brooding in my chair,
I watched the London sunshine feeble and gray
Dapple my desk, too tired to labour more,
When, looking up, I saw you standing there
Although I'd caught no footstep on the stair,
Like sudden April at my open door.

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Though now beyond earth's farthest hills you fare,
Song-crowned, immortal, sometimes it seems to me
That, if I listen very quietly,
Perhaps I'll hear a light foot on the stair
And see you, standing with your angel air,
Fresh from the uplands of eternity."

Humour distinguishes certain poems, including "The Dreadnought" and "Summer Dawn."

Mr. Gibson has a deep love for and understanding of nature. His power of expressing this may be judged of by the following lines from "Livelihood":

"The hills had been his refuge, his delight,
Seen or unseen, through many a day or night.
His help was of the hills, steadfast, serene
In their eternal strength, those shapes of green
Sublimely moulded."

A critic of Crabbe (who may be said to have been Gibson's direct ancestor) once observed that this early interpreter of the life of the poor "sketched rough truths and raucous facts upon mud walls with a tuppenny nail." Burns, on the other hand, who described his "Cotter" from personal experience of that type of life, did so with consummate skill. Wordsworth idealised the Cumberland peasant, painting him as part of nature as a whole. T. E. Brown won the hearts of the Manx fisher folk by his comradeship and clearly reflected this happy relationship in his narrative poems. Synge's pictures of the comedy and tragedy of Irish life increasingly compel attention. In our own day the police-court case presented in popular poetry (e.g., "The Daffodil Fields"); the spirit of revolt among the workers expressed in such a volume as Patrick McGill's "Songs from the Dead End"; and the studies of common objects given by Mr. Anderson, of Hull, all help in the understanding of the lot of those whose opportunity in life is limited,

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their material reward small and uncertain and the risks they encounter large and inevitable.

Whilst one of this comradeship, Wilfrid Gibson's work is quite distinctive. As a writer in the "Times" has observed, to this poet the modern industrial centre is only a special circumstance moulding and giving character to human tragedy. "It is personality that is Mr. Gibson's one symbol of the unalterable reality. He is, at bottom, an artist in psychology. Desiring, like Crabbe, to bring poetry into close, unflinching contact with human actuality, it was mere necessity that made him look for the characteristic life of to-day as much in foundries and mills and tenements as in farmhouses and fishing villages and hillside cottages."

He presents his subjects as he finds them without colouring or any attempt to state a case. He does this with infinite tact and sympathy and in such a way as to heighten his reader's conception of the value of human personality. A young miner is shown to be a hero ("The Slag"); a mother and a wife are heroines ("The Bridal"); in a hunted gipsy girl an invincible spirit is discovered ("The Hare"); a little lad has a life so precious that two adults would gladly die for him ("The Shop"); a printer's wife is of the blood of the martyrs ("The Operation"); and so on.

Up to the breaking out of war, in 1914, the whole of Wilfrid Gibson's later verse was in praise of human personality as he found it on sea and land, in mine and shop, in farm and foundry, in employed and unemployed. Towards the end of the conflict the poet issued a little volume "Battle" in which he raised a monument to the wantonness of war as an institution, showed the cheapness in war of that life to the greatness of which all his earlier work had testified; and re-

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corded how war swallows up the individual without regard to performance or promise. These forty pages of verse describe what war really means to the individual even more accurately than the official list of deaths and casualties, the feeling statements of Sir Philip Gibbs and Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, or the best of the war novels. Short poems going under such titles as "The Messages," "Victory," "In the Ambulance" and "Hill Born" haunt memory continually. In "The Conscript" (from "Neighbours") the poet records his deep conviction that Christ walked with the men doomed to kill and be killed.

In reading "Daily Bread," "Fires," and the succeeding volumes of Gibson's poems, some readers may remark on what they consider to be the almost complete absence of religious motive or appeal, yet a poet who expresses so beautifully the love of man for man, of husband for wife, of parent for child, is dealing also with the love of God.

On the other hand, Mr. Gibson's philosophy of life is rather like a sombre sky through which the sun is trying as yet in vain to shine. True, in some cases you feel its warmth, but there is nothing at all in his writings of a similar character to that great experience in the life of Saul Kane depicted in the second part of "The Everlasting Mercy." Deborah Grey in "The Betrothed" says :

> "I have not found much happiness in life;
> And now all that I've toiled for,
> The happiness I thought within my reach,
> That I have laboured after all these years,
> Is snatched from me.
>
> And, in the end,
> I find no balm of peace.
> And still, have I not toiled?
> And toil is something more than happiness;
> 'Tis life itself.

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I have not flinched from life,
But looked it in the face.
My son was born to me in bitterness,
And he has passed from me again
In bitterness.
And yet, meanwhile,
I've found my life worth living."

In "On the Threshold" Ellen Hall says

"To the poor,
Life is not easy underneath the sun,
But in the dark and reeking city ways
It's more relentless, grim and terrible—
The endless struggle."

She adds, however,

"They don't know love who have not starved for love,
And worked their fingers to the bone for love,
And lived for love, without love's recompense."

Again she declares :

"Life cannot all be barren, having love."

And in "Makeshifts" the writer of the drama observes

"They'd found
Marriage a hard-up, happy business
Of hand to mouth existence more or less,
But, taking all in all, well worth their while
To look on the bright side of things—to smile
When all went well, not fearing overmuch
When life was suddenly brought to the touch
And you'd to sink or swim."

Several of the shorter poems in Gibson's last published volume ("Neighbours") should be consulted in this connection : *e.g.*, "Anthony Weir," "Life," "Betty Riddle," and "Jane Bathgate."

In the same volume I seem to find a growing consideration of death (*e.g.*, "Anthony Earnshaw" and "John and Margaret Netherton"); and a deepening sense of the wonder and refreshment of home, especially in the charming poems "Dream-

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come-True" and "One-day-Old," with the verses to the poet's own children Audrey and Michael.

It has been stated that in Gibson's work we have the "spirit of pity contemplating human patience in face of overwhelming odds." As a matter of fact this poet's work is built upon the same foundation as that of the great painter Millet,—the truth announced in the well-known verse, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread"; and the significance of the words is rendered even more terrible by the poet than by the artist. Few people could read such a tragical poem as "The Night Shift" without feeling the greatness of the debt owing by society to the miner for his endurance and self-sacrifice.

There is a great longing abroad in the world to-day for a sympathetic understanding of class by class; indeed of the total abolition of what we refer to under the term "class feeling." Happy are those people whose work allows of their mixing with all classes in the community and so obtaining that knowledge which is the foundation of true sympathy and action. Failing these opportunities, of all revealers of human life the poet is the greatest, and it is because of my growing belief in the capacity of the author of "Daily Bread" to interpret accurately to others the life of the men and women who toil with their hands that I have attempted to express my indebtedness to him in this article.

ERNEST E. TAYLOR.

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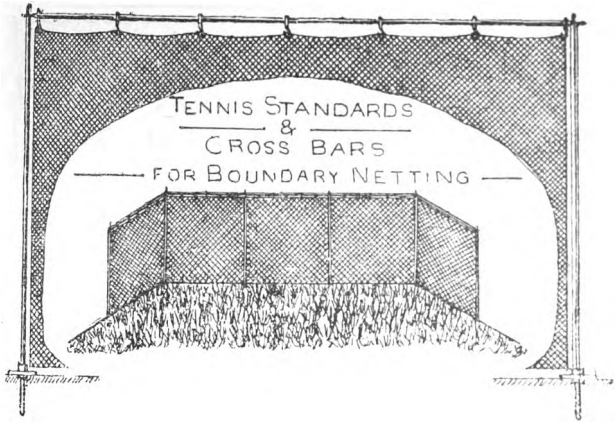

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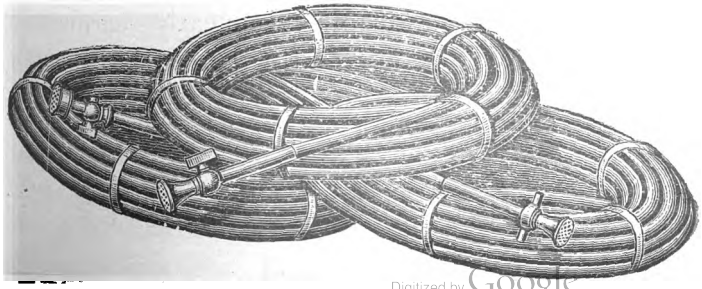

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FRIENDS' QUARTERLY EXAMINER.

No. 222. Fourth Month, 1922.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*The Friends' Quarterly Examiner* is issued about the 15th of 1st, 4th, 7th, and 10th months. All MSS. for insertion should be forwarded to the "Honorary Editor," care of the Publishers, The British Periodicals Ltd., 170, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. It would be a convenience if contributors would send in their MSS. *at the beginning of the month preceding publication.*

The Annual Subscription is 8s. post free. Subscriptions for 1922 are now due, and should be sent to the Publishers.

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*A paper read at a Memorial Meeting of the National Adult School Union at Bunhill, London, on Sunday, March 5th, 1922.

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SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM C. BRAITHWAITE.*

Like the soldiers of ancient legend who gathered coins from the bed of the river they forded and were both glad and sorry, so I am both glad and sorry when I reflect on what I gained from my friendship with William Charles Braithwaite—glad I obtained so much, sorry, like the soldiers, that it was not more. For in this man's life and experience there was hidden treasure. Though in the eyes of the world he was not pre-eminent, he was truly great, a very good and wise man. Thus we do well to remind each other of his attributes, and learn together at his feet. And as we recount his legacies to us, we may ask ourselves: Have I got this? or do I understand that? thus making each of his possessions our own, each of his victories our own conquest. Let me add that these Notes are not, and cannot be, complete or even comprehensive. They are merely the fragmentary thoughts and reminis-

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cences of twenty-nine years of a friendship, which, as I recollect, had no cloud. We worked and played together, travelled together, read books together and shared our ideals together.

William Braithwaite was born at 312, Camden Road, London, on December 23rd, 1862. He was the eighth of nine children of Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, who had married Martha Gillett, of Banbury. He went to school at Oliver's Mount, Scarborough, and subsequently studied at University College, London, whence he graduated as Bachelor of Arts in 1881. In 1883 he accompanied his father in a journey of religious service in the interest of the British and Foreign Bible Society in the Near East, visiting Constantinople, Greece and Palestine, and in the following year he was with his father in Canada. In 1887 he graduated as Bachelor of Laws in London University and entered his father's chambers in Lincoln's Inn, sharing his law practice as a barrister for ten years.

In 1896 came the great dividing line in his life. He married Janet Morland, of Croydon, relinquished his practice at the Bar and, becoming a partner in Gillett's Bank, went to live at Banbury. There he devoted himself to his business, to the affairs of the Society of Friends, to a great variety of public services, to the study of Quaker history and, it is not too much to say, to the advancement of the Kingdom of God among men.

And now he has left us, at the zenith of his powers and in the ripeness of his experience. On the whole I count his departure at this juncture as an irreparable loss to the Society of Friends and as, perhaps, the greatest single loss the Adult School Movement has sustained since its foundation. As far as I can judge, he understood and was able to express the philosophy of the Movement and its ultimate place and purpose better than any

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other man throughout its history. Others may have laboured longer and harder on its behalf, but with the sure touch of statesmanship William Braithwaite *apprehended* it and with the hidden fire of prophecy he proved himself its seer. To him the Adult School spirit was not merely a piece of unselfish philanthropy likely to be helpful to the men of his town; *he saw in it the spirit which would save the nations of the world.*

Before we turn to consider the build and make of this man, we must bear steadily in mind how much he owed to his parentage and upbringing. William Braithwaite was the son of his father, and so was heir to the tastes, habits, learning, profession, and ideals of his father. When he left London in 1896 his father wrote:

> "The change in our dear William's residence is a great change to me, and though under the circumstances I dare not stand in the way of what seems so likely to conduce to his happiness, I do not the less keenly feel it. We are so bound up in our pursuits and in each other. It is almost like cutting off the right hand."*

J. Bevan Braithwaite was a conveyancing barrister and teacher of law in Lincoln's Inn, to whose chambers came many men who in after years acquired fame. All through his long life he was a student, addicted to scholarship and the love of learning. He worked early and late, and lived an austere life, devoted to piety and high endeavour. His library containing his chosen books became his workshop and thither he would repair at the cheerless hour of 4 a.m. to converse affably with Augustine and renew his youth with Cicero. He would bury himself in the past and live over again the life of Jerome or Tertullian. Patristic litera-

* *J. Bevan Braithwaite: A Friend of the Nineteenth Century*, 1909, p. 367.

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ture, Church history and texual criticism were his favourite studies and he collected MSS. of the New Testament from Athens, from Albania, from Macedonia, in the study of which he spent happy months and years. He rejoiced in musical prose and would delight a circle of friends declaiming the profundities of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor and the elegancies of Milton and Baxter. He felt that Church history was as much the heritage of Nonconformists as of Romanists or Anglicans, and his Quaker experience led him out of all narrow conceptions of Catholic unity. His children write of him :—

"He was most careful with our English education, and it was the regular thing for us, as we grew old enough, to sit with him at his evening dinner and read aloud from *Sandford and Merton,* the *Spectator,* the *Contributions of Q. Q.,* or the *Essays of Elia,* or sometimes carefully selected passages from Milton or Cowper, our father meanwhile emphasising important parts, and adding many scraps of useful information. Numbers of books were thus read, every one of which is still associated with his memory.

"He had us all taught Latin and Greek, and tried hard to inspire us with a love of his favourite classic authors. I fear that some of us did not take as kindly to this as we should have done, nor did we attain to Hebrew, though often admonished of the importance of reading the Old Testament in the original.

"Father usually rose early in those days. He would come to the foot of the nursery stairs and shout, 'Half past five and a fine starlight morning.' Whereupon we older ones would dress and descend to his study, to find him seated cosily before a bright fire, with the kettle singing on the hob, his tea things and bread and butter set out invitingly on the little table, his Bible or some ancient folio open on the reading desk, and the cat purring on the arm of his chair. This early breakfast over, we might do our lessons beside him, but no one could speak or otherwise break the silence, as he laboured hard at law.

"At one time he taught us older ones Latin, but his teaching was rather too erudite for our superficial minds;

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some simple question as to a noun or verb would start him on a learned disquisition and search into the roots of things, and probably we progressed more rapidly when our classical education was turned over to the tutor who came three times a week for the purpose.

"But if he did not teach us Latin and Greek he taught us abundance of more important matters; the love of nature, to 'look through nature up to nature's God'; to trace the hand of God in history; to find our pleasure in intellectual pursuits; to avoid all gossip and talebearing; never to whine about little pains and aches; purity in thought and word; kindness and generosity towards the poor."*

It is not difficult in reading these words to visualise the home in which William Braithwaite was brought up. It was a home of piety, of love of culture and of devotion to duty. In 1878, when William was a lad of 16, his father wrote the following advice to one of his sons :—

"Be diligent, attentive and punctual; doing thy best to fulfil the duty of each day; and intelligently to understand what that duty is.

"Be careful of thy time. Economise it well. Thou wilt have thy hours of work; and thy hours for study.

"Seek to understand thy business. Give thy *mind* to master the various details. . . Study and master the whole theory and practice. . . My maxim is that a Christian ought to do everything he undertakes, not in a careless, slovenly, slipshod style, but in the best possible manner. . .

"Thou wilt not neglect other pursuits. I would have thee give up a certain time for reading and study. Keep up thy Latin, Greek, French and German. Pursue History. And amidst all thy studies, be diligent in the careful, reverent reading of the Holy Scriptures. Thy naturally serious mind will be helped by the reading of Milton, Thomson, Young, Cowper, Longfellow and others of our best poets from time to time.

"Do not think that I have forgotten thy health. I am anxious about this. It will be quite necessary for thee to take regular exercise; and to eat and sleep sufficiently."†

* Ibid, p. 175. † Ibid, p. 348.

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These wise admonitions close with the paternal blessing :

> "And so I leave thee to the loving and tender care of thy Father in Heaven, who has called thee with a holy calling in Christ Jesus."

This deeply religious atmosphere also inspired the adjoining household of Bevan Braithwaite's brother-in-law, George Gillett, who lived next door. His intense evangelism and his great executive ability must be added to the governing factors which influenced our friend in his youth. It is my deliberate conviction that William Braithwaite was in large measure the *direct* result and product of this upbringing.

One day at the end of 1892 or early in 1893 I walked into the Braithwaite Chambers in Lincoln's Inn and my friendship with William began. I found a reserved and imperturbable man, of quiet but exceptional power, which seemed to be composed of a happy mixture of knowledge and faith. The more I saw of him the more I discovered he was a man of method, of industry and persistence, of thoroughness of workmanship, of reliability. He never failed you. He was circumspect; seeing all sides and sympathising with many; "constitutionally cautious to the verge of non-committal"; and possessing a delightful sense of humour, and a well developed faculty of imagination. All these attributes seemed to be a matter not of acquisition or accomplishment but of habit and temperament. They were not capricious or fickle; they were, in fact, in his blood. His father was all these things. But William Braithwaite came in a new time, and like a river he took colour from the lands through which he passed, and interpreted his father's faith and faculties in a new language to a new Democracy.

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First, he became a learned man in the broadest sense of the term. He had been given the tools of learning and he used them in many departments of knowledge—art, poetry, New Testament criticism, history, law, politics, literature. In 1896 we went to Italy together, and I was initiated into the appreciation of Giotto and Fra Angelico, the effect of Byzantine influence on the West, the legacy of Greece, the glory of Rome, the work of Lorenzo the Magnificent, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Galileo and of Savonarola. My travelling companion was deeply in love with a lady in England, and—I suppose on the principle of "trying it on the dog"—I became the sole auditor of a series of erudite discourses on Love and Beauty as revealed in Italian art. He agreed wholly with Keats —

> "'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'; that is all
> Ye know on Earth, and all ye need to know."*

There were also rhymes and some poems. The faculty of writing verses had begun early in life and by practice he had become adept, particularly in the rapid production of nonsense verses. In a railway train, on the open road, among the heather on the hill side, in a gondola on the Grand Canal, he would take out a well-worn pocket book and set to work. We have a misunderstanding with an hotel proprietor which seems to be heading for trouble, but it is reduced to concord by a few seductive and ambiguous phrases in poetic sequence; or we are caught trespassing, an unhappy episode which is precipated not in the nearest gaol but in a socialistic diatribe of the reddest colour entitled "The Landlord bars the Land"; or once more, our friend Arnold Rowntree takes us a motoring tour in Yorkshire accompanied by a beloved and distinguished American Professor who dilates to us on

* *On a Grecian Urn.* (Keats.)

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the extreme pathos of Methusaleh's long and reflective life of 969 years or on the perplexing verity of the "Allness of the all"—and this proves altogether too much for William, who takes his revenge as follows : —

"As evening falls, at Ravenscar we dine,
Gabble of gulls around our meal ascetic :
Brief is man's life; its years but 9.6.9.
Fact most pathetic.

Years 9.6.9. through some he sits and thinks :
Through some he only sits, or what still worse is,
Through some nine hundred years he merely blinks,
Blinks and writes verses !

. . . . .

The Moorland ways through heather honey-sweet
Have served as background for our garrulous musing,
The going good, except for bogs of peat,
The Truth confusing.

Our hearts are thankful that for one August day
The Lecturer was clothed and in his senses :
We learnt the "Allness of the all" : and say
Arnold immense is !"*

When he was travelling or away from home on a holiday trip he would keep an illustrated journal, in which he made drawings or inserted picture postcards or photographs, and entered the ridiculous or pompous sayings of people he met, or his own jokes embellished; and he would subsequently regale his friends by reading extracts from this Diary with great gusto and relish. I see him now holding it up in his short-sighted way, fingers between the leaves or gesticulating, his head and sometimes his whole body swaying in unison with tone and sentiment, his face in mock solemnity or his eyes dancing with mischief and merriment—a very droll and

* *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, 1920, p. 342.

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jovial embodiment of the Spirit of Laughter. Yet as his humour sprang from wholesome human insight so it could be devoted to high purpose. For humour may be one of the spiritual gifts, enabling its possessor to pass through the turmoils and disappointments of life with good nature and the laughing heart. This gift William Braithwaite had in exceptional degree and through it he expressed much easy learning and homely philosophy; he exercised the gift with gratification to himself and immense pleasure to others.

But he could be serious and rise to considerable heights of true poesy. Listen to this entitled *The Matin-Song of the Lark.*

Hark!
To the song of the lark,—
Upward springing,
Singing, singing
Matin-lays.
Joy upflinging
Into praise.
Ever soaring
Where dawn's flushes
Heaven's azure roof emblazon,
He outgushes
His adoring,
Throbbing rapture of oraison.

Free
In his kingdom is he,
Lord of golden
Light-enfolden
Realms of rest;
Where he singeth,
Wingeth, swingeth,
O'er his nest,
Freely spending
Of his treasure,
Molten light and lyric madness,
Without measure,
In unending,
Royal canticles of gladness.

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Hark!
To the song of the lark:
"I clomb
To the light, for the light is my home;
The eyes
Of the sun are mine as I rise;
The wings of the dawn are mine;
My blood is the day's new wine;
The dawn, the day and the sun
And my heart are one:

Their fire
Is my life's desire.
Through the world do I flame and chase
The night to her place:
My glow is upon the sky;
At my touch the mists disperse;
An Angel of God am I
To serve in His universe.

I surfeit in light and live;
I drink of the Sun and am strong;
And the bliss which I gain I give,
For all my life is a song,
And I live
When I lavish my life in song."*

These verses have, of course, the true spirit and form of poesy; note the choice of words and their arrangement and cadence, the nature points, the purpose, the spiritual application. *Easter Day* was a little fragment in the footsteps of Thomas à Kempis:

The Way, The Truth, The Life.

I wandered wayward, all astray,
Till He came by, Who is the Way.

False, flickering fires mine eyes enticed,
Till Truth revealed itself in Christ.

Nor had I strength to win the strife
Before He touched me with His Life.

* *Red Letter Days* (first edition) p. 34.

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Now, His sweet path of meekness leads,
He is the Highway for my deeds:

He is the Truth for all my thought,
The Life whereby my life is wrought:

I care not if all else be dim
For I have light if I have Him.*

Then he wrote his own version of Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar,* a poem he was fond of, and he called it *When Day is O'er.*

When day is o'er,
And life's pathway into the shadow winds,
My soul the way of the sunset finds
To the unknown shore.

With chant of psalm,
Forth on the heart of the shining sea,
Into the flaming west fares she,
Thro' the evening calm.

From things of time,
Drawn afar on God's silent tide,
O'er His sea of light to a life more wide,
In some larger clime.†

These verses reveal his love of nature, his imagination and his spiritual apperception—they furnish early evidence of his poetic gift and of his clear understanding of what Keats calls "the great end of poesy, that it should be a friend to soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of man." I am glad to know that we may hope for the publication of a volume of later poems. His prose works are to be found in many scores of articles, papers, pamphlets, dissertations and lectures—from which legal subjects are almost excluded—and his two monumental

* Ibid, p. 29. † Ibid, p. 57.

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volumes on the *Beginnings of Quakerism** and the *Second Period of Quakerism.*† These books, which made his fame, and the writing of which occupied the leisure of fourteen years, constitute a classic, a masterpiece of sound historical knowledge and exact workmanship. They are so well done that they cannot fail to remain a standard work on this subject, an enduring contribution to the history of England. Nothing like them had been written before, for they presented the case with consummate accuracy and with amazing impartiality, proportion and balance. They are not only written in the scientific spirit and with judicial impartiality, but their pages are alive with the breath of life. Behind their simple and elegant English lay immense stores of learning, and beneath their argument a vitalizing evangel. I call it without hesitation a very great book, which only a great man could have written. It is an invaluable legacy to us all, and beyond all count valuable—more precious than much fine gold—to his children and his children's children.

Then, in the second place, William Braithwaite had a comprehensive and catholic spirit. By catholic spirit, I mean the habit of mind which views the whole rather than the parts, which sets the common before the sectional interest, and which sweetens and harmonizes the conflicting tendencies of life by remaining steadily conscious of the major and reconciling interests. It is a fruit of the Christian Spirit. One of the greatest masters of the English language has said that the catholic spirit "cannot be partial, exclusive, impetuous," but is "patient, collected, majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in each end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay, because it ever knows where it stands and how its

* Macmillan & Co., 1912, pp. i.-xliv., and 1,562.
†Ditto, 1919, pp. i.-xlvii. and 1,668.

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path lies from one point to another." This catholicity of spirit is allied to the historical intellect, and perhaps originates in it. Both are derived from humanism, and William Braithwaite was inspired by a deep and wide *humanism,* which sprang partly from mind and partly from heart.

> "Much is there passing strange;
> Nothing surpassing Mankind"*

were favourite words of his. I have often thought that the profound terms in which Lewis Nettleship described Professor Thomas Hill Green of Balliol apply to William Braithwaite.

> "He saw in history the self-development of an eternal spirit; he regarded religion as the highest form of citizenship; he believed reason to be at once the most human and the most Divine thing in man."†

The dominant claims in William Braithwaite's life were just these three things—history, religion, reason, and his understanding of them went far to make him what he was. They gave him patience and broad-mindedness, a ready apprehension of men and affairs, a lofty civic sense, and a perfectly magnificent and never failing confidence in the mind of man.

Let us reflect what it means to a man if once he learns to see in history the self-development of an eternal spirit. It means that the history of himself, the day by day unfolding of his own life and experience—its ups and downs, its joys and sorrows, its success and failure, its labour and rest—the history of his family, of his town, of his nation, of the human race, spell out for him the Word becoming flesh: translate for him the glory of the Ages

* Sophocles, *Antigone.*

† *Works of T. H. Green,* Vol. iii., page xxv.

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in the common things of life; and make the routine procession of events a progressive interpretation of the will of the Eternal. But the eye must be there to *see* it thus—for the higher life is the life of the higher vision.

Or think again what it means to regard Religion as the highest form of Citizenship. Citizenship is membership of a city, a community, entailing mutual privileges and duties and society; it means law and order—all good things—further, it means home life, which in its turn means fatherhood, and the ideal city thus becomes the City of God. Show me a true citizen, and I will show you a religious man. For religion is not a thing of churches and creeds and holy books but of cities. To make good cities, and in particular the City of God, that is the main work of Christianity. "The perfect saint," said Professor Drummond, "is the perfect citizen." And again,

> "To move among the people on the common street; to meet them in the market place on equal terms; to live among them, not as saint or monk, but as brother man with brother man; to serve God not with form and ritual but in the free impulse of a soul; to bear the burdens of society and relieve its needs; to carry on the multitudinous activities of the City—social, commercial, political, philanthropic,—in Christ's Spirit and for His ends—this is the Religion of the Son of Man."*

So thought Professor Green and so thought William Braithwaite.

Or once more, to believe that reason is the most human and divine thing in man is to believe the best of both. It is reason which places man at the head of the kingdom of animals; and to admit that the Universe is *rational* in design and in purpose is to admit that it is divine. I ask no higher faith

* *The City without a Church.* Henry Drummond.

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than this, nor did William Braithwaite. For see where this faith takes us— it interprets history and the vast sweep of the centuries; it makes religion a real thing in practical life; and it gives us the only ultimate and everlasting anchorage so long as the mind of man endures. These are the things that William Braithwaite had. Because he had them he was comprehensive without being either vague or materialistic; religious and yet human; reverent without superstition. And it was because he had them that he poured out his life in service— for his idea of the love of God was the service of man.

So I think a third characteristic of William Braithwaite was his public spirit and service. "Divine Love," said John Woolman, "enlarges the heart towards mankind universally," and William Penn advised his friends to "be of a universal spirit." Now this universality was a particular feature of our lost leader. Nothing human came amiss to him. No human proposition lay outside his enquiry. No honest aspiration lay beyond his comprehension. No human need which he understood failed to win his sympathy. The world was his parish—and his wide love of humanity dominated him. So he became dedicated to high purpose. He had no sport, he was little or no use at field games, he was often wrapped up and concealed within himself, he wasted no time on the "frillings" of life. He selected the spheres of his service narrowly, with judgment and discrimination, but within these spheres he moved with amplitude, giving his sympathy and lending out his energy on the right hand and on the left.

The National Adult School Union owe him a debt which it is impossible either to pay or to measure for his twenty-one years' Chairmanship. He visited Schools, addressed Conferences, delivered lectures, and presided at the Council. To be at an Adult

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School gathering at Scalby with William Braithwaite was to pass through a glowing experience—in which hilarity and solemnity alternated without conflicting. He was a magician and could conjure with men. Ah! those golden days at Scalby! They were among the happiest of his life.

Many Quaker movements, including Home Missions, Young Friends' work, the Woodbrooke Settlement, the Friends' Ambulance Unit, looked to him as a leader who would never fail them. He was a trustee of the *Friend* and of the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* and a frequent contributor to both. In his own town he was banker, magistrate, educationist, and the friend of every good cause; in German towns he was internationalist and spiritual reformer. But when we think of his public service no conventional definition, no inventory or catalogue of deeds, will suffice. It is sufficient only to say he *served* and he served for love. For he had, like Pericles, the Athenian statesman in the golden age of Greece, 444-429 B.C., "the wise man's understanding of public duty and the good man's self-discipline in its performance," and therefore, like Pericles, too, he found "the secret of happiness is service and freedom, and the secret of freedom a brave heart";* but, unlike Pericles, he dedicated his life to One whom having not seen he loved, and whose service is perfect freedom.

This then was our friend. In a true sense such men do not die. "Love bridges death."† Whence came his inspiration? On what rock was he built? Where lay his anchor? I have recently been reading the biography of another pupil of Bevan Braithwaite, who became famous all through the world, Sir Edward Fry, Lord Justice of Appeal.

**The Funeral Speech* (Thucydides). †*The Second Period*, p. 646.

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He was a great hero of William Braithwaite, and I early discovered that there were some wonderful things they shared together. In that biography I have found the secret of those common aspirations, for there is published a confession of Faith—a sort of spiritual last will and testament, written when the eminent Quaker Judge was 70 years old and could look back over his long life. And this is what he says :—

> "I am above all things a believer in the supremacy of spirit over matter—not only do I exist as a being but as a spiritual being. I feel myself to be spirit. I feel my fellow men to be spirit, I feel that in nature I commune with spirit. These independent but concurring convictions make the tripod of my belief in the spiritual as opposed to the material theory of the universe."

And again—

> "The inner consciousness is the one thing we know primarily and certainly; it stands above all other possible evidence in a unique and solitary dignity, and by it everything else must ultimately be tried. . . My own experience, which is an unseen and spiritual thing, is the one primary piece of evidence in the world. . . My conception of religion has always appeared to me an essential moral thing—a thing relating not to our intellectual nature, but to us as moral beings."

And once more—

> "The life and character of Christ are beyond expression attractive of our love and admiration and the example of Christ has wrought a change in thousands of human beings—they have desired to become like Christ, and by desiring they have so become. To be made Christ-like is to be made holy—and this is *sanctification;* to be made Christ-like is to be made just in the highest and widest sense of the term—and this is *justification;* to be made holy and just is to be set free from the power of sin—and this is *Salvation.* These things seem to me to be not great transactions in heaven, or great mysteries requiring tomes of theology to explain them, but real

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simple facts in human life, produced according to the principles and emotions of our human nature."*

Now here we have four fragments from a great Apologia—first, the supremacy of spiritual power; secondly, individual experience as the ultimate evidence; thirdly, the inherent moral and rational nature of man; and fourthly, the irresistible claim and influence of Christ.

> To be his Viceroy in the world
> Of matter, and of sense;
> Upon the frontier, towards the foe,
> A resolute defence.†

They are four of the eternal verities, which we should do well to imprint indelibly upon our minds. My belief is that hereabouts was the anchorage of William Braithwaite, an anchor early cast and always holding. Do men ask to see God and be sure of Him? They may find Him, he says, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Do men ask for evidence that God still dwells with them upon the earth, here and now? They will find it, he says, spiritually, individually, inherently, *inside themselves*. "The Kingdom of God is within you." And thus to William Braithwaite all "the great sounding labour-house vast of being" was thought of as God's dwelling place—and Nature, and the verities of Art, Science, Literature, History—beauty, goodness, truth—in men of all races, all down the ages, and in all lands—were seen to be a part of His glory and an expression of His will.

G. N.

* *Memoir of Sir Edward Fry.* 1921. Pp. 155-172.

† *The Dream of Gerontius,* p. 41.

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IN HOSPITAL.

In the twilit ward, between the sleep and the waking,
When pain dies down, and thoughts may roam for a space,
It's over the Cornish hills my way I am taking,
With the soft spring wind and the rain and wind in my face.

In Falmouth street the townsfolk jostle and scurry,
Chatter and gossip, and elbow the longshore men,
And down to the Market Strand my footsteps hurry,
Aboard the boat, and we loose from the pier again.

Where the coasting schooners their rain-drenched sails are drying,
Threading the harbour craft our course we take,
With the milk-white gulls about us wheeling and crying,
And the milk-white water churning to foam in our wake.

Pendennis, Trefusis, the reach of the Truro River,
At the harbour's mouth St. Anthony guarding the bay,
Then, starboard the helm, and St. Mawes, its reflections a-quiver,
And the creek with its banks all gold in the April day.

Oh, the tide is low at Percuil! I make my landing
Through the oozing mud and the oar-weed's good sea-smell,
Where the ferryman's small white house on its shelf is standing,
And up from the shore the road tilts over the hill.

Then on through the lanes I swing in the bright spring weather,
Mile upon mile at a pace that can never tire,
Past land-locked creeks to the headland over the heather,
Till I come at length to the place of my heart's desire.

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Here on the ultimate cliff the raven claims for its fastness
I lie and watch the sea-birds poise and swoop in their flight,
And the blue Atlantic stretches away in an infinite vastness
Away to the pale horizon high in the mid-day light.

Far down under my feet I hear the billows blowing;
Hung between earth and sky the white sails dreamily pass;
Idly I reach my hand where the bladder campion is growing,
Crisp pink flowers of the thrift, and carpet of wind-swept grass.

Overhead in the quivering blue a single lark is singing,
Joyous and free as the birds I bathe in the ambient air,
Bathe in the pure delight the sun-drenched silence is bringing,
God! I thrill to Thy touch in this solitude passing fair!

Then, at the height of my bliss, the bright cloud-edifice crashes,—
I am back in the hospital ward with the darkness and grinding pain.
Courage, O heart of mine! the fire shall spring from the ashes,—
This, not that, is the dream,—I shall wake and be there again!

February, 1922. E. F. Howard.

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HABITUAL SPEAKERS IN FRIENDS' MEETINGS.

In the discussion which has taken place recently in the correspondence columns of "The Friend" under this heading no notice has been taken of the fact that the word "habitual" is used in its loose conversational sense, not in its strict meaning. This is confusing, and might give rise to misconception. What is intended by the phrase "habitual speakers" is "those who take vocal part in a large proportion of the meetings they attend." In the exact sense it is indeed to be hoped that there is no such thing as an "habitual speaker." A friend who addressed the meeting merely from force of habit would be intolerable. Habit is action whose control has been transferred from conscious to automatic nerve centres. We wind our watches by habit when we go to bed. We do so without attention or thought. A speaker may be said habitually to sway his body while he speaks, or habitually to use a certain phrase or word more than elegance allows, or by mental habit to follow similar lines of thought: but it is not correct to say that he speaks habitually. Even the professional preacher does not do that. A street crier or auctioneer may speak habitually: but to speak in meeting surely demands some conscious effort.

"Frequent" or "regular" are words we might use to indicate that class of ministering Friend

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under discussion. Our ancestors used the term "public friends." The inverted commas of the term are intended to remind the reader of the inexact use of the word in this connection.

The point at issue in the correspondence is, to put it baldly, this. On one side complaint is made that the frequent speaker is too ready to take vocal part, leaving insufficient periods of silence and insufficient opportunity for the infrequent speaker. On the other hand it is deplored that so few members of the Society feel a real concern for the vocal ministry, and that this service falls largely upon the few partly because of the faithlessness of the many who shirk each a small share.

There are many in the Society who can view the question from both sides. The frequent speaker was once a silent member, and has passed through the time when he took part infrequently and with much fear and trembling. Careful recollection will help him to sympathise intelligently with the complaint against himself as an "habitual" speaker. But there are doubtless few who, like the present writer, occupy both positions at the same time. Living in a Quaker outpost where meetings are regularly held in two languages, his own native tongue and a foreign one, and where he is concerned to serve in the ministry in both, a Friend reaches a stage where in the English meetings he is almost inevitably a leader and must carry a large share of the ministry, and where in the other meetings he repeats, in the strange tongue, his early experiences of taking vocal part. The reason, it is true, is not quite the same. The fear of being unacceptable is now transferred from the matter to the form of the communication. But the result is almost exactly similar. He sits trembling in his place, timidly rehearsing the words he would like to use. He is divided between a hope and a fear

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that some accustomed speaker will rise before him. On his feet the prepared words elude him, and he is conscious of confused sentences and half-expressed meanings which he is powerless to correct. He doubts whether he is even intelligible. He resumes his seat and wonders whether he has said anything ludicrous. He longs for criticism afterward and yet dreads it. Then it may happen the very next day that he attends a meeting where he would so welcome another voice in but the shortest utterance, but where an address from himself seems the only way out of a silence prolonged beyond the helpful point. If this peculiar position is felt to give an exceptional opportunity of sympathising with both points of view the present writer will be justified in adding his thoughts to the discussion.

The temptation of the frequent speaker is over-concern, which is really a mistrust of God's ability or willingness to provide for the feeding of His flock. It is right to go to a meeting with concern; it is wrong to be anxiously concerned. Anxiety is always wrong: and the Friend who allows fear of insufficient ministry to worry him is not only spoiling the meeting for himself, but running the risk of mistaking guidance about taking part vocally. How heavy the burden may be none but those who bear it realise. It is a hard thing to enter the meeting-house where the probability is that no other ministering Friend will be present: and that not because of the difficulty of speaking, but because of the responsibility of not speaking. In such circumstances to sit in a quiet spirit of trust in the Heavenly Father's provision may be one of the hardest tasks of the ministry. The frequent speaker needs to watch and pray lest he fall into anxiety. There are two practical points to be remembered as an aid. First, it is easy to give way to unnecessary distrust of silence. When the silence is spoiled for

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oneself by anxious concern for the spiritual needs of others one is quickly deceived into judging it unprofitable, while, relatively to the rest of the meeting, it is living and full of power. Also one may be unnecessarily tender in estimating the length of silence which immature members or strangers can appreciate. We may well remind ourselves of the experience of George Fox at "another town" near Pickering where he "was to famish them of words." In the second place it is too easily assumed that those who have never taken part never will do so. Doubtless the occasions are many on which some right utterance from a new or infrequent speaker has been suppressed for want of five minutes or even half a minute longer for the hesitator to be forced to his feet. Beside giving sufficient opportunity there are other ways in which the frequent speaker can help the infrequent. If he were always careful to add prayer for such to his own prayer for guidance in the ministry, the increased spiritual force might often avail to turn the scale. And he should remember too the special value of his word of encouragement or advice. The minister should not usurp the duties of eldership; but there are times when the approval of the frequent speaker is exactly what the timid Friend most needs. He has an unconscious fear of poaching on regular preserves, and to feel that his simple word is not regarded as an intrusion by the public friends means more than the encouragement of the weightiest of elders.

Faithful and effective eldership is perhaps rarer than faithful ministry; and the frequent speaker who sincerely desires this guidance receives it only too seldom. Yet in waiting for this help he need not be entirely passive. There is an attitude of active receptivity which without words makes it felt that criticism, favourable or unfavourable,

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would be welcome. There is a cordial acceptance of judgment offered which expresses gratitude without ambiguity: and the ministering Friend who has not sufficient humility to be thankful to all who intend to help him in this way is sadly lacking in necessary grace. There may even be times when timid eldership, especially if unofficial, needs the encouragment of questioning. Many Friends will remember occasions when a request for criticism trembled on their lips, and was left unspoken for shyness, when it is probable that the breaking of the ice would have had most valuable results. The frequent speaker can certainly do something toward producing the atmosphere of right eldership. It might be remarked also in passing that in the Quaker outposts visits of well-concerned Friends are valued not only for the ministry they may be able to offer in English or by interpretation, where ministering Friends are few; but also for eldership, where Friends of long experience are scarcer still.

We turn to consider the special difficulties and special opportunities of the infrequent speaker and the Friend beginning his ministry. Much of his difficulty would be solved by the realisation that his gifts and those of the public friend are complementary, and by that sympathetic imagination which is as necessary on the one side as on the other. A young Friend once remarked after a meeting in which an address of half an hour had been delivered, "That Friend came to the meeting determined to give that address which he had prepared beforehand." He may or may not have been correct on the particular occasion; but the spirit of antagonism implied is the antithesis of the sympathy needed. If such a critic would only exercise his imagination to realise how the frequent speaker longs and prays for some fresh voice to

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break the silence and would so willingly himself be mute! Let him not be deceived by the gaps which never seem long enough to allow him to begin; nor, when he is once sure of guidance, allow himself to be swayed by any anticipation that some 'habitual' speaker is on the point of taking part. That curious mixture of relief and irritation when other utterance just prevents one rising is probably an indication of failure in duty. The ministering Friend may be only too sadly conscious that his remarks are only a substitute for the living word of another.

A thought which has probably helped very many is that of the liberating power of a short, live message. The few words spoken in much timidity and a great sense of weakness are often the key to unlock the gates by which the divine message can flow through another's lips. This is a matter of frequent experience. The 'habitual' speaker is oppressed by the sense that a message at his command is cold and lifeless, though he does not doubt its solid value. Suddenly it is touched into life by the words which are not only the appropriate introduction but also indicate without doubt the need of the meeting for that very message. With full heart the minister thankfully clears himself, and has real joy in his service. This is a fact which might give courage to many an inexperienced speaker who hesitates to intrude.

It will be noticed that we do not enter into the question of awakening a concern in those who have none. It is a mere commonplace to remark that no one has a right to determine that he never will be called to take vocal part. The best single thing ever said to such a Friend is probably the question of the late Alfred Wright. A young man replied to a suggestion of his, "I have no concern to speak." Alfred Wright immediately responded, "Hast thou

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ever had a concern to have a concern?" We are thinking here, however, of the inexperienced partaker who is struggling to find his right place relatively to the frequent speaker. To the one it might be said, as to the other, that anxiety never helps. Sometimes inclination makes us wish that certain seats may be empty that our ministry may have freer opportunity. Sometimes we sit almost in terror noticing the absence of frequent speakers, concluding that their usual part may fall on us, and if one should subsequently enter, a tension is sensibly relaxed, as though the responsibility of concern were thereby lessened. This, of course, springs from a measure of distrust of the Spirit. We cannot believe the Shepherd capable of providing for the flock in His own way. When mistakes are made by frequent or infrequent speakers this is surely the real cause. Some are anxious because they cannot see whence ministry is to come but from themselves: others, lest the difficult task should fall on them. No doubt if we all came ideally concerned, and ideally free from anxiety, we should have ideal meetings. The right attitude of the speaker, nay, of every member, might be summed up as 'trustful concern.' While we pray for living messages, while we look for guidance as to their delivery, let us constantly also, frequent and infrequent speakers alike, ask to have minds and souls garrisoned so that in nothing, not even in public ministry, may we be anxious.

C. G. NAISH.

Brummana, Beyrouth,
Syria, October, 1921.

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WHY AM I A QUAKER ?*

Quakerism to me is more the spirit of all religions than a denomination, more a fellowship than a church. It is, however, a healthy practice to ask ourselves from time to time why we belong to this religious fellowship rather than to that church; and I cannot but think that your endeavour to understand, by this course of lectures and discussions, the standpoint of a number of religious denominations, will probably help you to realise the Quaker standpoint better than anything I can say.

Why am I a Quaker? The answer will be my concern throughout this paper, and in giving it I am going to ask permission to pass very quickly over the historical side of the subject. An honourable past is no claim upon our allegiance; it is a claim for a niche in Madame Tussaud's or in a Museum of Antiquaries. However, I must ask your indulgence for a few minutes whilst we place Quakerism in its right setting in relation to the development of the views of men about God and man. Quakerism is not a system of thought produced by a philosopher from first principles, but a re-discovery of vital Christianity coming as a natural, and almost inevitable, product out of the interplay of the forces and evolutionary change in religious thought. I do not mean that Quakerism did not owe much to its founder; I mean that he was the focus around which gathered the spiritual endeavours of many seekers. I unite in this estimate

*The substance of a lecture delivered at Birmingham, 5 i., 1922.

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which forms the opening paragraph of Dr. Thomas Hodgkin's *George Fox.*

> "George Fox, the founder of Quakerism." That is the formula which expresses and will probably always express, Fox's place in religious history. Yet of him, even more emphatically than of the men who have given their names to great sections of the Christian Church—Luther, Calvin or Wesley—it may be confidently affirmed that to found a new sect was the furthest thing from his hopes and aspirations. A religious reformer, at any rate one who desires to work in harmony with the spirit of Christianity, cannot have sectarian aims. He cannot be satisfied with conquering one little province of the Christian world and labelling it with his own name. He must believe that he is the bearer of a world-wide message, adapted to all sorts and conditions of men, and that for the whole Christian Church the only hope of health and cleansing lies in the acceptance of that message. Such was most emphatically the belief of George Fox."

The times call out the men and these men become the instruments and the mouth-pieces. These men draw together and make articulate the wandering and inarticulate thought of their day.

Your poet-dramatist, John Drinkwater, in his world famous *Abraham Lincoln* has a few lines expressing this same idea, showing how men are called out of obscurity to become the instruments of progress.

> "Once when a peril touched the days
> Of freedom in our English ways,
> And none renowned in government
> Was equal found,
> Came to the steadfast heart of one,
> Who watched in lonely Huntingdon,
> A summons, and he went,
> And tyranny was bound,
> And Cromwell was the lord of his event.
>
> And in that land where voyaging
> The pilgrim Mayflower came to rest,

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Among the chosen, counselling,
Once, when bewilderment possessed
A people, none there was might draw
To fold the wandering thoughts of men,
And make as one the names again
Of liberty and law.

And then, from fifty fameless years
In quiet Illinois was sent
A word that still the Atlantic hears,
And Lincoln was the lord of his event."

So in the Stuart days when men had missed the spirit of God's word through Christ, when outward form and rigid ways bound the creative mind of man and more looked to outward guidance of the book than to the inner guidance in the heart, there arose a man in a Midland hamlet, who found the light for which men sought in vain.

He heard the call, and to the service went,
And Fox was the lord of his event.

* * * * *

In considering Quakerism as an outcome of religious development, one is reminded of the biological idea of progress. In considering the line of evolutionary development it is ever the more normal, the more simple, the less extravagant form from which the new movement comes. The specialised, the elaborate, have pushed out into a side growth and there is no future that way. It has been so all through the story of the Christian church, new movements have sprung out of the central fundamental living Spirit of God moving in the hearts of men. Taking a rapid kinematographic survey of the chief episodes in the history of Christianity from its start in that wonderful transformation of disciples into apostles, down through the

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periods of rapid growth, of conflict, political and philosophical, of slackness and of reform. What is the result of such a survey? We see that the Spirit of God has been striving to express itself through the lives of men. In spite of the failures of men to allow this spirit to shine through them, such a survey fills one with feelings of hope and inspiration, for we are witnessing the manifestation of the living power of God. In spite of extraneous growth, branches or groups going off in one direction or another, here a Francis and there a Loyola, here a Wiclif and there a Luther, the central fact remains that the story reveals the purpose of life—the revelation of God. It reveals men living in close relationship with the spiritual environment, and striving to order their lives in accordance with what they can understand of God's will. Here are a few lines taken from an article by Prince Eugene Troubetzkoy of Moscow, which express this same idea of the Spirit of God striving to become incarnate, taking the idea right back through all the history of the universe.

"Conceiving our life in this manner, the material evolution of the world becomes the incarnation and the expression of a spiritual meaning, of a divine event which is actually in process of coming to pass. No longer, for example, do we think of the earth's movement round the sun as a meaningless rotation: we think of it as preparing the conditions which enable life to rise to its sublime height; we see the whole creation saturated in sunlight. Not in vain are the heavens starred with innumerable fires. They speak to us of worlds to which they give life and being, warming them with their heat, brightening them with their beams. And the end to which all these lines are moving, of every flower that blooms, of every bird that sings, is also the central principle of the entire evolution of the universe—the embodied Word of God. For the purpose of the whole is nothing other than the incarnation of the divine, the participation of the created in the eternal life of the

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uncreated, of which the God-man is the perfect revelation."*

Quakerism, considered from this angle, comes as the new growth from the inward spiritual life manifested in man. At the period when it arose, the Protestant reformation had hardened into a theological system with the authority of the Bible as its foundation stone, and the 'church' was more of a building—something static—than a living vital fellowship. However, there were the thoughtful religious people seeking for more fresh air and more light than could come through the shut and rather dusty windows of conventicles and steeplehouses. There are many able historians of this period and their writings are accessible, so I need not dwell longer upon the details of this period. What I do wish to make clear is that, amid the rigidity and formalism, there was the spirit of eager seeking for truth and reality; and it was to this 'seeking' group, at a time when there was intense interest in religion on the one hand, and a rather dreary stagnant aftermath of religio-political warfare on the other, that Fox became 'the lord of his event.' Once more the spirit of God was moving in the hearts and lives of men.

* * * * *

What was Fox's message? It was a call to a vital, personal, spiritual experience. It was a universal call, there was no sectarian flavour about it. Fox had his own striking inward experience and he describes three 'openings,' which formed the basis of his message.

1. That none are true believers but those who have passed from death to life by being born of God. This implied that belief was not an intellectual assent to a creed, but a new life.

* *The Meaning of Life.* The Hibbert Journal, April, 1918.

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2. That to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge is not enough to make a man a minister. This implied that a spiritual anointing was necessary and that it could fall on a Leicestershire shoemaker as surely as upon a scholar or a squire.

3. That God does not dwell in temples made with hands, but in human hearts. This implied that God could be sacramentally known in every place, and in all life's actions and was not imprisoned in steeplehouses nor controlled by priests.

The keynote of the message was that man's life could be centred on the realities of an inward and personal intercourse with God. Every man, as a man, had something of God within him whereby he could come into this spiritual fellowship and relationship and whereby he could draw further power, from the Source of all Power, to order his life according to the will of God. They called it the Inner Light or the Inner Christ, and their explanation may not have been altogether sound; but what is important is that the essential message of the gospel had been re-captured. Fox and his followers were spiritual pioneers and discoverers, they broke through the crust of outward rites and forms, to the living stream of life within; and the value of their discovery is in no measure lessened by the fact that others had found this same stream of life and power. All truly religious men find their basis in this inward personal experience. It was the conditions of their day that made the message into a watchword for a new group, rather than a rallying cry for the groups already in existence. To change the metaphor, George Fox and his friends had entered, by their discoveries, a new en-

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vironment and this re-acted upon them and they became new creatures in Christ.

So we have groups of seers forming a simple fellowship which only slowly became moulded into a separate denomination. They were 'Children of the Light,' 'Friends of the Light,' a 'Society of Friends,' and the fact of such a beginning shows that the acceptance of a creed was not the way of entry, rather it was the desire to worship together for mutual help and encouragement in their search for truth, that brought them together. Organisation came much later.

Perhaps one of the greatest contributions that Quakerism has made has been this avoidance of any credal statement, with its inevitable result in fettering and restricting the more progressive individuals. A creed, in theory a milestone on the highway of truth, in practice becomes a barrier past which few can get, and these are often the least thoughtful even though they may be sincere.

> "They reached, in a most uncongenial age, the position which the best minds in Christendom are reaching to-day, they broke the seals of the book which we are even now opening."

This is the opinion of the Rev. Percy Dearmer.

* * * * *

Why am I a Quaker? I am a Quaker because I believe in this central idea of the Inner Light. I believe that religion is 'the life of God lived in men.' I believe this to be the essence of the teaching of Jesus, and thus for me Quakerism gets nearer to the fundamental Christianity than other denominations. I recognise that this view of religion is not exclusively Quaker, but no other denomination puts it in this first place. This idea of a personal vital experience is in harmony with the ideas of the world's becoming and man's evolution, which science has revealed and is still revealing to

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the world. There is no break in the story. We Quakers are proclaimers of that wonderful continuity of the Divine Spirit, which the inspired author of the Prologue to the Fourth Gospel expressed so beautifully long ago. Modern biology is certainly making it much more possible to answer the questions as to the origin of man's spiritual faculties? The work of such biological philosophers as Driesch with their 'entelechy' or 'spirit' within life as the shaping and moulding principle helps us to understand the essential spirituality expressed through matter. To quote Leonard Doncaster.

> "The spiritual nature of man is not something imposed on his body from without, either suddenly or gradually, but is a development and concentration of the diffuse universal spirituality which animates all living things."*

To me this leads naturally to the religious ideas of the Logos, or the indwelling word of God, in all men and especially helps me to understand the wonderful revelation of the man Jesus of Nazareth, whose divinity is seen in his perfect humanity. We thus approach from another angle the philosophical conception of divine immanence.

* * * * *

I am a Quaker because I believe that, as an outcome of this inward and universal light, Quakerism gives the truest idea, the most satisfying idea, of Sacramentalism. Indeed, to me Quakerism is a completely sacramental religion. The Inner Light or the immanence of God in man and in all the universe, does away with the old dualism of two antagonistic powers body and soul, matter and spirit. There is no longer a distinction between natural and supernatural, there is but one reality 'life,' and we

* *Biology and Quakerism.* F.Q.E., Seventh-month, 1911.

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know ourselves as psycho-physical beings, expressions of and expressing Divine activity. Matter is simply the outer garment through which the spirit expresses itself and all life is, to use Baron von Hügel's phrase, "sacramental and incarnational." Religion thus becomes what it was for Jesus, the attempt to express in every department of life, the spirit of God. It is this view that makes us reject the usual sacramental rites, not that they are not sacramental, but because they bring a dualism or double standard into life. Men are in danger of thinking that the performance of certain holy acts on certain days may atone for unholy acts on other days. The Quaker refusal to take oaths in court to speak the truth arises from the same source, for to do so implies a double standard in speaking. William Law has some wise words for us, when he says :—

> "What a miserable mistake it is, therefore, to place religious goodness in outward observances, in notions and opinions which good and bad men can equally receive and practise, and to treat the ready real power and operation of an inward life of God in the birth of our own souls as fanaticism and enthusiasm."

Some doubtless would approach the question of sacraments along the line of ritual feasts and strange ceremonials surviving in the childhood races, and trace the change in them from the actual to the symbolic. Others would subject the institution of sacraments to an exhaustive literary and historical criticism and see that although the practice of Christians has wavered from two to more than thirty, Jesus instituted no sacramental rites at all. In view of these facts some apologists describe Quakerism as a non-sacramental religion. This I hold is an incorrect view. Quakerism is a religion of reality and life and we must avoid describing it,

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as William C. Braithwaite once said, in 'decimating negatives.' The critical line of approach may serve to break down false claims built upon accepted custom, but I believe Quakerism has no fault to find with the sacramental idea, only with the limitation of it, any more than it finds fault with truth speaking but only with the limitation of it. Quakerism holds that the channels of Divine grace cannot be limited to two or seven or thirty sacramental acts, for the life of the spirit must express itself in every action on every day. The sage bush catching the rays of the sun for a Moses, the ordinary temple service for an Isaiah, the periods of meditation whilst tending swine for a Patrick, the kindness and love shown by man to man for most of us, are the means whereby we are awakened to the personal experience of God, and as a result comes the inflow of power into our lives from the all-pervading spiritual environment. This view is, I believe, the view that Jesus came to teach. Go to the gospels and there you will find the best support for a full sacramental life.

* * * * *

I believe that the Quaker method of worship is the real outcome of these views upon the inward witness and the sacramental life. The method was a forestalling of modern views in psychology. "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." These words, descriptive of the confident and expectant waiting of God's servants of old for the outpouring of His power, are also descriptive of silent worship—the way of wonder. The method is more than this waiting, it is also a living fellowship in which there is a sharing of experience for mutual help and encouragement. The value of this exchange of spiritual experience is in the encouragement it gives us to face the problems

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of our own lives. Another man's experience may not fit our personal problem, but by entering into his experience, we can face our own with greater courage and confidence. There is also the 'outpouring' upon the few gathered together, for every meeting should be a Pentecostal gathering. Then again with freedom for all and the mutual sharing of responsibility we meet on the only basis which is in harmony with the belief in the universality of God's anointing.

* * * * *

Quakerism provides the basis for a true Christian unity at home and abroad. With its emphasis upon life and a personal experience of God, it points away from any credal formula with its limiting and separating spirit to the source of true unity in the following of Jesus in the fellowship of mutual respect.

> "If, then, Christians of many denominations are reaching agreement that the essence of Christianity is a personal and collective life in which the experience and character of Jesus Christ are being (in some real measure) reproduced in His disciples, and that it is out of this fundamental experience that the doctrines and practices of our religion spring, does it not follow that they must seek their unity in this One Life, where it can be found, and not in dogmatic statements, or in practices, where history shows that it has never yet been found?"*

Lastly, I believe in Quakerism because of the inspiration from those who have shown and are showing how to live out the gospel in daily life. The test of a man's Christianity is his experience of the renewing and transforming power of God seen in his life among his fellows. Quakerism has always safeguarded itself from the dangers of its mystical ideas by its emphasis upon righteousness in daily

* From "Towards Christian Unity." A statement of the Quaker position.

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life. It was this emphasis upon personal faithfulness that saved it again and again in the past and it is the only thing that will save it to-day. Quakerism calls men not into a church as a place of refuge from the stress and burden of everyday life, but it calls men into an adventurous fellowship, into a society of friends bound upon a heavenly quest.

Quakerism calls men to find the source of their life within them and having found it there, to find the way to the great source of Power which is outside and around them, whereby their life may become sacramental, the expression of an inward faith and trust. Quakerism turns men to the guidance of God in the heart, to the indwelling Christ that can speak in every soul, to the indwelling light which can illumine all our darkness.

These are the reasons why I am a Quaker, but the tragedy of the whole matter for me is my unfaithfulness to the call of God and my feebleness in following the way of Christ.

Here we can help one another to more faithful following of the Light. There was never a time, save perhaps at the very beginning of its history, when men everywhere have been so ready for our message. Seekers are everywhere, and many of them are ready to unite with us. This must be an incentive to all of us to more faithful membership and a readier desire to make the meetings for worship real centres of transforming and uplifting power.

"Let not him that seeks cease until he find;
When he finds, he shall wonder;
When he wonders, he shall reign;
And when he reigns, he shall rest."*

ERNEST E. UNWIN.

*Silent Worship. Swarthmore Lecture, 1919.

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UNEMPLOYMENT.

THE BREAKDOWN OF CAPITALISM.

The number of persons wholly unemployed on March 20th, 1922, were reported to be :—

Men	...	...	1,367,974
Boys	...	...	56,976
Women	...	...	295,088
Girls	...	...	42,038
			1,762,076

Those registered as on short time number 236,000. If those unemployed but not registered be added, we have 2,500,000 who, with their families, represent 7,500,000 people deprived of their ordinary means of livelihood, and left, either without resources at all, or dependent on the State unemployment pittance, eked out by Trade Union benefits and by the spending of the scanty savings of a lifetime. The misery and degradation represented by these facts are too great for the imagination to grasp.

Why are these people out of work? How can their lot be remedied? What are the steps to be taken to secure a stabilised industrial order? These questions are pressing themselves into the minds of all thinking people, and Christian people should be the first to seek for answers, based on knowledge guided by right principles.

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The causes of unemployment are many. The war and the attempts at peace making are responsible for creating much of the abnormal unemployment that exists to-day; much of this will pass; but it would be well for us to recognise that unemployment is a permanent feature of capitalist production and that "real peace" is a state unknown to capitalism because it constantly breeds economic antagonism and rivalry. The best it can do is to shift the incidence of unemployment first to one industry and then another and from one country to another; each State using its tariffs, trade, law and regulations, finance-machinery and, in the last resort, its military power to secure the world's trade. We must beware of saying 'Peace, peace' when there is no peace. Capitalism can never produce anything better than armistice, whether in the national industrial relations or in inter-State relation.

The Industrial and Agrarian Revolutions, which were intensified and aided by the Napoleonic Wars in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, created a period of unemployment similar to that of to-day. The European War has affected industry in much the same way, with the addition that it has enriched our former customers, who are to-day producing what they previously bought from this country. The war intensified the industrial development of Japan, America and the British Colonies; while our industries were turned to war purposes, they concentrated on peace-time productions and soil cultivation, to the loss of our pre-war markets. Mr. Edgar Crammond estimates that the national wealth of Japan, Australia and Canada was doubled, and that of America increased by 30 per cent. as a consequence of the war.

The last twenty years have been a period of intensified industrial revolution, changing the charac-

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ter and form of our industrial and economic life, all leading to increased production per unit of labour employed. This process was speeded up by war-time demands. In industry electricity is taking the place of steam power; while in 1913 only 1,300,000,000 of electric units were sold in this country, in 1919 the figure had risen to 4,500,000,000. This represents a great economy in labour and machinery and is a contributor to the creation of unemployment. Transport, too, is changing, and passengers and goods formerly carried by rail are now being transferred to the roads, and to the air; it is estimated that there were 750,000 mechanically propelled vehicles on the roads of Great Britain in the year 1920.

During the war many women were introduced into commerce and industry as a result of the withdrawal of men into the fighting services; but it was found that women's labour could be secured for less money payment than that of men, with the result that women's labour is often retained to the exclusion of men. It is interesting to note that in the reduction in the numbers of unemployed since June, 1921, the women and boys and girls show the greater reductions, which suggests that the cheapest labour is securing a preference in the labour market. The simplification of industrial processes means that women and children are in competition for the work formerly done by adult male labour, thus increasing unemployment among men.

Another phase of the industrial revolution is the extension of industries in this country which in pre-war days were limited by foreign competition. In pre-war days dyes, glass and electrical equipment were bought in large quantities from the continent of Europe. When these supplies were cut off, the cry went up, "Capture German trade," and in these and other industries the capture has been made, and

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the State has endeavoured to retain the 'spoils for the victors' by putting on tariffs against the former competitors. At first sight this would appear to be a gain; but as imports are paid for by exports, we have lessened the demand for the goods we formerly supplied to pay for the dyes, glass, magnetos and other commodities formerly bought abroad.

The policy of exporting men, money and machinery is another contribution to unemployment. The Colonies and Dependencies, which formerly, by their orders, found employment for a large part of our industrial population, are now equipped with machinery and supplied with capital needed for home developments, to the diminution of employment here. In 1921 we sent 60,726 tons of textile machinery to India as against 17,945 tons in the year 1920; and in India alone in all the world all its seven million spindles were working throughout 1921. Between 1911 and 1922 the number of spindles in Britain increased by only two millions, while Japan in the same period doubled her spindles. The capital invested in 1921 amounted to £405,000,000, of which only one-ninth was devoted to direct industrial production. In spite of the needs of our people for houses, clothing and food, and the unemployed workers willing to produce them, capital, which knows no "fatherland" except that where profit is highest—goes to non-productive employment. Persian Oil asked recently for four millions, and sixty-three were immediately subscribed.

All these facts go to show that we are faced with an entirely new situation which in effect means that the pre-war unemployment is increased and that we are no longer able to provide employment for the same number of British workers as in 1914. The world distribution of trade has changed, the unit of production per unit of labour has increased, and

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we are drawing to an increasing extent upon the labour of women and children, primarily because it is cheaper in terms of money profit to do so.

If we are to remedy these conditions, we must increase the purchasing power of our own population. The lowering of wages must stop, because every reduction lowers the purchasing power of the nation. The restriction of foreign trade must of necessity be replaced by the development of our home markets, emigration of our population and the export of capital are a national waste until the primary needs of our own people are satisfied. Again, we must look at industry and see who are employed and who are unemployed. The nation's workers are being increased year by year by child labour. Six hundred thousand children are recruited every year from the nation's schools. It would pay the nation to stop this supply for two years, by continuing their education up to the age of sixteen.

We have four hundred and sixty thousand married women engaged in industry, while we have one and a-half million men unemployed. To keep them out of industry before and after confinement—twelve weeks in all—would cost the nation £1,700,000 per year. Our capitalist system based on cheap labour refuses to do this; and we repair in part the damage by spending £900,000 on maternity and child welfare work. Christian decency, to say nothing of business interests, should demand that married women bearing children should be withdrawn from industry by the Endowment of Motherhood. The mothers of the nation are being compelled to undertake two occupations, while the men of the nation are deprived of work. Child bearing and wage earning are incompatible at any time, and now is the time to liberate the mother from the bondage of wage slavery.

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The breakdown of the industrial order proceeds apace, the private ownership of the instruments of production, with its chaotic direction of the flow of capital and its anarchic search for profitable investment, has failed to produce the goods required and to provide for the needs of the creative workers of Britain. The whole system stands condemned by its own results. By its fruits it is known and found inefficient.

The world to-day is faced with the struggle between the old and the new. Mr. Hobson puts it in the preface of his new book: "A new Industrial Order is struggling into life, displacing piece by piece the old system of private capitalism over large areas of industry. That order was based upon unrestricted profit as the motive, competition as the method, the autocracy of the employer as the government. The New Order emerging in this country is neither State socialism, syndicalism, voluntary co-operation nor guild socialism; but a blend of these and other schemes, varying with the conditions of the several industries. But it embodies certain common objects: (1) the abolition of unrestricted profiteering; (2) the substitution of representative government for employers' autocracy; (3) measures for apportioning the product equitably and by pacific agreement among the parties interested in industry."*

Unemployment is a direct result of production and distribution based on profit and cannot be avoided until industry is based on the principles of use and service. The strife and unrest are the outward and visible signs of the struggle between the old and new systems. As Christians we may ease the passing over by legislative and administrative

**Incentives in the New Industrial Order.* By J. A. Hobson. Leonard Parsons. 4s. 6d.

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measures. Philanthropy may help but it cannot cure. Only as we aid in bringing in the new social order, the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth, can we really eliminate the great scourge and secure full opportunity for the expression of the latent desire for service now being denied because profit cannot be made.

CHARLES R. SIMPSON.

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'WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?'

Life is a tedious and obscure complaint
Taken at birth and doomed to run its course.
Life is a common sickness: you, perforce,
As I, man, woman, malefactor, saint—
Yea, every child of Adam takes the taint.
The strong contagion, from some hidden source
Proceeding, binds each victim sans recourse
Down to his mattress under strict restraint.

We wake in hospital to find it so;
And some refuse their medicine, whine and curse
Until their narrow pallet grows a hell:
Others, who've learnt the meaning of each throe,
And kept the peace with neighbour and with nurse,
Welcome the final symptom, and—*get well*!

10th ii., 1922. H. M. W.

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A HOME BUILDER.

"Sale of Choice Antiques" the catalogue announced, and the words signified the close of a notable piece of work. It was the final winding up of the Greenwood Industrial School for Girls at Halstead, Essex. What possible connection had this, with the sale, in the language of the auctioneer, of "choice antiques, Stuart and Chippendale chairs, fine old mahogany wardrobe?" Behind lay a story of devotion which should not be forgotten.

The School for destitute girls at Halstead was begun about 1866 by Lucy Greenwood in an old building in which she had previously helped to nurse patients through a small-pox epidemic. The long low rooms with broad windows had earlier been used as a "baye and saye" factory (a coarse green beige of local manufacture), and the hand-worked looms stood under the wide windows which gave a good light. A small cottage adjoined the disused factory, and here Lucy Greenwood established herself with her old family furniture and began her chosen work. She and her family before her, were well known in the little Essex town, and she was herself a much esteemed member of the small Friends' Meeting. It was a period when many people in different parts of the country were becoming concerned for the neglected children of the nation. It was a work that lay ready to hand without extensive schemes or advertisement. Lucy Greenwood found some of her waifs and strays locally; she came across others in London and brought them down to the country herself in their rags and misery. She received them into her own

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home, with its family heirlooms, and the valuable old furniture which has now been dispersed by the auctioneer. Some of the children were rough and unmanageable, and she would restore quietness of spirit and self-control by playing the piano to them.

The numbers grew and further organisation became necessary both to secure funds and to prevent undesirable interference of the children's relatives. In 1869 the Home was certified by the Home Office as an Industrial School for Girls, to which children under 14 years of age could be committed by magistrates. It was among the earlier Schools to be thus recognised, but it continued, as it had begun, to be a *home,* under the guidance of a wise motherliness. Lucy Greenwood had desired to have boys and girls brought up together, but the authorities declined to sanction this. The certification of the School carried with it an obligation on Local Authorities to contribute to the maintenance of the children, in addition to a Treasury Grant. This gave some financial security and ensured a standard of efficiency that would satisfy Her Majesty's Inspectors. Many girls continued to be admitted as "voluntary cases" and contributions had to be secured for their support. Lucy Greenwood gave herself and her own financial resources unreservedly to the service of the School, and her own liberality and devotion brought others to her assistance, so that with the exercise of forethought and economy the work was sufficiently maintained.

Lucy Greenwood was her own Board of Management, but she gathered round her influential supporters who recognised the value of her work and were ready to come to her aid as occasion arose. Samuel Courtauld, founder of the large silk and crepe mills, Mrs. Sydney Courtauld, Joseph Smith, of Woolpits, Henry Rogers, H.M. Inspector, and William Edward Brown, of Halstead, were among

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her devoted friends and trusted advisers. W. E. Brown was one of the most intimate of her contemporaries on whose judgment she counted much. Like herself he was an old resident in the town, one of those sterling characters among Friends, little known beyond his own neighbourhood but who exercised a wide local influence. Business claims kept him closely at home, but his interests were catholic, and the parlour behind his shop was the recognised meeting place for many informal discussions. He was always at hand to be consulted, and he watched over the growth of the School from its earliest days. For many years he spent Sunday afternoons in reading to the girls and hearing them sing. With equal discrimination, Lucy Greenwood chose her household assistants, and kept them with her, usually until their marriage. Among the most faithful of these helpers, were several of the girls who grew up under her care, and became infused with much of her own spirit.

The School was certified for the reception of seventy girls, and the number was usually maintained at about sixty, which Lucy Greenwood found to be as many as could receive her personal care and individual knowledge. To accommodate this number, the premises had to be extended; they appeared to grow almost as naturally as the number of children increased. A large room which had been used as a Ragged School, with a tiny lean-to cottage, which adjoined the original premises, were taken over. A row of half-timbered cottages were next added, and opened out into each other. With their steep, winding staircases and oak beams, they made the quaintest bedrooms for the older girls that any Industrial School can ever have possessed, and were the farthest removed from any institutional taint. Adjoining the cottages were two large rooms that had served as a town Assembly Hall. These

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were eventually secured and fitted up, through a legacy from George Stacey Gibson, as an adequate laundry and a spacious sewing room. At the opposite end of the premises, a suitable dwelling-house was built for Lucy Greenwood's own use, and in front a large field was acquired which gave a wide outlook and provided ample playing space. In the middle of the premises, almost equally dividing them, stood a chapel, belonging to the Particular Baptists, which was bought some years later.

The schoolroom equipment, and the general furnishing, would now be considered inadequate. Most of the walls were whitewashed, and their only decoration consisted in mottoes stencilled in black letters on a white ground, with a bright blue border, which were Lucy Greenwood's own handiwork. In the dining-room was the advice, "With clean hands and faces, let all take their places," "There is always time to be polite," "Good manners tell of noble mind," and "Rule the appetite and the tongue." A kitchen motto was "Dinner to a minute and all ready to begin it." Along a corridor ran the words, "Keep your head up and your temper down." On the schoolroom walls were "Past failure cannot prevent future success," "Hearts may agree though heads may differ," "Works not words are the proof of love." In the workroom might be read, "Impudence is not courage," "Bustle is not industry," "Make duty pleasure." In the bedrooms were reminders for quiet moments, "Rest and be thankful," "The holiest girl is the happiest girl," "Lord bless these rooms, and let them be, as quiet temples, kept for Thee." These and many other pithy sentences were part of the involuntary instruction.

In addition to the ordinary schoolroom teaching, the girls were trained in domestic work; they waited on Lucy Greenwood and learned the homely

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routine of an ordinary house. The laundry and kitchen gave scope for training in these departments and in the workroom needlework received special attention. Some amount of income was made by the sale of needlework, and the girls' clothing for school use and for outfits on leaving was all made in the home. A uniform dress was adopted of blue serge and white holland pinafores, and for out-of-doors black capes, and black and white sailor hats. There was not opportunity for much individuality in the dress, but it was serviceable and neat and always commanded respect in the town. Particular attention was given in the family worship to the repetition of Scripture and hymns by the whole school together, and the clear enunciation and purity of the children's voices was remarkable, and the selection was often striking. The rhythm of a characteristic intonation comes back to memory with the words of an evening hymn which began—

> Let not soft slumber close mine eyes
> Until I've recollected thrice
> My train of action through the day.
> Where have my feet sought out their way?
> What duties have I left undone
> Or into what fresh follies run?

On Sundays most of the girls attended the Parish Church. For if one has no "religious persuasion" a parental Government assigns one to the Church of England. A smaller company went in rotation to the Friends' meeting with Lucy Greenwood.

After the daily morning Bible reading, one girl in turn had a short interview with Lucy Greenwood, when her personal work and interests would be quietly talked over. The ordinary schoolroom education was supplemented by special singing lessons, including the learning of Services of Song, or of hymns for the annual meeting of the Bible Society

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for which the girls acted as choir. Lucy Greenwood took pains to interest the children in the wider world by reading to them of special events from the daily paper and commenting upon them. Her own deafness gave her a special interest in the deaf and dumb and she taught the girls to speak on their fingers. The domestic training was enlarged by the addition of a private house where, under the care of some of the staff, the older girls spent a few weeks in turn. Further small industries supplied a variety in handwork, such as the making of bags for the Essex Flour and Grain Company, which had to be carefully lettered and stamped by the gross; the making of straps for the backs of men's waistcoats, and money bags for the local Bank.

Many of the girls entered the School quite young and usually stayed till they were placed in domestic service at the age of 15 or 16 years. There was no return to any home or friends and many of them received no visit from any relative throughout their schooldays. "Holidays" meant merely a break in the schoolroom work, and the routine sometimes became monotonous. This led Lucy Greenwood to rent a house at Walton-on-Naze, to which parties of ten or twelve girls could go at one time, and in a smaller group enjoy the freedom of a real seaside holiday. The visits to Walton entailed considerable organisation and supervision, but they brought great reward. They were a strong incentive to good behaviour, and a valuable gain to health. Delicate children could remain for an extended period. The summer visit to Walton and the Christmas festivities were the two events of the year from which everything else was reckoned in the children's calendar.

It is the duty of Industrial Schools to report to the Home Office the subsequent career of the inmates for three or four years after their discharge.

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In the Halstead School this was no perfunctory duty. Lucy Greenwood's watchful care extended to all her old girls long years after any official report was necessary. She carried on an extensive correspondence with them. Many of them were placed in excellent situations and attained good positions in life. A considerable proportion returned to the School on holiday visits, and maintained a lasting friendship with their old Superintendent and later on with her successors. Once a year Lucy Greenwood went to London to a Sale of Work at the Albert Hall in which the School shared with other institutions, and here many old girls came to meet her, sometimes bringing husband and children. In nothing was the School happier throughout its history than in the loyalty and affection of the old girls. One who left the School more than forty years ago, in recalling her early days, writes :

> "Before I finish I feel I must thank you personally for so kindly writing to myself and the many other old girls who kept in touch with the dear old Home, and in continuing to welcome us so kindly when we visited the School for our holidays. The dear old place will not be forgotten while I live, and I dare say many who married and had children told them about it. All my happiest memories are connected with the place and I can always call up a memory picture of it."

So the work continued without cessation under Lucy Greenwood's wise direction for close on thirty years, during which time upwards of 400 girls had passed through the School. Then at the age of seventy, after a brief illness in the autumn of 1895, the little deaf old lady, with the large dark eyes, and hair still unstreaked with grey, was released from her earthly service. She had spent all her life in the Essex country town where everyone knew and esteemed her. In spite of being some-

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what isolated by her deafness, her strong personality, her wise judgment and her selfless devotion had made their impress on all who came in contact with her. The Chairman of the Essex County Council, Andrew Johnston, voiced the common opinion when he spoke of the honour of her friendship and the attraction of her character. At the time of her death, Mr. James G. Legge, who had recently been appointed H.M. Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools, wrote in his official report: "I had not the advantage of meeting Miss Greenwood, but the impression left on my mind after a visit to the School was that for work of this kind she must have had positive genius as well as enthusiasm." He went on to describe the School as follows:

> "An old-fashioned private house, with out-buildings, a range of cottages, and an old assembly room are all converted to the purposes of a school with remarkable ingenuity. The result is a home, commodious, comfortable and picturesque. The situation on the hill above the town could hardly be bettered. The girls seem as healthy, bright and happy as it is possible to be, and indeed they have every reason to be, for their lot is an enviable one. If one feature more than another may be singled out in illustration of the late Miss Greenwood's ability to make a real home of an 'institution,' it is the happy use which has been made of the range of cottages in imparting a home-like air to the whole place. The School is a monument of kindly and patient thought."

Lucy Greenwood had appointed two of her trusted friends, Wilson Marriage and Joseph Smith, junr., as her Executors, with power to make arrangements for carrying on the School. Through their influence the Quarterly Meeting of Essex and Suffolk raised a sum sufficient, with a grant from the Essex County Council, to acquire the property. The Quarterly Meeting appointed twelve men Trustees,

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members of the Society of Friends, who became responsible for the administration of the Trust. The Trustees further appointed a Committee of Management, both men and women, from a wider circle of Lucy Greenwood's old friends, Wilson Marriage acting as Chairman of the Managers, and Joseph Smith, junr., as Chairman of the House Committee. To perpetuate the founder's name in connection with the School, it was for the future known as the Greenwood Home.

The present writer was invited to become Superintendent of the School, with the understanding that she was to carry on the work on the same lines with the assistance of Lucy Greenwood's staff. She had never met Miss Greenwood and it was a strange experience to enter upon another person's position, house, furniture, routine and staff to continue as far as possible the same service. It was not a household of the present day accustomed to frequent changes. The helpers had grown up in Lucy Greenwood's service and some of them had to a rare extent inherited her spirit of devotion. The loyalty with which they had already served carried them through many difficulties. To a remarkable degree they transferred their allegiance to the new Superintendent, and the School went on without a break. The new Head had to learn the daily routine from the old staff and find out by degrees what was required. A neat little well-instructed maiden in a short frock and large pinafore presented herself at intervals with the words, "If you please, Ma'am," followed by particular requests. Some of the customs seemed odd or unnecessary, but the Superintendent soon learnt that each had a purpose and must not be lightly set aside. Sometimes as she sat in the office surrounded by files and baskets of Government forms, and continued the official records and accounts of her predecessor,

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the Home seemed still to belong to Lucy Greenwood. William E. Brown continued his unfailing allegiance to the School and guided the young Superintendent in the right path. He alone was familiar with the intricacies of the Government forms and the requirements of official departments. As the years went by the standard of buildings and equipment of children's institutions was raised throughout the country and changes had to be made to meet the Home Office requirements. The old buildings became insufficient and more modern ones were erected. Some of the old charm disappeared and official regulations made freedom of management more complex, but the School always retained much of the home-like character. For this reason, as well as for its country surroundings, it was often selected for specially young children committed by Magistrates. When the Children Act of 1908 came into force, it contained a section empowering managers to board out children under eight years of age, and the Greenwood School was the first to take advantage of the clause and to place some younger children in private homes in the town where they might be brought up as members of the family.

Something further must be said of the association of Joseph Smith, junr., with the School. Among the many activities of his life, few lay nearer his heart than the well-being of the Greenwood School. He carried on the friendship of his father, Joseph Smith, with Lucy Greenwood. He lived then at Pattiswick Hall within driving distance of Halstead. He was a man of many affairs, largely occupied in political and public work, but if his presence and help were needed, he always found time to visit the School. He was a man of few words, who formed his own judgment, erring always on the kindly side, and expressed it haltingly. It was his habit

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to walk in, look all round, interview anyone who was concerned with the business in hand, and with his kind smile make a few remarks. As he left he had to be followed out to his trap, and having taken the reins, his opinion would be expressed and instructions given, often ending with such words as "Well, let me know if I can do anything more. Let me know how things go," and then he was off behind his fast trotter. After the death of his father, he removed to Woolpits, Great Saling, which was further from the School, but with the advent of a motor car his visits were scarcely less frequent. He was a true Greatheart to the large household of women and children, and was never happier than when planning enjoyments for them. It became an annual spring festival for all the school to go over to Pattiswick to tea and to pick primroses. A large farm wagon with plenty of straw in the bottom was sent over to Halstead, to provide "a lift" for everyone in turn along the road. There was always some special piece of cleared woodland where the primroses were particularly plentiful to which the party was taken. After tea, before making a start for home, the children spent a riotously happy hour playing among the haystacks in the farmyard, and no one promoted the fun more than Joseph Smith himself. He saw the School through all its days of cheer or sorrow, success or disappointment, coming to its aid in unnumbered ways. It was with genuine grief that he acquiesced reluctantly in its close. It seemed a part of his own life, and it was scarcely wound up before his death in September, 1921.

Next to Lucy Greenwood the strongest influence within the School was exerted by Mary Hounslow. She entered the School in its early days at nine years of age. When old enough to begin to earn her living, she remained as a young helper in the

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house and schoolroom and gradually grew into the position of confidential general assistant to the Superintendent. Her whole training was thus received under Lucy Greenwood's care and her life became bound up in the welfare of the School. It was due to her steady influence that when the beloved Head of the house was gone, the daily routine of the School continued without interruption. She had learned the great lessons of loyalty and faithfulness, had acquired even the terms of speech, and quiet courtesy of manner of her mistress, and so maintained and passed on the good tradition. Unconsciously she taught the new Superintendent more than can ever be told. Her early experience was in common with the girls and she understood them and had their confidence. She had a wonderful insight into their characters and needs that seldom erred. She could be quite stern and uncompromising when occasion demanded, but the girls loved her only less than she loved them. She was sometimes reluctant about the admission of a child that she thought to be unsuitable, too old or depraved or unhealthy, but once the girl had entered she was taken to Mary's heart as part of the family. Visitors to the School came under her personal care. Lest they should be kept waiting or not receive due attention, she usually answered their knock herself. She was always anxious that they should be hospitably received, and should carry away a good impression. She would take them round the premises and point out its special features. When once she was assured of a kindly response, she was resourceful in finding fresh things to increase their interest; there were her much treasured photos of old girls, little presents they had brought her, samples of work done in the past to be shown, or curious experiences to be related.

Mary was invaluable in keeping touch with the

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girls after they left the School. Through her long residence she knew them all personally, and it was her they first sought when they returned for the never-to-be-forgotten holidays of youth with its first earnings in its pocket. The looking up of old girls in London, begun by Lucy Greenwood, developed into an annual party, usually taking place at the Natural History or Victoria and Albert Museums. Here Mary's presence was essential. The varied experiences, good and bad, were poured out to her, and sympathetic advice or encouragement was received. Girls who had never known a real home in their childhood, made homes of their own and brought to the Old Girls' Party increasing numbers of happy, bonny children of the next generation who were beginning life with a far better chance than their mothers. Ten years after Lucy Greenwood's death, Mary's health failed and she died at the School surrounded with the love and esteem she had so fully earned.

In 1910 the writer was succeeded by Miss S. E. Binks as Superintendent. The years of war brought many anxieties; it was difficult to obtain an efficient staff, and food restrictions told heavily on the household. The number of children committed by magistrates to Industrial and Reformatory Schools steadily declined. Public opinion somewhat discountenanced the sending of children to institutions for a considerable term of years as being expensive and undesirable. In common with other similar institutions, the Greenwood School, which for many years had been uniformly full, decreased in numbers and the time came to close it. The certificate was therefore resigned in July, 1921, and the School was shortly afterwards closed. Its history covered some fifty-five years, during which about 600 girls passed through it. In the early period it was the concern of one individual, who

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fulfilled a service of such manifest value that at her death there was no question but that it must be carried forward, and it became the task of the community to maintain it. Essex and Suffolk Quarterly Meeting of the Society of Friends undertook a unique piece of social work, as a Quarterly Meeting, in becoming responsible for an Industrial School. Many of the members took an active personal share in it and through it gave to many neglected and homeless girls the opportunity of becoming useful and respected citizens.

HARRIET M. NEWMAN.

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THE GALTONS.

Certain people who have lived in Birmingham have left tracks of light which all may detect. Among these outstanding figures is Sir Francis Galton, the English Anthropologist. Francis Galton, son of Samuel Tertius Galton, of Duddeston, Warwickshire, was born on February 16th, 1822, at The Larches, Sparkbrook, Birmingham. It is just over 100 years, therefore, since the family of four sisters and two brothers rapturously welcomed the arrival of this baby brother. The youngest child was then six years old. Francis Galton was loved and petted from his infancy as few children have been; he was not spoilt. His adoring sisters were allowed to nurse him for fifteen minutes in turn, their mother hanging up a watch so as to insure each little girl having her fair share of this delight. The stories of his early childhood show a great likeness to those of Zachary Macaulay. The love and devoted attachment of the children for one another is the same. Both Macaulay and Galton were omnivorous readers at five years old, and could quote with striking aptness, passages from their reading to fit almost any event.

The volume entitled "The Life, Letters and Labours of Francis Galton" by Professor Karl Pearson, takes us up to the time of Galton's marriage in 1853. Nearly half his immediate ancestry was Quaker (Galton, Button, Farmer and Barclay).

To illustrate the family affection of the Galtons, a letter of Emma Galton to her brother Francis on his 60th birthday may be quoted:

"What a blessing you have been to us, and how proud we all feel of you. How wonderful a thing memory is!

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. . We little realised then [sixty years ago] what a comfort you would be to everyone of us. We should have vegetated and had green mould much thicker upon us had it not been for you."*

Francis was educated at King Edward VI.'s Grammar School and at the General Hospital, Birmingham. He continued his studies in London and graduated at Cambridge.

Two incidents of Francis Galton's long life of about eighty years are chosen to depict his boundless enthusiasm and joy in complete living. When he was 18 years of age he was confronted with a hand to hand struggle for life. The powers against which he wrestled were not flesh and blood, but water and machinery. He was on a steamer, on the Thames near Battersea Bridge, when the boat ran foul of the middle pier; he stood behind the paddle-box. By some miscalculation, the paddle-box crashed with the sides of the arch. Galton was thrown through the cleft among the paddle wheels which were still going round, and carried down under the surface by the machinery in which he was entangled. He dived, but on rising bumped against the wood and was carried down stream for 200 yards in this condition. He released himself at last from the entanglement and rose to the surface. He managed to swim to the floating paddle-box and clamber on it. No one took the slightest notice of him for a long while. Six boat men finally came off in a body and carried him ashore. He crawled to an hotel, with bleeding face and lungs half full of water, then dried his clothes and walked to London. Next day he wrote a detailed account of the incident to his sister, concluding with the words "the ducking has cured a cold."

One other incident may be recalled and told in

* "Life," p. 62.

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his own words, taken from a letter to his mother written about December, 1850, when on an exploring expedition in South-West Africa. This letter is headed Lat. 22, Long. 17. "I got three oxen here, on the backs of which some more things were packed and with a good sort of ruffian, originally a Tailor, subsequently a kind of Missionary, and now a ruined cattle dealer for a guide away we went. The men had all to walk. Anderson crossed 40 miles of desert in great style and made another 24 miles journey after, when the mules were sorely knocked up; we were obliged to let them and the horses feed at night in the river and seeing no tracks of lions about, we did so without much fear. What was our horror the next morning on going down—when we saw, not a mule or a horse, but their tracks going full gallop in a drove, and by their side, the tracks of six lions, full chase. A little further on, my pet mule lay dead, and a lion eating it; by the side a wolf waiting for his turn, again a little further my biggest horse just killed and nothing more to be seen. We ran up to where the cart and encampment was, two miles off at the top of the steep banks of the river; provisioned and armed four men for two days and sent them off after the mules, and the rest of us hunted the lions, but unsuccessfully, all day. They had got among the rocks and we could not track them. In the evening we went down to get the flesh to eat, for all our livestock had perished and we were very hungry and then Anderson (who is the best fellow in the world) and myself went up well armed, to watch the carcass of the mules from a charming place in the rocks just over it, and which we agreed no lion could possibly climb, and made sure of making a good bag without any danger, however, as we were busied about the flesh, it was getting dark, and we saw what we thought was a quantity of

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antelopes running about the rocks, however they came nearer, and as I was lifting up a shoulder of the mule, I heard a sudden exclamation from the men and there were these annoying vermin of lions, just above in the very place we were going to sit; it was very dark and they just put their heads over the stones, like big watch-dogs. I thought it better not to fire in volley, but to keep guns in reserve, in case they came on us—so the Tailor fired first, but missed and the brutes were away. It was of course, unsafe to watch where we had intended, especially as the night became very dark and so we went away, thoroughly vexed. . . we found the rest of the mules unhurt and we pushed on."

On the appearance of the published account of his journey and experiences Galton was awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. Later, after turning his attention to Meteorography, he became a member of the Meteorological Committee of the Board of Trade. Shortly after this he embraced the subject of Heredity, which, with its offshoots, occupied him until the last days of his life. The following incident is recorded by his great-nephew, Hesketh Pearson. "On one occasion . . . [Galton] was asked to lecture on Eugenics before some social gathering. Owing to his age, he wrote out the lecture and arranged for someone else to read it. Upon being asked to make a few remarks at the close of the meeting he said : 'I have often observed that when people are interested in a discourse, the movements of their hands or legs are roughly two in every minute. When they are bored this number may be multiplied by four, or, at moments of excessive ennui, five. It gave me real pleasure to perceive that you were even absorbed in my paper. Your movements have averaged only one to the minute.'" It is reported of

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him that he was never a difficult person to approach. People found it easy to talk to him about quite trivial matters.

Galton's work as an anthropologist is classified by Professor Pearson under the headings :—

1. Travel.
2. Physics (Meteorology).
3. Heredity.
4. Development of Statistical Theory.
5. Application to Theory of Heredity, including
   (i.) Personal Identification and Description.
   (ii.) Finger Print Investigations.
6. Application to Human Affairs : Eugenics.

His three chief works "Hereditary Genius," "English Men of Science" and "Inquiries into Human Faculty" were essentially devoted to the thesis that mental characters are inherited in the same manner and at the same rate as physical characters.

In Galton's time the eugenic branch of science was pioneer work, but to-day it is growing and expanding. Galton, with his pronounced Quaker ancestry, has left us an example of a life devoted to the advancement of truth.

M. CHRISTABEL CADBURY.

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"ANSWERING THE QUERIES."

There is no doubt that seventy years ago, the twelve Queries that had to be truthfully answered every year by all our Meetings, exercised a very great influence on our members—an influence that might be described as a "Society Conscience," but whether rightly or wrongly, the effect produced was a great uniformity of practice among us. The Overseers of that period had no sinecure, it was their duty to advise against all conformity to the world and to report "exceptions" to the Monthly Meetings.

Of course, the details into which these old Queries entered, tended to make it easier to answer than the far deeper reaching ones that are now read and considered in our Meetings for Discipline. For example, instead of "faithful in our Christian testimony against all war," the old wording ran, "Are Friends clear of bearing arms, or being in any way concerned in the militia, in privateers or armed vessels, or dealing in prize goods?" The answers to this were generally very satisfactory, but I well remember how, year after year in the Yearly Meeting, from one Quarterly Meeting the answer came up "With one exception of a Friend bearing arms." The fact was that a Friend who held the position of Deputy Lieutenant of the County in which he resided, on State occasions wore one of those harmless little swords which formed part of the court dress. This caused great concern to some of our members and we were told, year after year, that "if it had been a poor man and a common soldier he would have been disowned long ago, but because he was a rich man," &c.,—one can follow the argument.

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One Query ran thus,—"Are the necessities of the poor among you properly inspected and relieved and is good care taken of the education of their offspring?" One of our Monthly Meetings used to reply, "We have no poor Friends requiring our care nor the offspring of such to educate." This may have arisen as the result of a very singular rule of our discipline long since done away that ruled that if any Friend left the place of his residence in debt, or requiring monetary aid, the Monthly Meeting to which he removed was to be informed of it, and the Meeting from whence he removed was always chargeable for his maintenance, till his debts were paid and he no longer needed assistance.

Another Query asked if Friends "were clear of receiving or paying tithes, rent-charge in lieu of tithes, priest's demands, or those called Church-rates." This was answered till the exceptions were more in number than the "faithful."

The payment of Church Rates was a constant source of irritation, not so much to those in business, as in that case, some merchandise could be seized and sold at nearly market price, but for private households it was often a real suffering,—the officers did not know what to take and sometimes seized what could never be replaced. I remember being at my grandmother's when the police called for the Church Rate and asked her what she would like them to take. She replied, "If I tell you what to take I might as well tell you where my purse is; I have nothing to do with it, do your duty." It so happened they took the one piece of furniture more valued by her than any other!

But though our Queries and Discipline entered so much into the particulars of our daily lives and conduct, our dear Friends in Ireland excelled us in

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this respect. The published journal (on the shelves of many of our libraries) of a well-known Irish Friend late in the eighteenth century tells how Dublin Yearly Meeting appointed a Committee to visit all the families in Ireland to advise as to plain clothing and to inspect the furniture of their houses, persuading the members to part with "inlaid or carved furniture as being inconsistent with our testimonies." Most Friends accepted and carried out the counsel. But I was most impressed, while attending the American Yearly Meetings forty-five years ago, with the very practical way the Queries were answered and how individual dealing was carried out. For instance, "Has every household a Bible," and if not, the Meeting was to provide one.

In one of the large Yearly Meetings west of the Alleghany Mountains I do not forget an answer brought from a Quarterly Meeting, "All our membership are clear of using intoxicating liquors, but there are about 100 men and 80 women who use tobacco, but we believe they are among the newly converted who have yet to learn that smoking is some of that filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness that the saints of the Lord must give up."

How far our Society was wise in making so many personal appeals to its members as to their habits of life may be doubtful, but one thing is certain,—that the past has left us many a lovely example of a calm, pure, holy life lived very near to God. The question will arise, now that the discipline of our Society has so very little influence on our conduct, and everyone does what is right in his own eyes,—is the example of Quakerism as useful to the world now as it was in the past? or are we no longer in any sense "a peculiar people," leaving the position we were raised up to occupy?

WALTER ROBSON.

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THE OPEN WINDOW.

A window's opened high above the street
Which murmurs with the clangour of the town,
For all day long the folk go up and down,
And all day long resound the hasting feet.
Yet passing by, sometimes my eyes I raise
To where that casement window, opened wide,
Serene as stars aloft life's beating tide,
Shines clear and sweet beyond life's hurried ways.
Then high above the din I lift my heart
From busy rounds wherein men toil for bread;
For not alone by toil our lives are fed!
And as that casement shines beyond the mart
Thus pray I then, "through changeful years that roll,
Keep open still the window of my soul."

MARY E. STEEL.

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RETROSPECT IN MEDICINE.

"A simple invention it was in the old-world Grazier—sick of lugging his slow Ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil—to take a piece of leather, and thereon scratch or stamp the mere Figure of an Ox (or *Pecus*); put it in his pocket, and call it *Pecunia,* Money. Yet hereby did Barter grow Sale, the Leather Money is now Golden and Paper, and all miracles have been outmiracled: for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts; and whoso has sixpence is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men." (Sartor Resartus.)

It is a pleasing reverie to think oneself back into the past, and there is fascination in the contemplation of beginnings, in visualising the development of modern life, art, and science from early origins. He who first scratched the earth and planted a seed has created the granaries of to-day: he who first kindled fire was the forerunner of industrial life: he who first hazarded a frail coracle upon the water was threading the ocean with steamships: those whose minds were first stirred with the 'sudden splendour of a thought' were the pioneers of philosopher and poet. The acorn becomes the oak: the solitary place becomes the city: the end can no man tell from the beginning.

So, in the story of medicine, one may pass in contemplation from the complexities of its twentieth century science and art to those early heralds of the dawn who gathered herbs beside the Ægean Sea or practised the rude surgery of prehistoric days.

The origin none can trace nor date the time in ages past when the mind of man was first consciously directed to the problem of disease. Hippocrates we call the Father of Medicine: he is, for us, almost the first true figure who emerges in

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the History of Medicine, who first began to evolve order out of chaos. Much between his time and our own is vague and uncertain, but Hippocrates wrote "On Ancient Medicine." He, twenty-five hundred years ago, regarded himself as a modern, and cast his mind back to the first consciousness of suffering man and the first promptings of remedial aid. Hippocrates found the origin of medicine in diet, in the fact that early man discovered that he suffered pains and penalties when he sought his food in the rough herbage of the beasts amongst whom he dwelt. "For when they suffered much and severely from this strong and brutish diet, swallowing those things which were raw, unmixed, and possessing great strength, they became exposed to strong pains and diseases, and to early deaths. . . From this necessity it appears to me that they would search out the food befitting their nature, and thus discover what we now use. . . To such discovery and investigation what more suitable name could one give than Medicine, since it was discovered for the health of man and for his nourishment and safety." Strange if all the developments of medicine have their origin in the stomach-ache of primitive man.

Thus surmised Hippocrates, and surmise is all we have. We cannot unravel the story thus far: we only know that early man suffered and sought relief from suffering. "Medicine," to quote Hippocrates again, "is that which was invented for the sake of the sick": that is all the origin we can find: sickness being laid on man, man sought escape.

> Lives there who loves his pain?
> Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
> Though thither doomed?

Thus definite knowledge is not, and it is only in imagination that the mind can travel back to the

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patient and physician of early days. But factors to stimulate the imagination are not wanting. Recently it fell to one's lot to spend a day in one of our medical schools: to pass through modern hospitals with their complete equipment, with varied staff of physicians, surgeons, specialists, with crowd of eager attendant students, with nurses ministering silently, deftly: to learn his latest research from the Professor of Bacteriology amidst test-tubes and microscopes and incubators. And involuntarily there rose to mind a specimen in the Wellcome Museum, where may be seen, dug from a prehistoric Ethiopian grave, skeletal remains with three gall stones beneath the bleached ribs. From this to that how great a revolution! What did that suffering mortal do? How did he bear his pain? What wizardry was used to exorcise the evil spirit which bowed him in torment? How did death come and bring him ease? For unknown centuries the drift has covered his bones, until in the long roll of years they are upturned and tell us of the persistent problem of disease.

There is in the British Museum a plaque which shows us Jason, the Acharnian physician, palpating the abdomen of a patient. Its date is said to be circa 200 A.D. There the patient stands with swollen belly, over which Jason's fingers play. But what messages ran from those finger-tips and how did the mind interpret them? Jason had no knowledge of the processes of digestion: to him the liver was the source of 'natural spirits': he knew nothing of the function of pancreas or spleen. To-day there would be available X-rays, test meals, all the resources of modern diagnosis: but Jason had none of these. How did his patient prosper? What ailed him? What was done for him? What would be done for him to-day? One would give much to know as one gazes at the representa-

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tion of that Grecian patient and physician.

Or consider how in distant times so limited was the knowledge of disease and so few were those who could minister, that in eastern cities sufferers were laid in the streets in the hope that perchance someone might pass who had been similarly afflicted, and so from his experience might advise relief. Let the mind dwell on such a scene, on the bearers carrying the invalid to the highway, on the eager scanning of the faces of the passers-by, on the hope deferred: and then on all that is available to-day for the relief of sufferers in such estate.

Such indications of to-day and yesterday arrest one's thought and tell of the long journey which the art and science of medicine have encompassed, an index of the march of man's unconquerable mind. These words are written by the Mendip Hills. Here you may discover caves where our cave-men ancestors made their abode; you may find remnants of the hearth fire which once burnt to warm the living body which clad the bones you find around: and in a brief space you may pass thence to the modern city with its jostling crowd, its factories, its railways, its steamships, its arts, its schools. No less is the transition from ancient to modern medicine. The path, as has been said, is not easy to trace: it is gradually lost in trackless realms of thought and speculation. From a formless nebula our world was formed, and from the nebulous imaginings of early men have gradually emerged concrete islets of thought on which has been slowly built the structure of our science.

The distant past we cannot clearly conjure up, we see but dim figures groping in a mist: the present we can see but are perchance too near to estimate aright: what will the future bring and how will its participants regard our happenings?

JAMES PEARSE.

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WEDDED IN PRISON.

1662.

"Ah! there are some real hills before us at last!"

"As thou hast been walking for the last half mile to relieve thy horse, I should have thought a hill was no such rarity," said an older man with a smile.

"I don't call these *hills*, just ups and downs in the flat Weald, and shut in with trees on either side so that no breath of free wind reaches us."

"Thou wilt be close to the Downs when we reach our destination. I was told Hurstpierpoint lies at the foot of them, and right glad I shall be to get there," said the old man wearily.

His younger companion looked at him anxiously.

"Thou art sore wearied, Friend George. We ought not to have undertaken the long ride from East Grinstead in one day."

"Perhaps thou art right, but my concern for the Friends at Hurst is so strong, that I feel the needed strength will be given me to minister to them, but I am getting old, Ambrose,—getting old. If only I had sought the Lord in early life, as my great namesake did, I might have perhaps rested at threescore and ten. As it is I must work while it is day, and then leave the blessed cause of truth to such as thee," said the old man, who although always spoken of as "George Fox the Younger" was

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in reality born in Norfolk many years before George Fox of Leicestershire, under whose preaching he had joined Friends and become a much loved minister. "Thy many books and pamphlets will go with the work even if thou art not strong enough to preach," said Ambrose Rigge cheerily.

"I don't know, lad; as I near the end of life it seems to me that all this printed controversy is but vanity and vexation of spirit. May the Lord forgive me if I have used my strength in this way instead of preaching His Gospel to hungry souls."

"Do not we go to Brighthelmstone after Hurst? That is by the sea—perhaps a few days rest in the pure bracing air will help thy over-weariness."

"As I look within, I can see nothing beyond Hurst, and the meetings there on First-day, when I believe a great outpouring of blessing is awaiting us." The old man fell into silence with uplifted eyes, as though he saw a vision.

Ambrose Rigge kept respectfully quiet, as they plodded on, and was glad indeed when he saw a village before them, and making enquiries was told it was the long desired Hurstpierpoint. They inquired for the house of Captain Luscombe, and were most hospitably received, and a good meal promptly set before them. Their host was a sea captain, whom an accident on board ship had sent back to his native village, crippled, but still able to hobble about the small farm, where his capable wife had brought up a large family of children, while he came and went on voyages which sometimes lasted for years. An honest and God-fearing man Captain Tom Luscombe had always been, but soon after his retirement from the sea he and his wife had attended a meeting held by some of the pioneers of "Friends of Truth," and there heard burning words which led both to throw in their lot with the despised Quakers. This greatly distressed

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their old friend, Leonard Letchford, the Rector of Hurst, who bitterly resented what he regarded as schism in his parish. The Luscombes put no pressure on their children as to religious observances, and although a married daughter and a seafaring son had gladly embraced the new teaching, the two girls who were still at home continued to worship in the old parish church.

Good Elizabeth Luscombe saw the weakness and weariness of their elder guest, and made him lie down to rest on the great oaken four-post bed in the guest chamber. It was a brilliant April afternoon, and Ambrose stood in the doorway looking at the hill which rose over the trees before the house.

"That is Wolstonbury Beacon," said Cordelia Luscombe, a bright girl of fifteen.

"It is a joy to my eyes to see a hill, for I am mountain-born. Do you ever go to the top of that one?"

"Oh yes, you can see the sea from it, and Mary and I love it," said Cordelia. "We were planning to walk over it to Pyecombe, just when you rode in. Sister wants to see captain of the shearers about what day he can bring his gang to shear her sheep."

"May I come with you?" said Ambrose eagerly. "I long to breathe the air of a hilltop again."

"Oh yes, if father does not want you; I'll ask him"; and the girl ran into the house. She soon returned with her sister Mary, a blooming, sedate-looking maiden of twenty, and a large, shaggy grey sheep dog, hardly beyond the puppy stage, barking and leaping in frantic delight at the prospect of a long walk. The three young people took a field path which led them through the park and by the imposing Elizabethan house of Danny. All were quiet and shy at first, as the accent and idiom of the native of Westmorland were a little difficult to be

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understood by the Sussex maidens. As they mounted the steep hill path, Ambrose stopped, looking up at some black specks which were circling round in the deep blue sky above them.

"There are ravens! I have not heard that croak since I left my mountains! Do they nest here?"

"Oh yes, in a big fir tree in the park. My brothers once climbed to it, as they wanted a young one for a pet, but they were only just hatched, and the squire's man chased the boys away, so that they did not dare to go again," said Mary.

"My brother Austin and I climbed to a nest on the crags, and took home a young raven, which we taught to say several words; but oh, what a thief he was, and how the serving-maids did hate him!" said Ambrose laughing; then he went on sadly—"I wonder if he is there now? I have not seen my native valley for eight long years."

"Have you a mother there?" said Mary.

"No, the sweet soul died when I was fourteen, or I think she would have softened my father, who turned me out of his house when I joined Friends. He was a priest of the Episcopal Church, and was meaning to make one of me, so he felt it bitterly when I refused to preach for hire. But I had long felt that forms and ceremonies did not satisfy my soul's needs, and when I heard George Fox and Leonard Fell preach from a rock on the moor, a conviction fell on me that there was the appointed way for me to walk in."

"That was like my good father; he felt it was the right way for him, and mother always thinks he is right"; and Mary sighed.

"Yes," said Cordelia," you wouldn't believe what a difference it made to Father. Like all sailor men he used to swear at the groom—now he says 'John, I will thank thee to saddle my nag.' He

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says 'thee' and 'thou' to the Squire and the Rector too, which makes them very angry."

"They are grieved to lose so good a man from our church," said Mary.

Ambrose looked at the girl in astonishment. "Art thou not a Friend then? When I saw thy modest apparel I thought thou had'st broken with the world's people."

"As for that," said Mary, "I found that it grieved my parents to see me in my old gay farthingales and hoods, and it is a little thing to please them by wearing plain garments. But Cordelia and I go to the parish church as we have always done, and Parson Letchford is very kind to me."

"Especially since you came into your fortune," said Cordelia slyly."

"Hush, child, you have no right to say that. He likes my voice in the psalms and anthems. When his son, Ralph, leads us with his violin, Hurst Church is quite celebrated for its music."

"Yet music cannot fill all the soul's need," said the young man earnestly. "Does this priest of thine preach the true Gospel?"

Mary could but remember how dull and incomprehensible the Rector's little essays, read from the pulpit, were, but she only said with dignity, "He is a very learned man, who is a Bachelor of Divinity of Oxford."

"A college degree does not make a man a true messenger; I would that you both could hear my dear friend, George Fox, 'the younger,' at the meeting to-morrow. Although he is so called, having been but a few years convinced, he often preacheth the word with a power like that of his great namesake,—and if ever a soul was sweetened and sanctified by the Life within, it is my dear old friend, with whom I have travelled for some months,—aye and we have lain in filthy gaols to-

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gether for the truth's sake, and never a word of repining came from him."

"He looks a dear old man," said Mary; "but see, Master Rigge, we have reached the top of Wolstonbury now and you can see the South Downs that we Sussex folk love."

Ambrose looked around, and his first exclamation was: "They are just like a lot of feather beds!" But seeing a look of chagrin on the girls' faces, he went on,—"It is because our Westmorland mountains are wild and rocky; oh such noble crags! and fair lakes in the hollows. But these too are beautiful; how soft and fine is the turf, and this is a true hill wind"; and he bared his head to the breeze with keen enjoyment.

"There is the blue line of the sea," said Cordelia. "Oh! Watch, Watch," she called to her puppy, who was rushing and barking around them; "why do you always go wild on the hill top "

"The wind excites him. Hi! good dog," said Ambrose, "here is a stick for thee to run after," and he threw one to a great distance. Then, as if infected by the frolicsome mood of the puppy, he joined in the romp, racing hither and thither on the soft turf, until, breathless and laughing, he returned to the girls.

"It is worth while even to make a puppy happy," he said. "How all young things love freedom and exercise. It always pleases me to see boys and girls racing and skipping in green fields."

They took a path down the southern slope of the hill, through a narrow way called Chantry Lane. Here Cordelia lingered to fill her hands with the lovely, blue, wild periwinkle, with which the hedges were draped. Ambrose and Mary went on to a cottage in the village, finding Master Lelliot busy in his garden. In a few minutes' talk it was settled that he could bring his gang of shearers on the last

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day of May, and that Mary must see that her hundred sheep were washed and dried in readiness.

"And how is your poor Dan, Master Lelliot? I have brought a book for him."

"Thank ye kindly, Mistress Mary. The lad is often very downhearted, and a book passes the time to him; a strange thing it seems to me who never learned a letter. You will find him sitting in the sun by the front door." Turning the corner of the house, they found a lad of eighteen, his pale, thin face looking almost like that of an old man, while his useless, twisted legs were stretched on a chair before him. His whole face beamed at the sight of Mary. She talked to him kindly, and produced from her basket a number of the flat cakes called in Sussex "Plum heavies," spotted with "Grapes of Corinth," which were a rare luxury in those days, but the Luscombes' seafaring connections brought many foreign things to their country home.

"Here is a book that tells of the voyages of Vasco de Gama and all the new lands he discovered. My father says the strange things he tells are all true, for he has sailed those seas himself."

"Oh, thank ye, Miss Mary, that will be a treat indeed; I have had no book lately but this old Bible, and I am sick and tired of that."

"That's a strange saying, my lad," said Ambrose, "for that is a book that is ever full of fresh messages for those who look for them."

"What could it say to the likes of me, sir?"

"That thou hast a Father in heaven who loves thee, lad."

"Looks like it, don't it?" said the boy, grimly pointing to his useless legs.

Ambrose took up the Bible and rapidly turned the leaves. He laid it on the lap of the cripple, with his finger on the words, "Whom the Lord

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loveth He chasteneth," and sitting down, he gently and earnestly endeavoured to turn the boy's thoughts to the true value and meaning of the Gospel message. It lasted but a few minutes, but the lad drank in the words as a thirsty soul, and begged Ambrose to come again.

"That I will, if way opens," he replied; then as the girls joined him he said, "Poor fellow! I know what it is to lie with iron shackles on my legs, but with us there was always the hope of speedy enlargement, and his imprisonment is for life. May he soon find that rest which sweetens the hardest lot; perhaps thou can'st help him, Friend Mary?"

Mary made no answer, and Ambrose seemed to look for none. The walk home was quiet and pleasant. George Fox, "the younger," joined the party at supper, pleasing all with his cheerful courtesy.

Next morning when the girls were working together, feeding their poultry, Cordelia began: "I am going to the meeting at the Widow Shepherd's house; won't you come with me, Mollie?"

Mary looked doubtful, and said nothing, but when the little party was ready to start, the meeting being held at an early hour to avoid collisions with the Church attenders, it was her strong young arm which was offered to her lame father, and she sat down by him in the large kitchen of a neighbouring house, where the mistress had been one of the first adherents when George Fox and his friends made their great evangelistic tour through Sussex.

Truly George Fox, "the younger," was under a fresh anointing that fair April morning. Even Ambrose, who had so often heard him preach was astonished at the fire and the searching quality of the old man's sermon. The room was crowded, many men standing in groups about the door, and in the silence that followed heads were bowed, and

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low sobs heard from those who had been "tenderly reached." Among these were Mary and Cordelia Luscombe. Little was said, but from that day both girls threw in their lot with the Friends who had before attracted their parents, and never looked back. The evening meeting was again a striking opportunity, but as they came out George Fox leaned heavily on Ambrose's arm, and could hardly walk the few yards to the Luscombes' house.

"Thou has worn thyself out in ministering to us to-day," said his hostess kindly. "Take him up to his bed, Ambrose, and Mary shall bring him a hot milk posset. She used to brew them of the best when I was ill last year."

The old man was propped up on his pillows when Mary came up with her nice basin of warm food. He thanked and blessed her, and when she tripped away, he said, "She is like the Mary who was the sweet wife of my youth, Ambrose; may thou find such a helpmeet when thy time comes,—a woman in whom the heart of her husband can safely trust." He lay back on his pillow. "Now farewell, dear lad, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee."

Ambrose slept that night with the soundness of healthy youth. When dressed next morning he went to the bedside of his old friend and was startled to see his face grey and drawn, and his right hand lying helpless, while the poor tongue tried in vain to articulate. Alarmed, he called his host and hostess, who from their greater experience of illness pronounced it the dead palsy from which there was no recovering. Both protested that they felt it a privilege to have so saintly a man under their roof, and Ambrose knew that in Norwich his old friend had property that brought him in sufficient means to pay all charges. Ambrose could not leave him, and nursed the helpless form night and day with

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every device that could give ease or comfort. He produced from his saddle-bag some tools, and in the long hours in the sick room set about mending all the harness, saddles and leather work belonging to Captain Luscombe.

"I apprenticed myself to a Friend in Kendal," he said; for as long as folks want to go from place to place the saddler's trade can never go out of fashion."

Every afternoon he was released by his hosts, and took long walks, often over Wolstonbury Beacon to visit the crippled Dan Lelliot, who looked for his coming with great joy. It was often Mary who was his helper in the sick room, for she felt it a refuge from her old associates, Ralph Letchford and his sisters, who were always teasing her to join in their Mayings and junketings which had forever lost their charm for her. Parson Letchford was angry. It was not only the loss of a regular worshipper at his church, but since a great aunt had left Mary a considerable farm, which she managed with the help of an old bailiff, he had secretly determined she should marry his son Ralph, an idle fellow, whom his father had never taught any way to earn an honest livelihood.

From the day that Mary joined Friends, the Rector started a course of rigorous persecution, taking for tithe from their farms and houses five times the value of the sum he could legally claim. To Ambrose Rigge, of whom he heard as preaching in Hurst and the villages around, he had a special animosity, but as he was no parishioner, he could not claim tithe from him.

So three months went by, the invalid Friend slowly losing strength, and at last, after a second stroke, becoming perfectly unconscious. Who could wonder that Ambrose and Mary—working together daily in loving cares for the sick one, sit-

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ting at meals and often attending meetings together while Captain Luscombe or his wife took charge—found that their friendship ripened to warm love? Their betrothal was fully approved by Mary's parents, who appreciated the sterling character of the young North-countryman. Only a few days after this happy event George Fox, "the younger," passed away, and his remains were interred in the little burial ground close to Twineham Church, which remains the property of Friends to this day.

Before Ambrose could decide what was his next duty, the Rector had him arrested and taken before the local magistrates, who tendered to him the Oath of Allegiance. Ambrose had never taken any part in politics, and although King Charles the Second was not a ruler to his taste, he was perfectly ready to abide by the laws. Yet swear he would not. He explained that the New Testament rule "Swear not at all," was strictly and literally binding on his conscience. Urged on by Parson Letchford, the magistrates committed him to Horsham Gaol, and thither he was conveyed in irons like any criminal. For several weeks he suffered every indignity at the hands of the gaoler, being so brutally treated that at last the Sheriff of the County visited the gaol and dismissed the drunken gaoler at whose mercy the prisoners had been. Ambrose was not without means, for in the saddle-bags of his old friend had been found a will leaving his small income to the youth who had been as a son to him. Taking advantage of the Sheriff's righteous indignation, Ambrose offered to pay for a room to himself.

Horsham gaol was a large mansion looking out on to the Carfax, or central square of the town, and Ambrose secured a good room with a large window, barred indeed, but looking out on to a plot of grass.

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The group of Friends in Horsham visited him freely, and he began to fill his time working at his useful trade of saddlery. It is believed that Monthly Meetings were held in his room, or the minutes were copied by him, for many of the old records of the time are in the exquisitely neat handwriting of Ambrose Rigge.

At that barred window, on many summer evenings might be seen a group of eager listeners, as the young Quaker minister standing within, preached to them sermons which brought not a few into the fold of Christ. Several times Captain Luscombe and Mary came on horseback to Horsham to cheer the captive, ever hoping that some change in the law might lead to his release, but none came.

Meanwhile the Hurst Quakers were more regorously persecuted, and one day Ambrose, looking from his window saw Captain Luscombe and Mary, both brought handcuffed to the gaol. Refusing tithe was their offence. The Captain's sentence was but for three months; Mary's, being for a larger amount due from her own farm, was for six months. Gladly did Ambrose share his room with the Captain, and Mary could be with them cheering both with her sweet helpfulness. To the old man, accustomed to sea winds, the airlessness of the prison was very trying. At night Mary had to share the women's ward with half a dozen women of the roughest sort, for no other room was to be had, and she suffered more than she ever let her father and lover guess from this arrangement.

Many were the consultations as to what was best to do, and when the time drew near for the father's release, he proposed to the young couple that they should be married in prison. Ambrose's heart thrilled with joy. But would it be legal? he asked. "As legal as any of the Friends' marriages which

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are taking place every week. The priests try to keep all weddings in their hands, but if you take each other before sufficient witnesses, it cannot be denied that your marriage is a right one."

So it was arranged. From all the country round came Friends and crowded round the barred window on the gaol green. Just within stood bride and bridegroom, with parents, brothers and sisters, and after a solemn silence, and earnest prayer from a "public Friend" in the waiting group without, Ambrose and Mary in loud clear voices made their promises of loving faithfulness until their lives' end. Together the wedded prisoners settled down, mutually helpful, until the day when Mary's term of imprisonment was up. But even then she would not leave her husband. Free to come and go, she went in and out of the gaol, taking comforts, books and the materials for his saddlery work,—attending meetings and carrying his messages of encouragement to many sorely persecuted Friends.

Their eldest child was born in the prison, and time dragged on until Ambrose had been nine years in close confinement with less and less hope of release. But help was at hand. George Whitehead, when visiting Friends in Sussex, saw the patient prisoner, and determined to win his freedom if possible. He obtained an interview with King Charles, and a royal pardon, but it was not until six months later that all formalities were finished and Ambrose stood on the Gaol Green a free man.

George Whitehead wrote: "He would often mention my part in his release with cheerful and grateful acknowledgment, for Ambrose Rigge was of a loving and grateful spirit and temper and not apt to forget acts of kindness."

The Rigges made their home at Horsham for a while, and then at Gatton, near Reigate, where Ambrose taught a school, and was accused of being

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a Jesuite by the enlightened rector, who persistently spoiled his goods for tithes and Church rates. At a good old age he was laid to rest in the burial ground at Reigate Meeting-house, where the great, wild cherry tree yearly spreads its white petals on the nameless graves of so many who had suffered for the truth's sake.

MAUDE ROBINSON.

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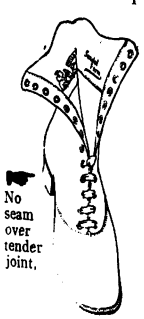

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No. 223. Seventh Month, 1922.

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EDUCATION FOR FREEDOM.*

When the Secretary of your Central Education Committee asked me to come over to speak on education I felt that the invitation offered a privilege and an honour. I hesitated for some hours, as I did not feel that I had anything of importance to say to Dublin Yearly Meeting; but we teachers in England have felt deep sympathy with the teachers in Ireland through the troubled times of the last few years, and I have so firm a faith in education as I understand it and so profound a belief in Quaker education as I understand it that I found it impossible to decline the invitation. And I want now to thank you most cordially for having given me the opportunity of saying something on education in this Yearly Meeting.

It is a good omen that two of your sittings are given up to education, for it means that you are looking with steadfast faith to the future. One other sentence by way of introduction: all of us in this room are educators. Some may be more specialised than others but all are educators, and the mothers are most important. Fathers count for something, a kind of second best, but mothers are the prime educators in a well-organised nation.

*An address given in Dublin Yearly Meeting, 1922.

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I have been interested in the last few months in noting some of the statements that have been made about the purpose of education. Many of them take us straight back to Plato and Aristotle, but I will content myself with two pairs of recent statements or re-statements. One man is satisfied with saying that the chief aim of education is the training of good citizens; and another has the same thought in mind when he says the chief aim is the service of the community through the extension of scientific knowledge.

But the statement that I like best is this one: "The true purpose of education for young and old is the understanding and enjoyment of life." And surely the word enjoyment is right: the followers of Jesus Christ ought to experience the joy of living, and the catechism is sound that speaks of knowing God and enjoying him for ever. The true purpose of education is the understanding and enjoyment of life. And the complement of this sentence is "The essential purpose of all education is that we may have life and have it abundantly." The first of these two goes on to speak of the uneducated man: not he who cannot read or write or count or spell, but he "who walks unseeing and unhearing, unaccompanied and unhappy, through the busy streets and glorious open spaces of life's infinite pilgrimage."

Those are the two pairs of statements, and I add a noteworthy one on results: "the test of a man's education is what he chooses to do when he is not obliged to do anything." There we come to education for freedom: what a man chooses to do, what a man is free to do. And if anyone scents the danger of the word freedom to-day, let me remind him of the Apostle's warning: "For ye brethren were called for freedom (I would say too 'ye brethren were educated for freedom, ye were called by your

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education for freedom'; for our education is one of the things that constitute a call) ye brethren were called for freedom: only use not your freedom for an occasion to the flesh, but through love be servants one to another."

We aim to-day at education for freedom; a century ago it was more like education for bondslaves. We in Yorkshire like to smile at Dickens's story and think that his account of Mr. Squeers and Dotheboys Hall is a gross exaggeration: but I have to confess that it is a true account painted by an artist. And then we take refuge in saying that it was a private school, and our great public schools at any rate were places for true education. But a century ago they stood very low in public favour, and the historian's account of some of them is no better from an educational point of view than the artist's picture. We talk to-day of government, discipline, influence in an ascending scale: those schools knew nothing but government and that of the rudest kind. At Winchester there were several mutinies at the end of the eighteenth century. At one time the boys held the College for a couple of days; and three years after Waterloo a rising in the school was only quelled when two companies of soldiers with fixed bayonets had been called in. At the end of the eighteenth century the Headmaster of Rugby gave orders for the boys to pay for damages done to a tradesman: their reply was to blow up the door of the Headmaster's study, to make a bonfire of his books and of the school desks. Special constables were called in, the Riot Act was read, the "island" was held by the boys and finally captured by soldiers. George III. would often ask Eton boys when he met them 'Have you had a rebellion lately eh, eh?' And the last of the great rebellions was at Marlborough in 1851.

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I am going to name four educators of freemen, links in the chain of apostolic succession of those who have humanised school life, who have educated for freedom: Samuel Butler,* Thomas Arnold,† John Ford,‡ Frederick Andrews.§

Butler leads the reformers and was appointed Headmaster of Shrewsbury when a new scheme came into operation. He was twenty-four years of age, a great scholar, and an excellent organiser. It was at this time that a new type of assistant master arose with the bad taste to be really interested in his lessons and really interested in the boys. Butler and his assistants stimulated intellectual activity which is one of the potent factors in the making of character.

Arnold was the first Head of Rugby to insist on being Chaplain too, and that indicated his idea of the Headmaster's work. Butler had preached in the school chapel at Shrewsbury, but the Governors sent the boys to the parish church as well to correct any errors that the Headmaster might perpetrate. Under Arnold discipline was changed; the prefect system was modified and became the means of transmitting the Headmaster's influence. Boys were trusted, they were treated as gentlemen, housemasters were introduced, the teaching was vastly improved, and the chapel became a reality. Arnold was most eager to see in Rugby boys moral thoughtfulness, by which he meant the enquiring love of truth along with the devoted love of goodness. He aimed at the building of character. It may be fair for us to criticise early Victorians for their neglect of aesthetic development; but Arnold knew that there were few things so bad as the deadening of intellectual curiosity and he strove for the enquiring love of truth.

* Shrewsbury 1798-1836. † Rugby 1827-1842. ‡Bootham 1829-1865. § Ackworth 1877-1920.

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Ford was a great admirer of Arnold; he took character-building as his aim, and "influence rather than authority" as his watchword.

Frederick Andrews was a sportsman whose life taught Alfred Lyttelton's last public words—'learn to win without undue triumph over your opponents: to lose well is as good as a win.' His quick enthusiasm, his genial sympathy, his infectious spirit of enjoyment made a profound impression on all who came near him. He longed to see his pupils develop into strong Christian characters, he knew that "the secret of Jesus is the practice of His presence."

All these four have made our work easier to-day; they have humanised school life and educated for freedom.

The aim of education is spiritual and ethical. We want to remove inhibitions, to give opportunities for liberty so that the Inward Light may be seen and the vision carried into service. For the full development of personality there should be a trinity of love: love of beauty, love of truth, love of goodness. Apart from physical training, arts and crafts, there are four subjects to be taught: language, science, mathematics, history; and in the teaching of language, literature is used as the means of contact with great minds.

But in reality there is only one subject to be taught and that is the child. No one thinks any longer of education in terms of heaving coals into a truck, piling up something from the outside: it is growth, from inwards outwards, unfolding, exfoliation. And the shame is that we allow nine out of ten children to leave school at 13 or 14 and unfold during the next four years in haphazard fashion and perilous environment. These four most dangerous, most critical, most promising years that we

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watch with the greatest care with five per cent. of our children we deliberately neglect with ninety-five per cent. : and then we wonder that our education system has not done better. "The true purpose of education is the understanding and enjoyment of life" : and at this age of inquisitiveness and curiosity we give no help in understanding and enjoying life, we do nothing to open their eyes and ears as they pass through the busy streets and glorious open spaces of life's infinite pilgrimage. Character-training means the gradual substitution of intelligent self-guidance for rule of thumb; not a sudden pitchforking into chaos at the beginning of adolescence. True education results in "freedom and independence of thought, a wide outlook on life and a strong sense of the difference between convention and reality."

Religious education is not something quite distinct from other education, and Quakerism is not something quite distinct from Christianity. They have shown little knowledge of Quakers who have called them a peculiar people who won't take oaths and won't fight. For Quakerism is a way of life—"we have undertaken to demonstrate and exhibit that true religion is the life of God in the lives of men." Definite teaching and study are necessary as they are in language or mathematics or science: and yet it is true that "all these scripture lessons, chapel services and confirmation preparation will be powerless to produce a christian education, if they be not held together by every lesson and by the whole life of the school. Industry and obedience, truthfulness and fidelity to duty, unselfishness and thoroughness must form the soil without which no religious plant can grow; and these are taught and learnt in the struggle with Latin prose, or mathematics, or French grammar, or scientific

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formula; as well as in the cricket field, on the football ground, in the give and take, the pains and the pleasures of daily life." Schools may be religious foundations as truly as monastery or abbey in mediæval times: we aim at training for the life of the spirit, a life in which vision and service are all-important. The boys and girls, the men and women in the schools are the brethren of the religious community, and no part of the life is written off as secular.

Amongst the pupils we find varying types of religious experience, for they reflect the homes of their people. Some are indifferent and self-satisfied. A colleague recently called my attention to a conversation in a modern novel where one man reminds his friend that man does not live by bread alone; to which he replies, "But I am living on bread alone, and doing very well on it." Patience is needed here, and more education the essential purpose of which is that we may have life and have it abundantly. Others have as spokesman a boy of eighteen who wrote whilst still at school that his set were eager to get at God and serve him, a God of reason and will and love, who shares life with them. He probably stated the case better than he knew: they wanted a God that they could understand, sharing their kind of life with them, a God of reason and will and love. And here he was getting at man's personality, made up of reason and will and love; he was getting at the personality of Jesus Christ who revealed the Father, a personality of reason and will and love. Eager to get at God and serve him, eager for knowledge about God and experience of God.

In the schools there must be full opportunity for teaching the Bible reasonably and constructively, "the most majestic thing in our literature and the

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most spiritually living thing";* opportunity for teaching the history of religion and for the study of Christian biography. In the schools some notion of personality can be given, and stress laid on the indwelling God. And in this search for religious knowledge nothing is more important than accurate knowledge and clear thinking: they are spiritual tools. We sometimes act as if ignorance and lack of thought will do for religious things, blunt tools that we should be ashamed to use in business or in games.

Eager to get at God and serve him, eager to experience God. We have come to the greatest and most difficult part of the educator's work, fostering the Light Within. We must use all the means that are in reach: spiritual worship, prayer, enthusiasm, the everyday qualities of industry and obedience, of truthfulness and fidelity to duty, of unselfishness and thoughtfulness. We are aiming at freedom; living and working with a personal religion as the guiding principle. We are all educators; and if we really want the life of God demonstrated in the lives of men we shall begin our day's work like the great teacher of Padua who went to his desk each morning as if it were the altar of God: and we shall live in the spirit of the prayer that one of our great teachers used to pray each day with his students: "Almighty and everlasting God, in Whom we live and move and have our being, Who hast created us for Thyself, so that we can find rest only in Thee: Grant unto us purity of heart and strength of purpose, so that no selfish passion may hinder us from knowing Thy will, no weakness from doing it; but in Thy light may we see light clearly, and in Thy service find perfect freedom."

ARTHUR ROWNTREE.

* See "The Teaching of English in England." H.M. Stationery Office, 1s. 6d.

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RECORDS OF CONSCIENCE.

In "Conscription and Conscience" John William Graham has written a noteworthy contribution to recent history which cannot be read by many, even of those who do not share its author's views, without a stirring of heart. The subject is one of extraordinary difficulty, making impartiality more than usually hard to attain, but it has been handled with great ability and with an evident generous effort to do justice to those from whom the writer differs. The resulting story is full of deep human interest and casts light not only upon an obscure and complex passage in the history of Great Britain, but upon some of the fundamental problems of national life and individual duty. It is a book not only to read but to preserve.*

In his prefatory note the author points out the difficulty of attaining complete accuracy in such a record. It is no slur upon his conspicuous ability that here and there occur passages which require qualification or correction, or that a writer who approached the work from a somewhat different standpoint would have dealt more fully with phases which are here passed over with only a brief reference. A great power of sympathy is shown in dealing with points of view with which the writer does not agree, and one regrets all the more that once or twice injustice is unwittingly done to those who would have been seen in a different light, had all the facts of the situation been available.

Perhaps no one writing to-day could give a complete history of the coming in of conscription and

**Conscription and Conscience. A History, 1916-1919.* By John W. Graham, M.A. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d net.)

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of the struggle that followed to protect the rights of conscience. Only a few know all that went on in the Cabinet and the part played by individual ministers and the Civil Servants who advised them. Even the part of Parliament is not easy to describe. What went on behind the scenes in the great offices in Whitehall cannot be told to-day and probably never will be. Some of those who cared deeply and gave much thought and effort to secure that justice should be done will perhaps never be recognised as having done what they did. They did not do it for any reward of thanks or fame, and it is so that history is made. The historian at his best can only throw a partial light upon some of the story that he tells.

Yet it was well this history was written, for much of the material which it has drawn together might have been lost, and it records the main features and many of the most important episodes of a struggle of intense interest not only to those immediately affected but to all who love freedom and reverence the rights of personality. It deals with a landmark in human history, the importance of which may be recognised better in the future than to-day. It is no disparagement to such a work to attempt to point out some lacunae, and to touch on one or two aspects of the story which I feel need to be dealt with more fully. The great part played in the struggle over conscription by the No-Conscription Fellowship and those who shared its leaders' standpoint must be emphasised in any record of these eventful years. But they represented only a minority of the actual conscientious objectors to military service, and the influence and numbers of this group of the Fellowship were in no small part due to the fine personalities and the fiery zeal of its little band of leaders.

For all his scrupulous fairness John William

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Graham has perhaps hardly made allowance enough for the extraordinary difficulty of the situation for the framers and administrators of the Act. The Military Service Act was passed at a time of bitter national need. The mind of the nation was enflamed by the passions of war, hundreds of thousands weighed down by daily anxieties for their nearest and dearest, facing the dangers of battle in the field. It was a great thing that at such a moment the Government and Parliament should have resolved to make, as they intended to do, provision to protect the conscience of a small minority and a very unpopular minority, who seemed to most men to be reaping the privileges of citizenship without sharing its risks. It was a great thing too that throughout the period of hardship and persecution, through which so many of this despised minority had to pass, there were never wanting men, some in high position and some of them obscure citizens, who, though they did not share these views, were zealous to secure that justice should be done to them, and that the injustice done should be righted. These are of the things which make us proud and glad of our country. In spite of all the pitiable failure that followed, the Military Service Act's recognition of the rights of conscience was a great achievement; the endeavour to secure that right by officials and public men who did not believe in the pacifist ideal and had nothing but unpopularity to gain by their action was worthy of the best traditions of English freedom.

I believe that it was Mr. Asquith who, when the Act was being framed, insisted that the definition of a conscientious objector to military service should not be narrowed down to include only those whose objection was definitely religious in its character. In this respect the British Act contrasts favourably with the American one, which insists on member-

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ship in a denomination or society whose tenets preclude acts of warfare. The British Military Service Act alone recognised the validity of the claim of the individual conscience as such to respect from the State. Possibly at some later date we shall know more of what happened when the Ministry came to their various decisions; certainly there can be no harm in stating now that we owe a great debt of gratitude to the strenuous efforts of Mr. Walter Runciman to prevent a general miscarriage of the intention of Parliament in making provision for the Conscientious Objector. In particular, when the majority of Tribunals had shown their ignorance of the Act by ignoring the alternative of civilian "work of national importance," and the Cabinet had been persuaded to set up a Committee to assist them in arranging for this, Minister after Minister refused or found himself unable to take charge of the unpopular task, until at last Mr. Runciman attached this unwelcome Committee to the Board of Trade under the chairmanship of the Hon. T. W. Pelham, by whose name it was called.

As time went by, the quiet work behind the scenes which fell upon those in Parliament who were endeavouring to secure redress for the sufferers became much greater. Hundreds of letters came to such members, from individual sufferers and their friends up and down the country, most of them not connected with any organisation. Some of these resulted in questions in Parliament, but this as a rule was rather in the nature of a last resort when other methods had failed.* More often

* The debates and Parliamentary questions relating to C.O.'s were reprinted in *The C.O.'s Hansard,* sometimes with abbreviations which are not indicated. They were reprinted from the daily issues of the uncorrected Hansard, and the historian should therefore check them by making use of the bound volumes of Hansard, which are carefully corrected.

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it was possible to help the individual by taking the matter up privately, by interview or correspondence with the Local Government Board, the Home Office, or the War Office. Again and again redress was secured in this way, though often the attempt failed. Here once more one needs to realise the difficult position of these Government departments, terribly overworked, and dealing with scores of other questions which in their eyes and those of the Government, still more of the general public, were far more important. The Objectors themselves sometimes made their position difficult by the way in which they acted, and many officials came to regard them as mentally unbalanced. One well-known Member of Parliament, whose official position brought him into constant touch with C.O.'s, observed to me one day: "They're all a bit wanting here," touching his head; then adding hastily, as he remembered to whom he was speaking, "except, of course, the Quakers!" This attitude was that of a kindly man, who tried to be just to men he could not comprehend. One can hardly wonder at the far more intolerant behaviour of the many less educated and less public spirited men who sat on Tribunals. The Government Offices had in turn to deal with the most difficult cases that arose, and it was wonderful what patience was devoted to their work. We read in Mr. Graham's book the story of men to whom just treatment was not given and who could not secure redress. I have sometimes gone away from a Government Office burning with indignation at failure to secure the reversal of an unjust decision. But there were other times when immense pains were taken to get justice done. I recall one such occasion, when the President of the Local Government Board had had his attention called to a gross miscarriage of justice, in which an Appeal Tribunal had given no exemption what-

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ever to a young C.O. of obvious sincerity. The Chairman of the Appeal Tribunal was asked to come to London; I was able to meet him at the Board and the Permanent Secretary laid before him his views in a long interview. The result was a retrial of the case and a decision entirely satisfactory to the applicant.

Even the War Office was not without its better side. Heartless as the military machine must necessarily be, it is never wholly a machine, for it is worked by men who must be sometimes more than cogs in a wheel. In one case where the Tribunal had refused exemption and the man in question would not accept any sort of compromise, the War Office were willing to send a telegram to delay arrest, so as to permit him to take his University degree. In others, far too few, it is true, they gave instructions to recruiting officers which enabled the men concerned to find service apart from the army, which they could render without offence to their conscience.

We, who from childhood have learned to look upon war with abhorrence, find it hard to make allowance for the soldiers who were suddenly confronted with a strange complication to their task for which they were utterly unprepared. If the man in the street did not understand the 'C.O.', still less could the men of the old professional army. I well remember one occasion when I had gone in the early days of the Act to the War Office to attempt to secure redress for some case of injustice. It was Good Friday, but the war and the War Office went on as usual. The great man into whose presence I was finally taken was evidently puzzled by the strange beings with whom he had now to deal. But he had just found a new and unexpected weapon. "I've got a little book here," he said, taking down a small New Testament from his desk,

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"and I've been looking in it to see if I can't find something to settle them with. And I've got them! Look here: 'Fear God and honour the king.' How can they believe that, if they won't obey the King's regulations?" He paused a moment with a pleased smile, and then added: "And I dare say, when I can find time, I shall be able to find a few more things here for them." I am afraid that the need for getting on with the war did not leave him much time for a prolonged study of the little book.

As time passed, the injustice and irrationality of the working of the Military Service Act weighed heavily on the minds of many who did not share our point of view. Individual members of both Houses of Parliament made repeated private efforts to get redress. In particular the Chairman of Committees, Mr. J. H. Whitley, and with him Lord Hugh Cecil, spared no pains to this end, and some of the efforts that were made by the Government, partial and imperfect as they were, were due in no small measure to their labours.

It must be remembered that, as the strain of the war grew greater and the fate of England seemed trembling in the balance, it grew harder than ever to secure a fair hearing, whether in Parliament or elsewhere, for the cause of the conscientious objectors. Public opinion grew more and more intolerant of their grievances, setting them beside the long agony of the trenches and the perils of the sea. At this last stage of the war the one member of the Cabinet who had most understanding of the Objectors and who most desired to alleviate their position was probably Lord Milner, who had been deeply moved by the case of Stephen Hobhouse and took the trouble to read Scott Duckers' account of his experiences, though he was far from sympathising with his views. But Lord Milner was in a minority in the Cabinet, and so the Government's

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policy underwent no fundamental change. Mr. Lloyd George never understood the position of the Absolutist.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened had wiser and more tolerant counsels prevailed both in the framing of the Act and in its administration. As it was, the successive alleviations and adjustments that were made came each of them too late to undo the mischief already done, and were too often clumsy, ill conceived, and harshly administered.

If a hostile public opinion made a just administration of the conscience clause of the Military Service Act difficult, the difficulty was increased by the great differences which separated various types of objectors from each other. In the nature of the case no human tribunal could adequately judge the consciences of men. Errors of decision were bound to take place under such machinery as the Act set up, but few can have foreseen the caricature of justice which too often occurred and is so well portrayed by John William Graham in his chapter on "The Tribunals at Work." They reminded Dr. Hicks, the Bishop of Lincoln, as he informed the readers of the *Times,* of the behaviour of Mr. Justice Hategood at the trial of Faithful. It is, however, to be remembered that the Tribunals and the Government had sometimes to deal with men whose conduct and character were not worthy of the ideal of life for which others stood who shared their name and their reproach. The State was making a great and terrible claim upon the lives of millions of its citizens. Not all who resisted the claim did so from the highest motives. Some, obeying a higher law, had risen to a higher level of citizenship; they felt themselves, and were indeed, already the citizens of the better state that is to be; others had no such vision, falling below the level of good

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citizenship of their own day, and all but unconscious of the immense obligations binding the individual to the community whose life he shares. In between these two extremes was to be found almost every variety and type of man : sincere idealists, who had a glimpse of a better world yet to come, to which they might contribute by their refusal to take part in military service, even though they realised that they had but imperfectly embodied their ideal in their daily life; religious objectors of most diverse kinds, from Quakers and Tolstoyans to Plymouth Brethren, Christadelphians, International Bible Students, and British Israelites; Communist objectors, who would heartily welcome a bloody revolution, but would not share in a war carried on by a Capitalist Government; anarchists, who resisted all claims of the State on the individual; objectors who were not opposed to every war but were convinced that this war was wrong. The religious objectors might seem the easiest class to deal with, but they presented difficulties of their own. Some had thought out their views, others had adopted them almost instinctively from childhood; sometimes they were rather traditional than a matter of profound personal conviction. Yet who was to draw the line? Specially hard was the case of the isolated, inarticulate, and often uneducated young men, who had felt they way rather than thought it out, and could hardly explain their pacifism, even to their friends. Great, too, was the injustice which was often the lot of the young lads of eighteen who decided to take their stand as conscientious objectors. They were held to be too young to have a conscience; they were sneered at by their judges, because they could not give proof of sacrifice for their conviction, though many of them gave it clearly enough later in proving the inadequacy of the Tribunal's decision by their sub-

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sequent conduct under the punishments which followed. What the consequences of resistance were is well pictured by J. W. Graham in his chapters on the Methods of the Military, the Home Office Scheme, and in the two chapters on Prison, with the sad sequel dealing with the deaths which occurred in prison, camp, or work centre, or as their immediate result.

One noteworthy feature of the frequent injustice of the Tribunals and the harshness and stupidity of the subsequent treatment of many of their victims was its reaction on the conscientious objectors. Here again the result varied greatly with the characters and personality of the men themselves. Some of them came through their hardships ennobled and purified in spirit, even though they often suffered severely physically. Others lost heart, sometimes even lost faith. Many were embittered by the obvious injustice of their treatment; while some lost energy and will power in the monotonous solitude of prison life. The unfortunate attempt by the Government to do tardy and imperfect justice to the prisoners of conscience by what was known as the Home Office Scheme was rendered largely abortive by the half-hearted and suspicious spirit in which it was carried out, but a part at least of its failure was due to the conduct of some of the men who elected to take advantage of it. Distrusting the Government and their officials and feeling that they had been unfairly treated from the first, some of these men deliberately chose to do, not their best work, but just enough to satisfy, and were willing to use subterfuges and tricks to get round regulations or to avoid restrictions which they believed to be unjust. This reacted on the position of all their comrades, causing the Home Office officials to tighten up the regulations and restrictions and giving a handle to the critics, who

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sneered at the "unconscientious conscientious objector."

In his chapter on the "Organisation of Peace" and in that on "Varieties of Testimony," J. W. Graham deals briefly and, on the whole, very sympathetically with other forms of service than that taken and advocated by the Absolutist leaders of the N.C.F. Yet it may be doubted whether these different forms of service are presented in just proportion either to the number of those concerned or to their effect as a witness to the reality of the conscientious objection to war and as a positive service of peace. To do this would perhaps hardly have been possible within the limits of such a volume, but it may be worth while to indicate how great was the variety of this true service for peace and witness for conscience.

In the early stages of the war many men enlisted in the R.A.M.C., with the deliberate intention of devoting themselves to work which they conceived of as one of healing and life saving, at the risk of their own lives. Some of them, who could not and would not have undertaken ordinary military service, actually laid down their lives in this way. I know two such men, both of them University men, full of promise, content to serve as private soldiers, with the knowledge that they could never obtain commissioned rank, since they were not doctors. Both died for their country and for more than their country. Many served on till the end of the war, and many, when the Government attempted to force them into the fighting forces, refused to take up arms, incurring grave risk and some of them severe punishment. (One such case is given in detail by J. W. Graham in his book.)

Over three thousand men served in the Non-Combatant Corps. Their position may seem to us illogical, but it met the sincere convictions of many.

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They had dull and onerous work to do, sometimes disagreeable and nauseating work, with few or no privileges, and exposed to constant ridicule and pressure to join the fighting forces. They stuck it out, and when ordered to help in the transport of munitions, numbers of them preferred to accept punishment and prison instead. I recall how deeply impressed a friend of mine was when for the first time he entered the barrack dormitory of a non-combatant corps and saw fifty young men all kneeling in silence at prayer by their bedsides. The sincerity of these men, the witness of their clean lives and their simple faith, must have carried a real message wherever they went; and it was a message taken into the very midst of army life.

Three forms of positive service for peace were initiated by members of the Society of Friends long before any idea of conscription or of legal alternative service had arisen. The Emergency Committee came into being in the first week of the war, the Friends' Ambulance Unit some three weeks later, and the Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee a few days after it. The nature of the work of the Emergency Committee did not give scope for the employment of many young men, but some were permitted, by Tribunals more tolerant than most, to take part in the Committee's Christlike service throughout the years of conscription. The Friends' Ambulance Unit's portion was one of extraordinary difficulty, but it maintained a unique position in the zone of active military operations in France, where through its means hundreds of conscientious objectors to military service, unarmed, unenlisted, and bound by no oath, were able to work side by side with the army on tasks of life saving, bearing constant witness by their presence to the ideal of peace which they were serving. Very few even of the members of the Unit ever knew how great were

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the obstacles which continually arose to threaten its work or the hard battles which its chairman fought and won in silence to make possible its continuance and its growth. With much greater freedom, serving under the freer absence of system permitted by the French authorities (though even here there were at times real difficulties to be faced), the War Victims' Relief workers were able also to bear witness for their faith in the quiet work of reconstruction and healing at which they laboured. A few earnest pacifists also did fine work in Y.M.C.A. huts at home and abroad. It was no small thing that the warring nations should have permitted these bands of pacifists to live and work in the midst of their soldiers and in the heart of the war zone itself.

Out of 16,000 Conscientious Objectors some 5,000 were engaged on "work of national importance," about 4,000 of them in connection with the Pelham Committee and the remainder directly under the Tribunals. This work was needlessly restricted in its character and often unduly harsh financial conditions were imposed by the Tribunals under the pressure of hostile public opinion. Sometimes, however, it afforded opportunity for the truest and best service, and always when undertaken, as it often was, under a deep sense of social obligation and of desire to give a positive expression to the pacifist ideal, it gave an opportunity to the men who accepted it to bear witness to the faith that was in them in a language that others could understand. Throughout the country, scattered here and there on farms or working side by side with other labourers in city factories, these men stood day by day for a great ideal. Often they had to meet misunderstandings and petty persecutions and were able to win the respect and sometimes to change the convictions of those with whom they

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came into contact. Their times of quiet service were a seed time for a harvest yet to be.

Of those, some 6,000 in number, who suffered arrest under the Act the great majority would never have had to suffer punishment at all had the Tribunals allowed them to undertake the alternative service which they were willing to render. There remained some 1,500, who are classed as "Absolutists." This number would have been probably far fewer but for the reaction upon sensitive spirits of the unjust methods of the Tribunals and the narrow restrictions upon service which they frequently enforced. In any event there must have remained a small group of men whose conscience could only have been satisfied by the absolute exemption provided for in the Military Service Act, but which was in fact denied them. Their service, in any case no easy one, and often demanding a heavy strain upon body and spirit alike, was found in the steadfast endurance of punishment and prison, in faithfulness to an ideal of peace and citizenship so high that society and human life would be transformed by its general realisation. During the strain of the war and the stress of persecution the difference of standpoint between alternativist and absolutist became sometimes acute. Each group contained men of the highest character, whose true line of service lay in the course they had elected; each also contained others less consistent, whose choice of service may have been decided by mixed motives, which they themselves did not always fully realise. Neither group was wholly logical. All of them, despite themselves even, remained members of a suffering and sinning nation, a group of the great human family at war with other nations; the most sensitive spirits, whether among absolutists or alternativists, realised this, even while desiring to free themselves

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to the utmost from participation in the wrong of war. They put themselves in spirit alongside of the great mass of their suffering fellows in the trenches and felt that they did not stand on any moral pedestal apart, in isolation from the war or from the burden of wrongdoing which lay upon us all. To some critics the absolutists seemed more logical, the alternativists to have a stronger sense of social obligation. In truth neither were strictly logical, for even the man in prison perforce reaped physical advantages from his position at the expense of others' suffering, while on the other hand, none had a deeper sense of the ties of duty and fellowship binding their lives to the community about them than some of those who felt that their only course of duty lay in maintaining the absolutist position. Nor can it be said that either course alone could be justified as a method of opposing the enforcement of conscription. Both courses, if undertaken rightly, alike served that end; otherwise both alike were bound to fail. The absolutist who bore his hard lot with courage and courtesy of spirit would appeal to the best in the hearts of those who came into contact with him and ultimately of the whole community, though it may yet be long before the full value of his witness is recognised. But all who took the absolutist position were not able to achieve this. The language of their action was one which the common man found difficult to understand, even though he might respect their sincerity.* The position of those who undertook alternative service was in many ways easier and

*A puzzled army sergeant in France, who had had charge of a little group of court-martialled conscientious objectors, explained that they were good fellows, though he could not comprehend why they refused to undertake some harmless non-military task they were asked to do: "I suppose," he said, "they thought it would be kind of helping the Germans."

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therefore less attractive to chivalrous natures, eager to make a real sacrifice for their faith, but it made it possible, even amid the heat and passion of war, for men to speak for peace by action which could be comprehended. It gave a large number of men the opportunity to go on influencing those about them in the ordinary work of life by some touch of that spirit that takes away the occasion of wars. It sought to fight conscription, not by putting obstacles in its way, but by a steadfast and quiet appeal to the minds and hearts of men.

In his opening foreword John William Graham alludes in a single sentence to the problem of future policy, with which the preface of Clifford Allen is concerned. The subject is one too large to be dealt with in the brief space of such a review as this, and might tend to divide those who could more helpfully co-operate. Is it well to give our thought now to the possibilities of another struggle with conscription in some great war yet to come? The little pacifist band of a few years ago is swelled to-day by thousands in many lands who have felt what war means and cry with their whole hearts—"Never again!" It is better that we and they should give our thought and labour to the removal of the roots of war and to the building up of international fellowship under an enlarged and better League of Nations, which will embody in its structure the growing ideal of an enduring peace.

T. Edmund Harvey.

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IN DEFENCE OF CO-EDUCATION.

Though my subject is Co-education, I feel it is absolutely necessary to come to some clear understanding as to the ultimate purpose and meaning of education,—unless we give some definite answer to the question, 'What is education?'—it will be idle to consider Co-education. Through the centuries the most thoughtful men have come to the conclusion that the aim of education should be to turn out good citizens, those who will be able and willing to serve their fellow-men; or, at another time, thinking people have declared that the aim of education should be to develop personality, to bring each individual life to the highest it can attain.

But we can hardly be said to have reached *terra firma* when we state that the aim of education is either to produce efficient citizens of good will or to develop personality and bring each individual life to the highest level it can reach. Of the making of books and the conducting of arguments round these two aims there has been no end. But the rapid advance of psychology and its application to life has made very clear to most of us that there is no real antagonism between these two aims. There should be no clash between ideal citizenship and true development of personality. By association with his fellows in serving man becomes more complete, realises himself more fully, and by self-development he gains more to give to efficient citizenship.

We may take it, then, that, broadly speaking, the aim of education is the producing of efficient and unselfish citizens, of men and women who have

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had opportunities of self-realisation and whose personalities are developing toward completeness. The process of achieving these ends, or at least setting them on foot, we may well call education. And perhaps there has never been a moment when one generation may reap so much from the accumulated work and experience of the past. Psychology, philosophy, medical science, the faithful experience and records of parents and teachers, offer us now a wealth of material. From all this one fact certainly emerges clearly, namely, that too much stress has been placed in the past on the importance of the passing on of racial experience and learning and too little on the necessity of allowing children to make their own experience, too little on the importance of getting alongside their vital energy and natural interests. Pestalozzi, Froebel and, later, Mme. Montessori, have all told us this; and now, psychology, psycho-analysis and suggestion confirm their testimony a thousand times.

But to define education as development of personality or as self-realisation is perhaps a little vague. It is necessary to show that this really does mean something quite definite and to suggest tests that may be applied at the end of school-life or preferably a little later to see how far this process of self-realisation or personality-development has gone. From a biological point of view every member of the animal kingdom is impelled by an urge from within, a powerful relentless urge to growth toward physical completeness. A child, a human being, is born into this world more than physical with a tremendous urge toward completeness, not only physical completeness, but toward becoming perfect of his kind, fully developed and complete physically, mentally and spiritually. This is the very essence of living things. If no barriers intervene and if environment be tolerably favourable

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growth will be continuous on every plane on the physical, from babyhood to childhood and from childhood through adolescene to maturity. When maturity is reached in the animal kingdom the urge toward completeness shows itself in reproduction of kind. The individual physical life having reached perfection in maturity, is prepared to give its strength and maturity to produce a second generation, that is, the urge is finally toward parenthood.

This undeviating and relentless urge toward completeness in human-kind shows itself equally on the mental, moral and spiritual planes. If no let or hindrance intervene and good conditions are supplied, growth will be continuous toward complete self-expression and maturity of personality and will be followed by the urge toward giving its best to the next generation; that is, the urge toward spiritual parenthood.

Taking this urge toward completeness as the basic principle of human existence a young man or young woman of 22 or 23 should be expected, if well educated, to show that he or she has made, or at least begun to make, the following adjustments. The terms used are those of Dr. Crichton Miller:

(a) adjustment to reality;
(b) adjustment to society;
(c) adjustment to parenthood or potential parenthood;
(d) adjustment to the Infinite.

Of course no one dreams for one moment, that any young person of 22 or 23 can have made all or any of these adjustments completely, but at least there should be a beginning.

The adjustment to reality and the adjustment to society can hardly be dealt with separately. A child begins to make these two adjustments to-

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gether. A baby is at first entirely self-regarding, his adjustment to his fellows or to society begins the moment attention is not paid to him directly he cries. Unconsciously, he discovers that he is not the centre of the Universe and that even his mother may have to give her attention to others before him, or that she has claims of her own. Grown-up people who do not show simple consideration to their fellows have either failed to grow up on one side of their nature or are momentarily and temporarily regressing to childhood. Self-importance, greed, bad manners, are in the adult regressions, failures to respond to the urge forward to completeness, failures to make the adjustment to society and away from self. Adjustment to reality, that is, to things as they are and not necessarily as we want them to be, goes alongside adjustment to society. Our physical adjustment to reality is furthered when we bump our heads accidentally against the mantelpiece, and, considering the mantelpiece decidedly blameworthy for the pain it has caused us, kick it wildly in revenge and as a consequence hurt our toes. Normal children find the adjustment to reality very stern and difficult. But in their natures is a natural source of comfort and compensation, 'pretending,' phantasy and day-dreaming. Paul, in 'Paul and Fiametta,' when feeling misunderstood or unappreciated by his well-meaning and long-suffering family, added yet insult to injury by remarking: 'You're all so stupid but Tonks understands,' or when a lurid description of measles had taken place in the nursery circle he announced with exasperating finality 'Tonks had measles worse than any of you and three times last winter.' Tonks was an entirely imaginary but unimpeachable 'fidus Achates,' embodying all those qualities—physical and mental—which Paul most ardently admired but felt that he himself lacked. Nearly all children

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lighten and make easier the adjustment to the hard and stern realities of life by recourse to phantasy and day-dreaming—and even in our grown-up hours we sometimes allow ourselves a few imaginary pictures of what we wish had been when our best efforts are thwarted and people and things prove tiresome and stupid. But again, if education has been efficient, a young man or woman should, in the main, have put away pretending, day-dreaming and phantasy, have put away childish fancies, with himself as the splendid and successful hero and have adjusted himself to and accepted whole-heartedly and intelligently the realities of existence. When, on the contrary, phantasy persists in the adult it is serious. The individual becomes subject to delusion and a pathological or mental case. Serious regression has taken place and there has not been normal and natural response to the urge toward maturity.

The third adjustment is to parenthood—actual or potential. Up to about the age of 23, the young human being may rightly expect to receive all, to be provided for, fed, clothed, housed, educated, thought for, planned for, prayed for, given all the inheritance of the race, all the accumulated experience that love and wisdom can give, may expect to have every barrier removed and every opportunity love can devise for self-realisation and self-expression. By then the fringe of maturity is reached. Before this he may well have begun, perhaps years before, giving out, serving his fellows, but he should scarcely have been called upon to realise fully that the moment has come when, with the beginning of maturity, he must turn his mind, energy and service to others, to the younger generation. They are more important than he is; for this end he has been created, educated and loved into maturity. This adjustment away from self and to-

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ward the rising generation, in other words, to parenthood, actual or potential, may be very slow. In some it is never made, especially in selfish bachelors or self-centred unmarried women. This adjustment may be greatly quickened and eased by the finding of a mate. The strong emotion of love will carry the individual over the gulf lying between effort toward self-realisation and effort toward helping the next generation to come to its own. It is obviously very much easier to give oneself unsparingly for one's own children than for the children of others, for the young of the race. But if marriage does not take place, the adjustment to potential parenthood still ought to be made unless the individual in question is to suffer arrested growth, spiritual and mental. The urge of the deepest and best in human nature is toward a completeness which can never be found in self-centred bachelorhood.

There is one other adjustment that human beings need to begin to make in their growth toward completeness—adjustment to the Infinite. Education should help this adjustment in some way. Man is not merely physical, he cannot live by bread alone —'Mind that looks before and after'—that questions all things, that demands some explanation of the Universe, will not cease to question, inquire, probe and attempt to find an explanation of life as he sees it and as he experiences it. A man's spirit cannot be bound by limits. It is infinite and needs must come into harmony with the Infinite or remain for ever unsatisfied. To whatever part of the Church Universal we may belong, or if we claim to belong to no part, we are still impelled to find an explanation of the Universe, or to end our search by deciding there is no explanation. Education ought to help boys and girls to start their search, or at least to help them to find out that their spirits being

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Infinite cannot rest satisfied in the finite. 'Our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee.'

To turn now to Co-education. Co-education, whether it be at home or school, makes it possible for most boys and girls to make these all-important adjustments, or rather to begin to make them in a natural, easy and successful way. Where home-life and a day-school cannot provide Co-education in any form, then a Co-educational Boarding School is the next most likely place to provide surroundings advantageous to growth and an atmosphere for free development of personality, for unfolding in response to the deepest and highest urge of human nature.

I am far from wishing to say that every school should be Co-educational or that a Co-educational School is the best place for every boy or girl—far from it. Such an attempt would produce deplorable results. Co-education in schools is at present something of pioneer work. In the first place, the number of Co-educational Schools must be very limited, for it is essential that such schools should be staffed by men and women who believe in Co-education and who understand what they are after, in a deep and comprehensive manner. More than that, at least most of them need to be so understanding and so at harmony with themselves in their own attitude to life that the fact that it is a Co-educational school does not bulk in the forefront of consciousness. It is not ideal for the staff or boys and girls of a Co-educational school to be continually conscious of the Co-educational aspect. It should appeal as the most natural way and, as that, sink into sub-consciousness for the main.

Apart from the difficulty which would be found in staffing a large number of Co-educational schools, all of us who are advocates of Co-education for some will be the first to acknowledge that for some boys

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and some girls Co-education is not the best course—partly because of their temperament and partly because of their upbringing. Where there has been very great delicacy of health, or where high nervous excitability exists the stimulating atmosphere of a Co-educational school may be harmful. There are children, too, who have been inoculated at a very early age sometimes by a foolish nurse, undesirable companions or silly books, with an unhealthy view regarding the relationships of boys and girls—they have been allowed to acquire such a fairy princess, fairy prince, sweetheart attitude that their emotional development has been unhealthily forced and they have been deprived of the years of happy free unthinking, unselfconscious companionship with the opposite sex. There is no doubt that conversations between older people heard by children and only half understood or misunderstood, or a frivolous irresponsible attitude on the part of older people or older children or books may cause such a taint. Books do not need to be exactly bad to cause an entirely wrong outlook. If a child comes to a Co-educational school young enough, the general healthy robust tone of rough-and-tumble companionship will probably sweep away silly ideas and thoughts. But the physical, mental and emotional are so inextricably bound up that when adolescence has been reached the difficulty of changing the outlook is very great. There are those, too, who are temperamentally unsuited. Girls and boys of very highly nervous temperament or extremely suggestible are undoubtedly better amid surroundings which they feel are not novel or strange. It will be seen, therefore, that those of us who have a profound belief in Co-education do not wish to see it universally applied in schools at any rate.

(a) Adjustment to reality. A school is at best an artificial man-invented institution : it has not grown

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up from any law of nature as has the home. Now a Co-educational school has a great chance of being more like a home than a girls' school, or a boys' school. There are always some on the staff who are married who have children of their own. The very presence and influence of both men and women and boys and girls makes the school less of a monastery or convent. As long as there has been no pre-instruction in the awful regime of school, children act as if they were at home. At home people try to find out what children can do, not what they cannot, or where they are tripping, and it will be found that this home spirit of considering boys and girls as individuals and not as classes is one of the distinctive features of a Co-educational school. They are treated as individuals. Especially are their bent and gifts studied. So they come and find a place prepared for them, and that they are able from the first to be someone and give something to the community. There is very little of that cruel snubbing of the new, or showing them their place, in a repressing sense. The freedom of the fellowship is theirs from the day they set foot in the school. The combined wisdom and varying gifts of men and women go to produce an atmosphere of free comradeship where every boy and girl, unalarmed by nerve-wracking awesomeness, has a chance of being him or herself.

Vital energy is the most valuable possession; the superabounding energy of boyhood and girlhood is a most precious thing. If one is going to do any good at all one must get alongside this. One must somehow incline the heart of the boy to put that energy where one sees it is needed. It is extremely bad for a bumptious child to be relentlessly squashed,—squashed equally whether he is right or wrong. It is far better for him to be appreciated by the community at his worth and then shown the

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vistas ahead he has not attained. It is equally bad for a nervous timid retiring child to be taken at his own estimate. He needs to be made to feel that he is valued and has something to give. Only an atmosphere of reality will do this and will aid the adjustment to reality and society.

(b) The adjustment to society, that is, away from the self-regarding attitude to the finding of one's place as a member of society. Again, the more nearly a school can produce a replica in small of the wider society into which boys and girls will enter on leaving school, the more ready will they find themselves to enter into that society and adjust themselves to its needs and service.

Two factors come into this adjustment. Roughly speaking, all human beings are by nature either of the suggestible type, too ready to take advice and authority and not wanting to stand on their own legs, or too ready to be rebels and not want to do things, just because they are recommended. In these natural obstinacy is strong. To be an efficient and indeed a pleasant member of society these two tendencies must be, to a certain extent, harmonised. A child will not have adjusted himself to society if, when grown up, the knowledge of what his fellows think, or of what custom demands, makes him instinctively take the opposite line; or, on the other hand, if he remains so suggestible that he is ever ready to take on the opinion of the last person with whom he talks and imagines, moreover, that the opinion is his own. The same sort of atmosphere is needed to incline the ultra-suggestible to greater independence of judgment and to help the rebel-minded to realise that to fly off to the opposite of what is suggested is also lacking in real independence. Not one of conventionality, repression or unreality—this but intensifies suggestibility to weakness and rebel-mindedness to

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complete revolt—but rather an atmosphere of great freedom, which provides an opportunity for experimenting and is not too ready to say, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' It is the business of those in control to guard against experience being won too dearly or at the expense of others, but there is nothing we are suffering more from as a nation than the futility, poverty and fickleness of public opinion. We have turned out, and are still turning out from our schools, those who cannot think for themselves, who can form no reasonable opinions because when school authority is removed they rebound like a spring set free, either toward headstrong rebel-spiritness which is often blind and dangerous, or they remain coiled and submissive to every chance phase of doctrine and public opinion that comes their way. To give such freedom does make school life more difficult, especially for those in authority, but however self-opinionated, and sometimes tiresome and irritating, boys and girls may be in their efforts to be independent in thought, it is worth while trying to bear with it patiently and cheerfully. Schools that are producing this strenuous and independent attitude of mind in their boys and girls are doing a great service to the nation. Co-education should be able to achieve this result. One needs both types in a school, the suggestible and the rebel; boys, speaking very generally, tend more to the rebel-type and girls to the suggestible. Mixing freely with each other, they are likely to find out, unconsciously, before they leave to which type they themselves belong and to realise, too, the pitfalls into which their tendency may lead them. They will learn the weakness and the strength of the rebel and of the suggestible. In process of adjustment to society the following result should be accomplished: that a boy or girl should not lightly set aside any of the traditional conventions of the

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race, or those courtesies and considerations that generations have found helpful. On the other hand, they should not take on the traditional thought and opinion of the past unchallenged, or adopt it as a personal possession without submitting it to the searchlight of truth and judgment.

There are throughout school life the hours of intellectual study, literature, history, science and mathematics. These help very greatly in making the adjustment away from self to society, but these need not be dwelt upon; they are common to every school. The only advantage here in Co-education is the wider and more diverse points of view obtainable in a class from having both boys and girls present with their different paths of approach and different centres of interest.

(c) Following Dr. Crichton Miller, the third adjustment has been called adjustment to parenthood or potential parenthood. It cannot be without its result when boys and girls starting in the second form at about ten or eleven years old find girls and boys as their playmates without distinguishing between them. They romp and quarrel and make friends again, share hobbies and lessons without a trace of sex-consciousness or of any other relationship than that of child to child. There are some boys who imagine girls are soft and silly or at least have been told that they are, and about the age of 12 or so a boy may try to show his scorn, but he soon finds out that he is wrong and that softness or silliness is no more a general attribute of girls than of boys. The experience is all the more satisfactory that he makes it quite by himself and unsuggested. Sometimes girls have been taught the rhyme:

> What are little girls made of?
> Sugar and spice and all things nice—
> What are little boys made of?
> Rats and mice and puppy-dogs' tails,—

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or at least similar ideas have been presented to them. As soon as girls show signs of fastidious aloofness they will either be left to themselves to come round and discover their mistake or they will be laughed out of it. This sort of rub comes about the ages of 11 to 13, but it does not hurt a girl to hear a boy proclaim 'Girls are spiteful pigs!' for there is some truth in it, or for boys to be called 'blind bats' when they stump about figuratively on people's toes.

For the years from 13 to 17 or 18 they live together sharing lessons, some play hours, meal-times, school societies and responsibilities of leadership, and they learn much from each other, and any scorn or despising or silly unfounded antagonism or rivalry is practically unknown, or quickly changed to real respect and understanding. "I would give something to write an essay like that," remarked a boy of good scientific and mathematical ability in praise of a girl's essay. Girls in turn admire generously and fully the mechanical skill and scientific understanding of boys. By the age of 16 or 17 mutual respect, understanding and good comradeship are the results. This is what you would find in the sixth form of Co-educational schools. You will say, "But surely there is trouble at times; they are human boys and girls." There is from time to time. It amounts to the coupling of boys and girls together in idle, thoughtless conversation. This is quite contrary to the spirit of the bulk of the girls and boys. I am most firmly convinced that it would never occur if it were not suggested from outside of the boys and girls themselves through books, or the foolish attitude of some older people. Of course this cannot be proved, but any cases traced to their source bear out this conviction entirely. It takes very little to start off gossip of this sort—one thoughtless little person

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will do it and then it is like measles. When one becomes conscious that all is not well, and if one is sensitive to atmosphere it is pretty easily felt, the right method of attack seems to be to speak to any small group who seem affected or to individuals about friendship in general (preferably girls alone and boys alone) and point out that the most splendid friendships may be spoilt by being gossiped about. That it is like rubbing the bloom off a peach and that we have no business to rub the bloom off other people's peaches, to spoil good things that belong to others.

A boy should leave a Co-educational school with a knowledge of, understanding of, sympathy with and respect for girls, and a girl the same for boys. Is not this attitude a great contribution toward the solution of one of the world's greatest problems, the relationship of the sexes? Is not every boy and every girl who goes forth with clean mind and clear head, well informed and yet with real sympathy for and understanding of the opposite sex an enormous gain to the nation and the world? We can hardly tell how far-reaching the result may be. Hard work, hard play, many and varied interests, working on committees together, sharing of the responsibilities and authority of prefectship give the main direction to the relationship, and these things are not emotional. A very beautiful and true chivalry should and does spring up also, though it may show itself more clearly a year or two after school life. Girls learn, too, that chivalry is not only something they may expect but that they must give; it is the tenderness of the strong for the weak, and they are sometimes the strong in some directions.

(d) The adjustment to the Infinite is life-long and longer, but the way may be prepared by developing a right attitude between boys and girls and their own soul growth—first by self-control and then by ser-

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vice. No human being can rest truly satisfied in the completeness of his own life, for such satisfaction is death—moral and spiritual. When he has himself reached a certain level of development in personality he will come to a stop and go backwards unless he realises that the completeness of human development can never end in self. He must give out, reproduce, give himself and all he has to his Ideals for his own generation or for the future generation. It is easy in a Co-educational school to provide many opportunities for the service of others, and for the older boys and girls to realise the claims of the rising generation.

There are three objections raised to Co-education which I should like to deal with in full, but must merely touch on for lack of space. They are that Co-education makes girls rough and unmannerly, boisterous and lacking in refinement—that it puts an undue strain on girls at the beginning of puberty and that the mental make-up of boys and girls is so different they cannot well be taught together. It is quite clear that all these three points need constant thought, but it is also clear that very careful organisation, and unremitting consideration of individual needs and differences can prevent entirely any of these undesirable results. The two latter considerations involve special time-tables for nearly all girls over 14, but such individual consideration is greatly to the benefit of all concerned.

There is no question that the responsibilities of Co-education are very great and that much is demanded of the staff. They need to be very vigilant without being suspicious, sympathetic and approachable without being interfering, and in some way achieve that boys and girls feel that the best in them is seen and that there is full confidence it will come out on the top. If we believe that the distinctive wonder of human-kind is that relentless

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urge from within to growth toward perfection—physical, mental, moral and spiritual—we must desire that conditions may be found for the years of adolescene where growth may be as little interrupted as possible and where it may take place neither hastened nor hindered but according to the laws of the unfolding of personality toward completeness and toward perfect citizenship.

LYDIA S. GRAHAM.

Sidcot School,
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MARY ENGLAND'S DREAM.

"Take heed of many words, what reaches to the life settles others in the life. That which cometh from the life and is received from God, reaches to the life and settles others in the life."—GEORGE FOX.

"Dear and tender little Babes, as well as strong men, retain the pure in every particular, and let not anything straiten you when God moves. And thou, faithful Babe, though thou stammer and stutter forth a few words in the dread of the Lord, they are accepted. Let all that are strong serve the weak in strengthening them and wait in wisdom for the motion of the Spirit in them, that it may have time to bring forth what God hath given. And, dear Brethren, feed the Lambs, and loose the tongue of the dumb, that praises may arise among you all and that in Him you may be a wellspring of Love to one another in the power of the endless Love of God."—

WILLIAM DEWSBURY.
Epistle from York Tower, 1660.

PART I.

There was joy among a group of elderly Friends at a Monthly Meeting tea on the other side of the Atlantic nearly two centuries ago. On all sides in their neighbourhood tokens of fresh spiritual life were springing up. No longer were the hours of worship drowsy or formal. No longer was the ministry confined to the row of "weighty Friends" sitting in the gallery. The younger men and women also had been kindled to new ardour, and were glowing with the joy and responsibility of

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their Quaker inheritance. Besides being zealous in their attendance at all meetings, whether for worship or for business, they were also distinctly "Coming out in the Ministry." Possibly more critical observers than the group of elderly relations and friends who were drinking tea together in a sort of informal Ministry and Oversight Meeting might have observed a subtle danger in the atmosphere. In many places it was becoming almost "the thing" for the young people to speak in meeting. The temptation to keep silence had been conquered. The temptation to talk glibly still needed to be overcome.

On this particular Monthly Meeting day no less than nine or ten of the younger folk had "taken part acceptably," nearly all of them at considerable length. No wonder that the aged Friends, who had for long borne "the burden and heat of the day" as regards the ministry, rejoiced and felt that they were gathering in their harvest sheaves at last. There they sat, happily discussing the day's events over their customary dish of tea. Above the willow-patterned cups and saucers a cluster of dignified broad-brimmed hats and coalscuttle bonnets were leaning eagerly forward, sharply outlined against the dark oak panelling that divided the eating-room from the meeting-room.

"Truly we, no less than the Apostles, seem to be living in the days foretold by the prophet Joel!" exclaimed the venerable Elder who sat at the foot of the table. "Have we not seen and heard this very afternoon our own sons and daughters prophesying, and ourselves witnessed the pouring out of the Spirit upon our young men and maidens?"

"Yea verily. Yet was I rather reminded of the ancient Simeon," rejoined his right-hand neighbour. "I felt that thou and I, and the rest of our generation, might now indeed depart in peace hav-

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ing seen the salvation of the Lord, and knowing that a living testimony will be surely borne in this place, long after our own lips are silent in the dust."

"My thoughts were all of the polished corners of the temple," chimed in the musical voice of a blue-eyed woman Friend near the head of the table. "I rejoiced indeed that our young men were coming forward as plants grown up in their youth; but the weighty communications coming from the polished corners of our temple gladdened my spirit even more; since I know full well that it is often more difficult for a woman to break silence than for a man."

"Young Mary England seemed to find it so anyway," commented the Friend who was making tea, in an acrid tone. She was the one member of the party who was noted for caustic criticisms rather than for the loving appreciation which distinguished the rest. Nevertheless a murmur of "Poor Mary!" "Poor young maid!" ran in an undertone round the table at this remark. There was an undeniable feeling of disparagement in the atmosphere.

"It is not fair to judge her by to-day's failure," came the brave, rather hesitating voice of one of the younger women. "Timid and retiring Mary always is, but I have never known her actually at a loss before. More than once in our own meeting at home I have known her rise, not with a lengthy discourse, it is true, but with a few words or a text very sweetly uttered, and with the fresh dew of the Spirit unmistakably upon her message."

"Dear young Mary," rejoined, in a judicial voice, the Friend who had spoken about the "polished corners," "without undue disparagement, if she should hereafter have service in our meetings for worship her part would seem likely to be that of a latch-lifter at the temple gates. She may be

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thankful to be enabled to say a few words in right ordering that shall enable others to go in and out with greater liberty."

"As they did even to-day," continued the brave, hesitating voice of Mary's defender. "True, she could only stammer and stutter her few words: 'Green pastures, still waters' over and over again, in obvious distress, before she resumed her seat. Yet—did you notice Friends?—even those few words had their effect on the later, far more eloquent, offerings. Without them we might not have had young Amos' lively description of the scene by the well of Sychar, or Loveday's heavenly opening on the stream 'clear as chrystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb.'"

"Thou sayest well," concluded the Elder at the foot of the table. "It has been often remarked among us that the hesitating discourse of one who is but a babe in spiritual matters may yet enable others to discourse weightily and suitably and at great length on the same subject."

"Yes, yes, yes," repeated the blue-eyed woman Friend pertinaciously. "Little Mary England will likely be a latch-lifter for others all her days, while her more eloquent companions are permitted to praise the Lord in His glorious temple courts."

PART II.

Meanwhile the young Latch-lifter herself never imagined that even this humble vocation was being chosen for her by the older Friends. As Mary walked home across the green meadows after meeting (weighty Friends alone being privileged to stay

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on and partake of the dish of tea) her thoughts were full of dejection. Why had she miserably failed to deliver her Lord's message that afternoon? To venture to interrupt the formidable gathered silence of Monthly Meeting, to rise to her feet (oh! how her shoes had creaked on the wooden floor!), and, after all, to be able to say nothing but four words repeated over and over. No message there! Yet, before she rose, she had seemed to have much to communicate, to share with Friends. Had she not seen, with a new vividness, Jesus Christ sitting by the well of Sychar, and heard Him offer the "quicke water," as Wycliffe calls it, to the sinful woman. Mary's thoughts had followed her as she hurried back across the green meadows to call her neighbours—and later on had shared the messenger's own thrill of gladness when those neighbours announced to her: "Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves." Surely that must be the most joyful moment any messenger can know, for "the message is everything, we are nothing."

Yet all this had gone from her absolutely as soon as she found herself on her feet. Why was it? Had she been unfaithful? She knew she had humbly sought to follow her Guide. Could He have led her astray? In her lowliness and humility she tried to rejoice that others among her companions had to-day—as often before—passed in in front of her and had been permitted to feed the assembled flock from the green pastures which she herself had seen in the distance, to which her voice had pointed the way. Still the feeling of discouragement remained, and as she closed her eyes in her narrow little bed at night a few very bitter tears overflowed and ran down her cheeks in the darkness. Then, in the midnight stillness, there

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was sent to cheer her dejected, faithful soul a wonderful dream.

Mary seemed to herself to be once more in the familiar meeting-house, the scene of her failure the previous afternoon. She saw again around her all the other young ministers, who had not failed. There did not seem to be any of the older Friends present, but in the centre of the room was One who was, surely, surely the oldest, dearest Friend of them all. Mary recognised Him instinctively; and knew that all her companions did the same. She was sure He recognised them too, not just as a group but with an individual glance for each one, as if He knew and loved and needed every single soul present. In His hand he carried—what a strange thing for Him to carry, even in a dream!—a number of small earthenware jugs. These He distributed, giving one to each member of the assembled group as He bade them arise and follow Him.

"To follow Him? But that is joy!" Mary said to herself as she rose quickly and hastened after His swift footsteps, too intent on her following to turn her head and look back, but never doubting that all her companions were coming also, close behind her. The pathway led downwards to where a spring of water gushed out of a green hillside. "Green pastures and still waters!" The words came back into her mind, but with no painful associations now. Rather they seemed like a song of thanksgiving, though these waters were indeed not still but "quick" and living as those in the new Jerusalem.

As Mary stood gazing, awestruck, at their purity, "Fill thy pitcher, my child," came the command, in the tender voice of her Guide. She dipped her small stone jar in the spring, filled it, drew it out again, and set it on the ground, when to her as-

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tonishment the water inside began to froth and bubble till it ran over the brim and down the sides of the jug and lost itself in the earth, leaving the jug empty.

"Fill thy pitcher once more, my child," came the command again. Again Mary obeyed. Again she withdrew her pitcher when she thought it was full enough, and set it on the ground. Again the water began to bubble inside as she did so and went on bubbling till it flowed over the brim and was lost in the grassy meadow.

This happened several times. Gradually Mary noticed that the longer she held her vessel to the flowing spring the more water remained in the bottom of the jug after the bubbling had ceased. As she was wondering about this she heard her Guide's voice yet again repeating: "Fill thy pitcher once more, my child, and do not withdraw it from the spring until I bid thee take it out."

Obediently Mary held her pitcher to the flowing water and kept it there till her hands were numb and aching from the cold purity of the crystal spring. Her strength became nearly exhausted. She was conscious of a sense of almost unbearable strain. She felt as if she could not hold the little earthenware vessel a moment longer. Then, just as her nerveless fingers seemed on the point of releasing their grip she heard the joyful command in the voice of her Guide: "Now take it out!"

Thankfully she obeyed, and this time, even when set on the turf, the water in her small pitcher remained quiet, not bubbling over though full up to the brim. In a flash Mary understood the lesson she was meant to learn. "He never told me to withdraw the jug from the spring before. I always settled that for myself. That was why the water bubbled and was lost. Now I know He will always

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tell me not only when I am to fill my pitcher at the spring but also how long to keep it there and when it is really full." Then the thought of her companions recurred to her. "Have they been making the same mistake? Have they had to learn the same lesson, or am I the only stupid one, as usual?"

She turned her head to look for them, but nobody was to be seen. In all the green expanse of country Mary and her Guide were alone. She gazed up at Him questioningly, but for all answer He smiled upon her. In the glow of that smile, she awoke.

The memory of this dream became the most vivid reality of Mary England's life. Often before rising to speak in meeting she felt once more the sense of numbness and strain that had come over her when she held her pitcher persistently at the spring in her dream. Only now she had learned the lesson the vision was sent to teach. She no longer sought to withdraw her tiny vessel at her own will from the unfailing source of supply. She waited till it was clearly shown to her that the right time had come and that she might pour out living water to the thirsty souls around her. The joy of this service left no room for thoughts of her own success or failure. Neither did she any longer envy or criticise others. Her part was only to strive more and more perfectly to listen to her inward Guide, and to obey.

In later years, however, as the weighty Friends sipped their tea together after Monthly Meeting, one and another would sometimes remark how strangely Mary England had become a succourer of many in her ministry; "whereas our other promising young speakers have too often branched out into words, and have never become established as ministers of the Gospel."

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NOTE.—Mary England's Dream is told in "Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of Members of the Religious Society of Friends," published by The Tract Association of Friends, Arch Street, Philadelphia, 1871. The dream itself is given in full and the facts about the other young ministers are alluded to, but there are no details about Mary England herself or the locality in which the events happened. Enquiries at the Reference Library at Devonshire House show that a Friend of this name lived at Philadelphia in 1779 and 1785. If any reader on either side of the Atlantic can supply any further details about Mary England or her home I should be grateful for the information.

L. V. H.

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LIFE AT BOOTHAM FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I begin* this paper with a grudge—a grudge against the hours and the days which are rapidly bringing me to the point when I can no longer say "It is less than fifty years since I was a scholar at Bootham, having entered for the first half of 1867, and leaving midsummer 1871.

One of my first recollections is that of being in Fielden Thorp's parlour while a young man with a light red beard, and a pleasant yet dignified appearance, was taking some light refreshment preparatory to going away by train. He was none other than the genial Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who had some forty years before him in which to fight the cause of temperance, mostly as a Member of Parliament.

Another first recollection was that of Fred Neild bounding up the stone stairs, to conduct me to No. 7 Bedroom, where he also slept.

Fielden Thorp impressed me, just how and why, it is difficult to say; his massive features and powerful frame, with his clear, decisive voice no doubt counted for much, but I think that his Churchmanship and family environment accounted for more than he himself was aware of, certainly more than came under the ken of the small boy from Herefordshire. I was during this first half, the youngest but one in the school; arrival in the world forty-eight hours later in 1855 would have given me the

*This article was commenced in 1921.

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place of the youngest, which then fell to Charles Gripper, of Ipswich.

We were taken to meeting three times a week, and in the ministers' gallery there were Dr. Caleb Williams, John Ford, Fielden Thorp and John Stephenson Rowntree, then a young man with a ruddy countenance and black hair. His deportment was somewhat nervous as though he had hardly got accustomed to facing 100 school children.

I cannot say that I recollect the subject or substance of more than two sermons delivered in that house during my four and a-half years of school life.

One of them was by J. S. Rowntree, who told us he had been reading Robinson Crusoe—at one time a favourite book of mine. Then he brought up the question which Crusoe's man Friday addressed to his master, "Why God no kill the devil?" So far as I know, no real or sufficient answer was given to the question, and the Elders might, with good grace, have requested an interview with the preacher after meeting, it not being desirable to present problems to schoolboys which cannot be resolved without some unusual degree of spiritual experience and enlightenment.

In the individual history of angels and of men, does not the exercise of choice, at some time or other, become a necessity, a choice either for God and goodness, by which the serpent's head is bruised as George Fox loved to teach, or a choice to live independently of the laws of God, so that the serpent's head is not bruised, and death reigns instead of life? By faith in the manifestation of Christ the works of the devil are destroyed in us. When that is realised, it is a matter of no moment to us to answer the question "why God no kill the devil?"

On the women's side I only recollect one minister —Elizabeth Dimsdale. She wore a plain bonnet,

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and I believe had a real gift, though I cannot recall her matter; it was generally delivered with feeling and was worthy of being listened to.

I had heard or read of James Backhouse, as a noted and far-travelled minister, but for some months physical weakness prevented his attendance. I made up my mind to take particular notice of this friend whenever he should appear, so that memory might have the personal touch to draw upon in future years. One day a strange minister took a place in the gallery, and I particularly scrutinized him under the impression he must be J.B. But no! I was mistaken: the real James Backhouse who was rather short, with a long grey beard and soft felt hat, one day took his place at the head of the meeting, and I made my mental notes. His earthly mission terminated soon after, and the second sermon of which I recollect something was spoken in a few sentences conveying the assurance of his father's heavenly bliss, by his son James, on the day of the funeral of the former.

On the whole the colour of the meeting in those days was strongly "Evangelical," J. S. Rowntree's occasional departure into speculation being perhaps condoned on account of his comparative youth.

Silvanus Phillips Thompson in sixth-month, 1867, was head of the school, but he had not then developed those masterly powers which covered wide fields in Physics, Art, and perhaps I might also say in Language. James Baker, of York, was second. Among the scholars of that period were Albert J. Crosfield, James Edmund Clark, Alfred Kemp Brown; one of the leaving boys this half, was the best looking of any I remember during the 4½ years. It was painful to be told years afterwards by a prominent Friend of Dublin that his good looks were his ruin. He was an Ulster lad.

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Another Irish boy I recollect, of powerful build and not without deep religious consciousness, represented an old Quaker family; he went to South Africa, and his history so far as I followed it, was a sad one.

A little later on another Irish boy made an indelible impression on me. His position in class was by no means a flattering one, but his nature was affectionate; and it was reported that he wrote two letters home a day, one in black ink and one in red. He was one of the few who were troubled with home sickness.

The only boy so far as I know who was not a member of the Society came from Fochabers, in the North East of Scotland. He was a day scholar, but very well behaved. Bootham was not then a place for outsiders.

We had one poet among us. I would like to give a few specimen lines of his "Homer Aoidos" which I copied out, retained for a number of years, but cannot now find. Readers would, I think, agree with me, that he well earned his laurels, and perhaps they will identify him, when I say that he lives still at Newcastle.

In the second half of 1868 I had access to the Observatory, a really great privilege. The workshop made but a slight appeal to me, but the wide heavens and its myriad lamps . . . ! Since that time they have to me possessed an unspeakable interest beyond what they ever had before. Statements met with in Astronomical literature were interesting, but when they were transformed into actuality at the eyepiece of the Refractor, interest greatly increased. Where in the wide realm of nature can we meet with anything so awe-inspiring, so full of unspeakable majesty, as the view presented by the sweep of a telescope of quite moderate powers in any rich field of observation. Nothing that science has had

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to tell us about the universe, stellar distances, magnitudes, and movements in space has detracted from this majesty, but has rather added thereto.

Everywhere we observe order, yet an order that is ever under purposeful control, it never becomes the resultant of a blind force, if such there be.

"Order is heaven's first law"

and this is a saying that we have to learn to apply to the Church, as well as to the heavens.

In a few years, the number of persons who have seen both Venus and Mercury projected on the sun's disc in transit will be very small. I witnessed the latter transit at York, and the former after leaving school.

First-day afternoons were made occasions for Fielden Thorp to deliver a course of lectures on Church History, which comprised the history of Friends. He allowed us to choose whether we wished this finale to the course, and we decided that we did so wish.

These lectures did not come under the school curriculum, they nevertheless contained much valuable matter, and in my case paved the way for the study of eight volumes of Neander which my parents gave me on attaining my majority. I am not ashamed to feel a debt to Neander—although his place as an eminent Church historian has been challenged; underneath there runs here and there a refreshing current of Quakerism.

I have no doubt F. T. enjoyed his task, but he did not attain to freedom from bias. Barclay's Apology was by him called "an objectionable book," and George Fox's testimony in "the bloody city of Lichfield" while he left his shoes in charge of shepherds, was, according to the lecturer, given under a "mistaken" apprehension of duty.

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Joseph John Gurney, on the other hand, was set up as a "restorer of paths to walk in," instead of being treated as a dealer in tarnished gold. Edward Grubb and the writer were on these occasions seated at the right and left of the Lecturer and probably we both imagined ourselves to be modern Friends, but a more mature judgment has, in both cases, seriously questioned some of the positions F. T. had arrived at, and assigned them to decadence rather than progress, but from different standpoints.

In the summer vacation of 1870 I stayed a while at my Grandfather's on the borders of the Forest of Dean. He was old enough to recollect the winter of 1812, the time of Napoleon's retreat from Russia, when even here the snow lay almost level with the hedges; another recollection was seeing Marshal Blucher, and I think the Emperor Alexander of Russia at Westminster meeting in 1814(?) One afternoon during the visit I met a cousin who arrived from London at a little country station bringing with him news of the declaration of war by France against Germany.

Many times since have I found myself in the same surroundings, which seemed given over to peace and quietness corresponding to the poet's wish for

> "— a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful or successful war,
> Might never reach me more."

All along the western horizon were the steep escarpments guarding the table land of the Forest of Dean, with its reminders of the iron ore smelting industry in Roman times when Ariconium* was still standing unpillaged and unburnt. The site is about

*The name is still preserved in the name Archenfield for the Ross district.

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three miles from Mitcheldean Station. These wooded heights looking down on peaceful meadows and orchards cannot have changed much in appearance for centuries; the woods formed one of the very last homes of the kite in England, not many years since.

There to-day we see now and then uncanny vehicles speeding along the Gloucester road, with no visible means of propulsion; they are a sign that the world has not stood still, but not a too obtrusive sign. Is it possible that in nearly all the moments of this apparent tranquillity and rural beauty in 1914-1918, scenes of violence, destruction and disorder should have been proceeding in Europe, on a terrific scale, far beyond the events of 1870-76?

Is not the Great War rather a fearful nightmare which has obsessed the minds of the nations rather than an unrelenting fact. Here are peace and harmony, and if here, why not all over the world? Why not? Because our own lives are passed on the brink of a volcano. Because all evil as well as all good comes from within, from the powers which there strive for the mastery over man's affections, his mind and will.

The victory of the one power means, sooner or later, discord, misery and despair, which may be manifested in the outer world, as well as the inner world; the victory of the other power means the health of nations, the salvation and happiness of the individual and the brotherhood of mankind.

A few days after this walk with my cousin, I recollect hearing in a Leominster street that the news was "Only a skirmish at Forbach" in Alsace; but soon there came a long series of defeats while France was crumpled up without remedy, under the heavy hand of Germany, aided by the incapacity of the French leaders. At Spicheren, Woerth, Gravelotte and Sedan, France, who had prided her-

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self on being the first military Power in Europe, was humiliated : the instability of the third Empire was due to moral causes, though till the crash came but few could read the handwriting on the wall.

War news was pretty freely handed forth by John Fryer in the Senior Class-room, and I recollect his putting on the blackboard the name of a General who was to attempt to retrieve falling greatness, without permanent effect. His name—D'Aurelles de Paladine—stuck in my mind as something wonderfully grandiloquent. I remember, too, and think it must have been read aloud to us out of the *Daily News,* an account of some poor young recruits caught in the military net, and sent forward, as though the legions of Germany might have something to fear from them. This was their song *en route*—

Nous partons—tons—tons
Comme des Moutons
A la Boucherie.

On nous fusillera—ra—ra
Comme des rats
A la Boucherie.

Patriotic? Well if not, at least truthful.

Then came the fall of Paris and the Commune, with the spectacle of Versailles troops fighting their own countrymen in the interest of "law and order."

In those days, nearly all the school, and the teachers if they expressed anything, were Germanophile, while, the writer was an exception, without any tangible reason. J. F. Fryer put it down to Pro-Celtic sympathies.

I have before me a copy of "Die Geschichte der Preussischen Staate" (History of Prussia) which was found on a German soldier slain in battle and

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was brought to Leominster by a visitor whose action during the Commune made it not quite safe for him to be in France—there was also in the same batch of books a Bible History; the Germans in those days were students even on the field of battle.

The War Victims fund of 1870-71 was administered by a number of voluntary helpers in the Society. I don't know whether any are now living, except Theodore Neild, whose Visit to Phalsburg was printed, and Henry Tuke Mennell. The late John Bellows was also a helper, and his tract on the war around Metz contains some vivid paragraphs.

As to the education afforded by Bootham, judged by modern standards, it might have been more thorough, especially in teaching modern languages, but on the other hand, the educational field of activity was a wide one covering more subjects than would be thought proper to-day. I think the aim not to attempt specialisation was perfectly correct.

In the second half of 1870, a periodical appeared called the "Bootham Fortnightly" for which the writer and the son of a well-known Friend of Reading were mainly responsible. A piece signed "Conservator," from my pen, apparently took the Conservative side in politics from perhaps similar reasons to those which induced Defoe to publish "The Shortest Way with Dissenters" by resorting to irony at first unperceived by the High Church Party. If I recollect right, the other boy acted as Editor.

J. S. Rowntree was pleased to interest himself in one short article on racial history in family names, and this led to an invitation to his home to tea. A translation of one of the Welsh Chronicles of the Princes was brought to view. J. S. R. evidently did not confine his historical enquiries to English sources only. Personalities began to detract from whatever value the paper might have had, and

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Fielden Thorp rightly put his foot down by forbidding the publication during the next half.

As for Quakerism, looking back, I see that the boys were a good deal what their parents, and their meetings had made them. The general influences tended to make good citizens, but sufficient force of independent conviction as to spiritual truths was lacking, in most cases whatever the Society said was right, and was accepted by the parents; the children naturally followed them to the same conclusions. I do not think that the parents, for the most part, would have relished really strong Quaker influences, but what that phrase implies, I did not learn, and did not greatly value, until some time after leaving school. Nevertheless valuable impressions were made on my mind and on the minds of some of my school-fellows which we said little about to each other, yet can look back to with thankfulness.

JOHN EDWARD SOUTHALL.

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A LETTER TO ROME.

Q. Pontius Pilatus to L. Annaeus Seneca, Greeting.

Your letter from Cumae reached me most opportunely and gave me great pleasure. What happy memories it called up! I am glad you are well, and would go on, my young friend, to congratulate you on the pleasant time you are enjoying, were it not that to do so would be to flout your Stoicism. Pleasure, I am aware, which we of the Garden know how to appreciate properly, is for you not truly a good at all.

I thank you for your expressions of concern on my account. I am quite free of the fever now, and do not think it will return. But I am beginning to feel, Seneca, that I cannot remain much longer in this province. Do not think it is the delights of Rome that lure me. I do not miss the gossip of the capital as much as all that. I was never, as you know, much of a frequenter of the amphitheatre; and as for the races, it is all one to me whether the green or the red wins. Nor even—I blush to confess it—would the prospect of renewing our old discussions on duty and truth and the good be enough in itself to call me back from my post here in this far Judaea,—which I confess in some ways suits me well enough. But it is being borne in upon me more and more that I shall never understand the natives here, and though a governor need not be at too much pains to study the mind of the provincials, yet it is a continual affront to my pride to feel the life about me so alien and baffling to my comprehension. I suppose I am too indolent,

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too Roman. A little more of your friend Hermogenes' eager thirst for knowledge might have stood me in good stead after all. But, by the thunder of Jupiter, there really seems no limit to the fanaticism of these Jews : the slightest provocation and this smouldering bigotry of theirs will start into a blaze. They are men without any sense of restraint, any "Sophrosuné." Living among them, I have been almost in love with your ideal "Apatheia." Their thought carries them headlong into passion, sometimes passionate rage, sometimes a passionate austerity. And one would think that this deity they worship (have men ever really *worshipped* in Rome, I wonder?) broods over them continually. I have seen Jews here, an old "Rabbi" (as they call their religious teachers) or a mere wild herdsman from the hills, who had the look of haunted men : it is as though this god beleaguers their life at every point, besets them behind and before. He is not a thousand miles away, like Caesar (whose figure is becoming almost a cult among our simple legionaries), nor skied upon some Olympus summit, nor mysteriously aloof, serene and unregardful, as Epicurus taught.

Well, this religious, fanatical spirit has got me into trouble before now, and I am beginning to think I had better retire before worse happens. There was that affair of the aqueduct, about which I think I wrote to you. I meant to run a water-supply, you remember, for this sweltering Jerusalem, and did not think it unreasonable that the hoard of money they keep in their temple here should be used to pay for it. But, Venus! what a storm resulted! Riot and tumult and protestation,—and even bloodshed. Right at the beginning of my time here there was a worse affair ;—but there I admit I was to blame,—culpably tactless and rather unnecessarily brutal.

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As you know, my position is not of the easiest. People talk, and rumour (when hostile to the procurator) has an uncanny way of getting to the ears of the powers that be—in Rome. I only hope some grotesque travesty and exaggeration of this last incident, about which I want to tell you, will not find its way home to do me mischief. It is a trumpery affair, compared with either of the others, certainly. Only one man killed. But the story may serve to give you an idea of the mentality of this Judaea of mine. Or you may take it as a problem in ethics: "What should he have done? or, The conscientious procurator and the unwanted prophet."

He was a wandering teacher and wonder-worker (you know the sort), who had come, apparently with some following,—mostly of a low class—from Galilee. It is a not uncommon type here; and so long as they confine themselves to preaching and healing, I should not have any objection to them. But sometimes they develop a political ambition and I have to intervene. The adulation of the mob turns the ignorant fellows' heads or their god haunts them to madness, so that they lead a frantic attempt at revolt, which, of course, gives authority its excuse and the men are crucified. With this Jesus, however, it was different. He didn't start any revolt, so far as I could find out. He seemed a harmless enough person, to tell the truth; and there was a something about him that was out of the ordinary,—the way he looked at you, the way he stood with his hands by his side. He was certainly no common, crack-brained fanatic, one would have thought, nor yet a mere charlatan; and yet somehow the man fell foul of the priests and the city populace here, stirred up the blaze in them, and they came thronging to my Court of Judgment, clamouring for the man's life. Nothing would do but I must try him,—but for what? There was

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really only the flimsiest story of treasonable speech, some claim to set up a kingdom. Well, I had the man up, Seneca, and questioned him, though I fear I did not get much from that. "My kingdom is not of this world," he said; and, so far as I know, there is no treason in making yourself king of Cloud-cuckoo-town! But it was all in vain. It was no use protesting that I could find no fault in the man and couldn't therefore carry out their humane wish and have him crucified. The crowd in the court-yard grew. It began to look ugly, and we could see the Rabbis and Sanhedrin men (their little Senate, you know) at the back, egging them on,—though, in truth, that was hardly needed. My secretary came to tell me the excitement was growing in the city. And all due to some mad Jewish hatred of one harmless eccentric! Well, anyway, there is your problem. Stop reading this letter a moment at this point, and ask yourself, my good Seneca, what would you have done in my place?

"Fiat Justitia, ruat coelum"; and "ruat" *a fortiori* a poor, well-meaning procurator! It is easy to say that, but I do not pretend to be a Stoic philosopher. What I tried was this. Common sense it seemed at the time, and still seems; and but for something queer and exceptional in the whole situation, I believe it would have succeeded. It seemed to me that what was wanted was in some way to damp down these fires of fanatic hatred that blazed in the eyes of that mob, and that the only way to do that was to divert their thought and stimulate some other emotion in them. Now what if the object of your hatred is made to look ridiculous? Hate becomes scorn and derision,—a much less dangerous and inflammable passion in a mob. "Solvuntur risu tabulae." . . . And if on top of that the object is made to suffer—not death, but,

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well, say a severe scourging, one might expect that derision would be content to go home satisfied. Do you see my point? I tried to quell that ugly passion, raging for blood, by first giving the man a thorough scourging (they say he bore it with strange fortitude), and then handing him over to a squad of soldiers to make a mock of him, so that I could then present him to his tormentors—not as some one to take any longer with a ferocious seriousness, but as a figure to jeer at. So tragedy might be diverted into a bitter farce,—at the end of which the man could have been contemptuously released, his life saved, though at a cost.

The scheme went awry. It was not that the soldiers did not do their part. Under the lead of one centurion with a sense of farce they did it, I am told, very effectively. One got a twist of brier and made a crown of it for the self-styled king's brow, and another a reed for a sceptre and a piece of purple cloth for a royal robe, and then they knelt down to him and hailed him in mock obeisance. After that I had the man led out and presented him thus to the crowd outside from the bar with a fine simulation of ceremony. "Behold! Your King!"

But the effect I had counted on did not follow. Instead of jeers there was for a minute or two silence; instead of the light of bitter derision in their eyes I saw for a moment wonder, a sort of daunted amazement. And I turned to the man and understood why. For he looked—believe me or not—nothing less than royal. Grave he stood, the strange being, with a sort of kingly serenity, gazing straight at the multitude; and all that silly make-believe of robe and crown seemed somehow for a moment's hallucination real and transfigured to the same strange kingly dignity. And then the clamour and the hate, momentarily arrested, broke

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out with redoubled force: "Crucify him! Crucify him!" "Away with him!"

I had done my best to reduce the affair to its proper proportions and had failed: and I did not see what more I could do. It was absurd to risk a riot and perhaps serious continued disaffection for one man's sake. So, reluctantly, I confess, I gave him up to them to crucify. I first took care to do a bit of impressive mummery before the crowd, washing my hands in a basin and telling them that I was innocent of the guiltless man's blood. You may generally be sure that a dramatic piece of ritual (especially connected with washing) will appeal to a Jew; that at any rate I have learned about them; and I am told their books are constantly recurring to the idea of cleansing and blood-guilt. Also I insisted—in order to assert my somewhat ruffled authority—that a rather insulting inscription should be put up upon the gibbet on which the man was executed. The Jews did not like it, but I had my way in that.

Well, that is the story, Seneca—one episode out of the life of an on the whole well-intentioned and harassed procurator. I am aware that I do not come out of it entirely with credit, but I expect I should act much in the same way again, if the situation were to recur. One thing has been gained, however. I do not mean that I possibly averted a riot, though I believe I did, and that is something. I refer to another matter. The execution is hardly two months old, yet already there are strange rumours that the dead man's devotees are not dispersed but persist. Now, however this may be at the moment, I am pretty thoroughly convinced that my action will be shown to have prevented any permanent survival of some desperate fanatic cult of the lost leader. A dead man may, as you or I know well, arouse a lasting veneration. Peace be to the

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shades of our masters, Zeno and Epicurus! But a gibbeted felon? (His innocence will not efface the brand of the gallows.) Hardly, I think. And even if we grant this possibility, even if worship can triumph over the symbols of shame, is it equally potent against ridicule? Are not Mockery and jest fatal to the reverence of posterity? I can just conceive that the cross, by some strange perversion of mind, might become an object of homage instead of ignominy. But hardly that crown of thorns!

And do you not agree, Seneca (in your more human and un-Stoical moments!) that no thought can be more intolerable than that our name, handed down through time, should suggest merely some ugly thing of jest and mockery? The cult of Jesus, I am glad to think, will not long manage to survive that memory of the purple robe and the mocking soldiery. Better so. There are in truth too many of these sects, and, as I say, if I have been the means of nipping this one in the bud, I have at least done something.

But—why, I come back to my starting point with the confession that this entire business has once more shown me that I don't understand the Jewish mind, and that I shall probably never learn to do so. Why has it taken me so long to find this out, you will ask. I cannot say. I sometimes wonder myself and feel that latterly I have for the first time woken up to my incompatibility with my work here. And the curious thing is that for a few months of late—until a few weeks ago—I had begun to feel quite differently. I had begun to have a growing sense that a great opportunity was coming to me. I felt a boding of destiny, vague, but very real, that made the day-time more intense, the night-time solemn with a strange import. It is hard to describe the feeling, and I am in truth a trifle ashamed of it. It was as though some summons was ap-

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proaching out of the future, of infinite moment, infinite significance, the call to some supreme decision. . . But, by the gods, you will think that the superstition that is the very atmosphere here has bemused my wits! Enough that this feeling has passed, like other illusions. For some weeks now I have only been conscious of a growing sense of discontent and dissatisfaction with myself here. My whole life has become insipid to the taste. So perhaps I may contrive to get away before long. In Rome and among Romans I may find myself again and achieve the thing ordained,—you at least will pardon a Stoic phrase! At any rate I am a Roman and would not live on longer among the Jews. It is not worth while leaving a good official reputation, if your name is thereby linked for ever with such a people.

And so, farewell!

JOHN W. HARVEY.

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A TRIP TO AVALON.

If you want to learn hospitality you have to go to England. There are people in every country who like to invite friends and treat them with good things, but the English host adds to those good things something better—his own self. He places his house and his family and his own time and person at the disposal of his guests, and at the same time he succeeds in raising their vitality to a degree that makes them capable of receiving that most precious gift of personality happily and without self-reproach; you do not get that oppressive feeling of having accepted too much any more than in accepting Nature's gifts, however richly they flow upon you.

Travelling through England for a whole month, we have again and again experienced the sensation of coming home; in places that we hardly knew about, in houses we had never seen before. A door is flung open, friends' arms are around us, sweet children's voices ring through, the hall table holds letters and parcels for us, our rooms are warmed by a blazing fire, there is hot water kept warm by a cosy on the wash-stand, on a little shelf above the bed we find books, note-paper and blotter are on the desk, flowers, pictures and dear people smile at us all around, everything seems beaming with friendship and kindness, and host and hostess have nothing more important to do than to write our letters, receive our telephone messages, arrange our interviews, write out our time-tables and read the most secret wishes of our hearts, no, suggest wishes that we did not know of because they want more to read. A time in which the peoples seem to compete

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in harassing each other and in finding the best ways how to make each other as unhappy as possible, such a time as our own is a special background for that finest of all arts that shapes the raw material of every-day life into joy and happiness of thought and action.

Roger Clark, known in Vienna by his work for the Friends' Relief Mission, has invited us to Street for a week-end, to his beautiful home in Somerset. But he does not wait till we come; he goes four hours by railway to meet us. In Oxford, where we spend two days, he arrives soon after us, comes to all our meetings and takes us home, guiding us the nicest way round, through Bath, the favourite resort of all the heroes and heroines of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century novels. Passing the Pump Room, the Parade, the fine old "Circus," "Crescent," Gay Street and Queen's Square we seem to meet them all, the people of "Vanity Fair" and of the Jane Austen's, Richardson's and Fielding's set. They sit next to us in the tea-room and eat "Bath Buns." But we must not get lost in the charm of the past; here is the motor car waiting for us, very up-to-date and like the present. It is a big, jolly country-barouche that seats comfortably three people on the driver's seat and three on the back seat, even if they are wrapped up in as many furs and shawls as our friend's chivalrous care has wrapped round us.

And now we get a beautiful drive through the mild autumn evening. I have never in my life seen trees as beautiful as the trees of Somerset. Compared with them everything seems to grow unreal, small, indifferent, unimportant. War, misery, hatred, the wickedness of man and his agony, everything fades away in the shadow of the centuries which glide over Glastonbury and Wells Cathedral. Out of the vale of Avalon rise Arthur and

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Guinevere, Joseph of Arimathea founds the first Christian Church under these trees—what can one man's fate, what can the fate of two generations count for these trees? They look beyond it into the eternal sky.

And then we are at home, in Street, once again at home on first sight. Roger Clark's house is especially rich in sunlight, flowers, children and affection. The fireplace in the big hall is built so that you can sit around it, to make room for many children and guests. Everywhere there is a savour of fine wood and fresh flowers and happy youth.

The charming hostess is American; she has arranged a school in her house not only for her own, but for some other children of Street who do not use the public elementary school. My first visit in the morning is to the schoolroom; the children want to hear about Vienna. My heart beats faster while I look for words that might be good and clear enough for this meeting of the little ones. It is easy enough to address grown-ups. But children, oh! To try and make the children feel your feelings and think your thoughts, to reach into the very future by touching their little hearts! This is a task that might well make your voice quiver. But the children of Street are kind and attentive listeners. And they seem to understand; for afterwards, a lady attending our evening meeting of grown-ups, tells me: "My boy has told me some of the things you spoke of; he was so proud of being allowed to hear them before me."

Street—the place is called after an old Roman highway—seems to a visitor to be largely a family possession of the Clarks. If the Quakers were not so thoroughly democratic, one might talk of them as of an old Quaker aristocracy. Dr. Hilda Clark, the brave, able, clever leader of the Vienna Friends' Relief Mission, Alice Clark who runs the Austrian

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bureau of the Emergency Committee in London, Roger Clark who spends his holidays with the Vienna Mission, Margaret Gillett who went to South Africa after the Boer war to teach the women artistic weaving to give them a living, Esther Clothier and John Clark who teach and help and organise their own workmen at home—they all are grandchildren of John Bright, who as a Minister in Gladstone's cabinet, resigned because of the bombardment of Alexandria in 1881, and who is known as one of the greatest and purest of the statesmen of the Victorian age. His daughter and son-in-law, father and mother of the Clarks, live and work in his spirit. Their ample home in Street is filled with memories of him, his portraits and his books. This house, brimful of great traditions, is hardly big enough to hold all the children and grandchildren together with the guests from all the world over. At our Sunday dinner there we meet a visitor from Paris who has come on a few hours' visit. Our host is more than eighty, and lame for some years, he has to be taken from one room to the next in a wheel chair. Yet, what vitality of mind, what interest in politics, what warm sympathy in his visitors he shows! He serves me with the special delicacies of the place, with a charming smile. While he looks over the lovely lawn stretching before the large windows of the dining room, he seems to grow a symbol of calm, of fortitude, of concentration, part of great Nature herself.

On Sunday mornings when the Quakers of Street collect for worship in their fine meeting-house with the light wooden panels round the walls, you can hear in the silence the great minds of the past talk of self-sacrifice and devotion and a life of harmony in the service of mankind, of Christ's love that is stronger than misery and suffering,

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stronger even than death. The Quaker worship is silence, deep, concentrated, rich, solemn silence, full of life. Out of this silence that holds wonderful inspirations they get the extraordinary power which makes them do their work. No organ, no choir singing, no sermon could touch the soul as this silence does. Now and again somebody gets up to speak; from his mouth flow words that seem given to him from some secret source. He is trembling under the impression of a revelation that he tries to share with others as best he can. Then he sits down again, simply, modestly, as if a light is turned down—he seems taken back into union with the others, ceasing to be separate from them in sound. And the silence is flowing again, the sweet, mystic, creative silence. It seems to carry those that listen to it far, far—up to the end of temporal things.

Happy those that are allowed to drink from sources like these! Happy those who may leave the noise and troubles of every-day life and dip down into the silence and so come back to their real selves! They can never be quite desperate; somehow despair has lost its hold upon them.

Avalon, isle of the blessed ones, lost in the mystic ocean, dost thou come back to us in the Quakers' silence? . . . .

HELENE SCHEU-RIESZ.

Vienna.

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MEMOIRS OF A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY QUAKER.

Some two hundred and forty years ago, at a time when the dawn of religious liberty was arising in England, a North Lancashire trader, by name William Stout, recorded in a small neat hand in a quarto vellum-covered volume of coarse paper his business transactions, his religious reflections and his comments on the people and events of the day, and out of this old-world record we get many an interesting glimpse of the actual life of the period.

Parentage and Education.

He descended from God-fearing parents of the farming class, his father owning about twelve acres of ground in the neighbourhood of Morecambe Bay. At seven years of age William Stout was sent to the Free Grammar School at Boulton-le-Sands, where he remained till he was fourteen years of age. From there he was sent to the school at Hearsom (Hartsop), where he remained ten months studying Greek, Latin and writing. He developed at an early age an impressionable and enquiring mind and the promise of his godparents, in the Church of England Catechism, to protect him against the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of the world, so affected his youthful mind that he resolved that he would never take upon himself "such a charge for my children if I should live to have any." And with a remarkable insight he writes :—

"Let our outward profession of religion be what it will, no more is required of any person than what it hath pleased God to manifest to be his duty to

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obey and do. And true Christian charity will lead us not to censure one another for outward ceremonies, so long as we live in love and good neighbourhood, and observe the golden rule to do to others as we would expect they should do to us, in all moral occasions."

His father died in March, 1680, just a few months after he had arranged for his son's apprenticeship to a neighbouring grocer, and our diarist writes with true filial affection of his father's passing in the following words :—

> "A very few days before his death, as he was sitting in his chair by his house-fire, and in a good composure of mind and resignation to the will of God,—he called us all his children before him, and gave us exhortations to live in the fear of God and in duty and obedience to our mother, and in brotherly kindness to each other; and reciting to us the exhortations of St. Peter, 2nd Epistle, cap. 1., from verses 5 to 9, charging us to observe them, with several other exhortations, which he caused me then to put in writing, which I did and left with my mother to keep, but by some accident were afterwards lost or damaged, when I would have had them due, in consideration of the sweet frame of mind and melody of heart and soul he was then in,—it was very comfortable to us, and an assurance of his peace with God and future happiness. He was never inclined to make use of doctors or physic; but as he had lived temporately, to restrain himself to the will of God. He was endued with much patience, and went off gradually, without expressing much pain, and very sensible and composed till he expired as if fallen asleep."

His mother lived for another thirty-five years, carrying on her duties on the farm till she passed away in 1716, and her son pays a noble tribute to her memory. "She was always," he writes, "a tender, careful and provident mother to her children. Her disposition was always affable and courteous, and very neighbourly and charitable, to the poor, or to such as so pretended, minded her

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own affairs, and not talkative in matters not concerning her. She frequented the episcopal worship whilst at Boulton, but when she came to Lancaster, frequented the Presbyterian worship, but minded more how people lived more in the practice than the profession of religion, and she read much in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, and was not offended at me or my sister's entering into the communion with the people called Quakers, believing that we were convinced that it was our duty to do so."

His Employer.

Our author lived at a time when apprenticeship for seven years to a trade or profession was the necessary entrance to citizenship and to a career in business, and so his father, a few months before his death, arranged with a grocer and ironmonger in Lancaster to take his son as an apprentice, the fee payable being £20. After being a month on trial, he commenced his apprenticeship in May, 1680.

Of his employer he gives the following pen picture:

"My master then had a full trade for groceries, ironmongery ware, and several other goods; and was very much respected and trusted, not only by the people of his own religious profession, but by all others of all professions and circumstances, as well gentry as the most substantial yeomanry, and in appearance a very beneficial trade, more than I had after him. His credit was so much that anyone who had money lodged it with him to put out to interest or make use of, and, having great acquaintance, he acted much that way, and had money ready to answer his occasions in trade always.

"He was a person reputed to have a good judgment in horses, and was always buying or exchanging horses, which occasioned him to be often out in company of gentlemen and others, about horses, in public-houses, which tended not to his benefit, but diverted him from

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the necessary consideration and benefit of his trade, and we apprentices, lying in the shop were called early which seemed at first to be a hardship to me, but afterwards turned to my very good liking and benefit. But his wife, my dame, was one who took her ease, and took no notice of trade, or anything but indulging her children."

That his employer believed in the courage of his religious convictions is evidenced by the fact that he frequently allowed the Quakers to hold meetings in his house, although at that time every effort was made to suppress such gatherings. So severe was the persecution in the latter part of Charles II. reign that penalties of £20 each were imposed upon the preacher and upon the house or inhabitant where such meetings were held, and if the preacher or inhabitant were unable to pay, then the fine could be imposed upon any member of the congregation.

His Spartan Training.

The spartan nature of his training may be gathered from his reference to the great frost in 1683, of which he writes :—

"It was the longest and sharpest frost with snow that had been in the memory of any man then living; killed many sheep and cattle,—all rivers and fresh waters being frozen, so that water was scarce to serve cattle and necessary occasions. This was about the middle of my apprenticeship, about which time I attended the shop in winter with the windows open, without any sash or screen, till about nine in the evening, and with the windows shut and the door open till ten o'clock without coming into the house except to our victuals or to the fire; having our bed in the shop, and had my health well all the time; which, although it might seem a hardship at present, yet made me so hardy, that at any time I could endure the coldest season, if dry. I remember in that great frost, one fast-day (Sunday) I

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was earnestly invited to sit by a good fire with the family; but I had sat but a short time before I began to be faintish, and thought it best to leave, and walk out into the air, to be walking there, or active in the shop, where, when out of necessary business, I passed my time in reading or improving myself in arithmetic, surveying and other mathematical sciences, which I was most naturally inclined to, and made some progress in, more than my present station required, but was of some service upon some occasions afterward."

Early Wisdom.

The severity of his training, however, only strengthened his determination to persevere in his trade, and his diary records that in the last year of his apprenticeship, "I kept close to my trade, and without much conversation with any further than my occasions required, and that in a meek and gentle manner, not to give a just occasion of offence to any, and thereby appeased any from taking offence; neither was willing to enter into disputes with any about the outward ceremonies and forms of Christian professors, remembering what Cato in his Distiches writes, which in English is: 'Against men of many words do not contend in words; for many have words, but few have wisdom.' And although he was called a heathen, yet it was a Christian expression; and I have observed sometimes that wisdom has oftener demonstrated itself in silence than in many words, or natural or acquired oratory, which, as Elihu in Job says, 'darkens true judgment with knowledge.'"

An Early Quaker Meeting.

His religious training had been episcopal, his parents having educated him in the principles of the Church of England, but his employer was one

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of the growing number of Dissenters and, notwithstanding the severe penalties of the law, lodged and entertained the travelling preachers of the day and allowed meetings to be held in his house. It was on the occasion of one of these meetings that Stout was visibly moved to make a public profession of faith.

In his own words he describes his conversion thus :—

"But upon the first day of the week in the evening in the eleventh month, 1685, a meeting was held at my master's house, in which one William King, a plain country farmer, of Craven, in Yorkshire, preached; where I then attended, and the same was so much in the demonstration of the power and holy spirit of God, to exhort all to an obedience to the light revealed in the heart and soul of our duty to God, that it irresistibly constrained me to own his testimony and submit to my conviction and obedience to the inward teaching of the Spirit and power of God in Christ Jesus, which, if obeyed, would lead unto all truth. And the conviction was so powerful that I resolved through the divine assistance of the said power to make a public profession of the principles of the people called quakers, as most agreeable to the principles and practice of the primitive Christians, and the doctrine and self-denial and sufferings of Christ Jesus and His Apostles, who taught that, through many crosses and afflictions the kingdom of heaven is obtained."

His Strength of Character.

"Although I was then much comforted in the power and presence of God in my soul, I was sensible I must meet with many crosses and afflictions, in being obedient to my present convictions, which I earnestly prayed to God I might be preserved in to the last. And although I was fully convinced that the principles of truth, as professed and preached by the people called quakers, was what I ought to join with, and make open confession of, and had a sure evidence thereof by the comfortable presence and power of God, sealing the same to me in solid retirement, in waiting upon him in true silence—yet at times, natural reasoning suggested to me

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that, in conforming to the profession of the said people and principles, I should incur the displeasure of my mother, brothers, and sisters, and other my kindred, none of whom was of that profession, as also the hatred and scorn of my intimate neighbours and acquaintance in not giving a plural respect to a single person, contrary to the practice and example of primitive believers and Christians, as recorded in the Holy Scriptures, and practice of all antiquity, and contrary to our prayers to the Almighty and Omnipotent fountain of mercy. And also, I should be exposed to scorn in not uncovering my head in addressing to my superiors, and appearing in conformity with the many changeable fashions; and also it was suggested to me that, as I was now near entering into the world for preferment in trade or other business, my joining in society with the quakers would be a great impediment, if not wholly prevent my getting forward, as I might otherwise have attained to, if I had not embraced this religion; all which considerations I had frequently entertained, but kept to what I was convinced of as my duty to God; and retired much, and read and meditated on the Scriptures of Truth in which is recorded that through many crosses and afflictions, the Kingdom of Heaven is obtained, and that we must obtain a new birth, as the Scriptures witnesseth, viz., a natural and (a) spiritual birth; and that we must pass from ceremony to the substance of religion which is to depart from the corrupt friendship and practice of this world."

Opening in Business.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship Stout began to look round for a suitable shop, which he found in Lancaster and he gives the following details of his initial capital :—

	£	s.	d.
Money lent by his father to a merchant and designed for him	50	0	0
Interest thereon	3	10	0
Sale of land	66	0	0
Loan from sister	10	0	0
	£129	10	0

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He then decided to go to London on horseback with some neighbours, taking with him £120. The journey took five days and on arriving in London (1688) he put up at the Swan with two Necks in Lad Lane.

He then, with letters of recommendation, applied to several tradesmen and purchased goods to the value of £200, paying half in cash, "as was then usual to do by any young man beginning trade." Having spent a week in London, during which he saw his goods placed aboard a ketch bound for Lancaster, he returned *via* Northampton, Leicester and Nottingham, to Sheffield, where he purchased about £20 of Sheffield and Birmingham goods.

On arriving home he partitioned off from the shop "a small room for a bed, table and a small light, where I lodged, and upon the 28th day of the third month, 1688, I went to board with Alderman Thomas Baynes at the price of £5 a year, victuals and washing, but lodged in the shop, so was seldom in the house, which was adjoining to my shop, but at victuals, summer or winter; for in my apprenticeship, and sometimes after, we were frequently called up at all times of the night to serve customers; which obliged us to have a bed in the shop."

The Annual Meeting of the Quakers.

On Whit Sunday of 1690 he attended the annual meeting in London, at which representatives were present from all parts of the country and "where accounts are brought of their sufferings for tithes, and for refusing an oath in several courts, and other testimonies, and the necessities of the sufferers, and the relief of the poor, and many other occurrences incident among them respecting to good order and a truly Christian deportment in life and

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conversation; which meeting continued some days, and was much to my information and satisfaction and observation of condescension and piety."

Upon casting up his books at the end of his first year's trading he found that he was not able to clear his accounts, as "I had been too forward in trusting and too backward in calling, as is too frequent with young tradesmen."

He adjusted matters by taking out a bond for £40, and after totalling up his cash transactions for the year, £450 and his credit sales £150, he found he was about £50 to the good.

"Having no apprentice, and trade increasing, I was much confined and employed in keeping accounts and making up goods ready for the market. And in spring got up as soon as it was day and in summer at sunrising, and took a walk a mile out of town by myself, each day in the week, if fair, sundry ways, and returned in time to open the shop. And in the evenings, after nine, took a walk upon the Green Area alone, if fair; otherwise when out of business, I passed my time in reading religious books or history, geography, surveying or other mathematical sciences."

His Meeting with Highwaymen.

The next visit to London was not without its dangers. "I bought a horse, and about the middle of the third month set forward accompanied by John Bryer, and several neighbours, tradesmen, Christopher Proctor, John Powell, Robert Parkinson and several others,—eight or ten in company. At Preston I was doubtful my horse would not perform the journey, which very much discouraged me, but, being encouraged by the company, went forward and thereupon had better hopes; and at Dunchurch my neighbour Bryer, having occasion

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to stay, gave me the charge of his money, which, with my own, amounted at least to £100, and most in silver, gold then being scarce, and silver money beginning to be much impaired by clipping and counterfeiting, especially the standard money, coined before the restoration of King Charles II. Most payments were made in that money, upon which at that time people were obliged to have saddle bags to carry it behind them, which I then had, having occasion to call at Cony. Some persons observing us who we doubted were not honest, gave us some fear of robbery, and after a few miles they overpassed us, swearing, 'There's a troop of these men'; and about the same time we met at least one hundred pack horses in a suspicious place, which prevented them stopping us there, so got well to Barnet, where many travellers stopped, being told that robbers were upon the road; but seeing us come up and determined to go forward, they joined so that we were about twenty in company, and betwixt that and Finchley Common we met with abundance of waggons and carriages of King William's who was then going towards Ireland, to head his army there, which prevented any attempt upon us, and although they (the suspected persons) passed us several times, they at last rode off to the west of Finchley Common, and we got safe to Highgate, and so to London, although late; having travelled fifty miles that day, from Passiter to London. But we after understood that the next day they made a great robbery about the same place, of all that came by, taking them out of the road to a private place, till they had finished their robbery. At my coming to Sheffield my landlord, Joseph Downes, told me that he was one that was then robbed, as he was returning from London."

Each year he continues to take stock, and records that in 1697, after nine years' trading, and a loss of

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£220 through insolvent debtors, he has a clear estate of £1,100. During this period he states that, "I never sued any to execution for debt, nor spent 20s. in prosecuting any debtor; and to lose all was more satisfaction to me than getting all to the great cost of my debtor, and to the preservation of my reputation."

In 1697 he decided to sell his business to his apprentice, one John Troughton, the value of the stock and fittings, at cost being £187, for which he accepted three bills at six, twelve and eighteen months. His consideration for the welfare of his apprentice is shown by the fact that Stout remained for the best part of a year to advise him in the business and to recommend him to his customers. Troughton, however, in his new liberty took to frequenting undesirable places and finally to drink, the result being that he became bankrupt and brought his whole family into disgrace.

Stout Invests in Shipping.

Released from the burdens of shop-keeping, Stout was induced by his neighbours to take a sixth share in a ship being built for the Virginian trade, and he assisted in fitting her out for herfirst voyage and providing a cargo of the value of about £350. The ship named "Employment" apparently made a successful voyage, for in 1700 she is being reported for a voyage to Barbadoes with a cargo of butter, cheese, tallow and candles, and beef, bringing home in return sugar, cotton, wool and ginger.

In 1702 the ship made a final voyage to Barbadoes, but on the return trip was captured by the French (with whom England was at war) and subsequently ransomed at St. Malo. Returning thence to England she ran ashore off Fleetwood and was finally wrecked. Efforts were made to save the

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cargo of the value of £2,750 and some of the sugar, cotton, wool and part of the rigging was eventually sold, but Stout lost on the ship and voyage some £324.

Returns to Retail Trading.

During the five years up to 1704 Stout lost in wholesale trading and other ways about £500, but on totalling up his accounts at the end of 1704 he found he was worth £1,181. As a result of the bankruptcy of his former apprentice, John Troughton, he purchased most of his stock and reopened business as a retail grocer and ironmonger, where he took another apprentice, the son of a Hull vicar, and on totalling up his accounts at the end of six months he found he was worth £1,274. In 1706 he removed to his old shop, and by painstaking efforts so increased his capital that in 1707 he states he is worth £1,371, in 1710 £1,574, in 1712 £1,804, in 1714 £2,425, in 1718 £3,230, in 1722 £4,136, and in 1728 £5,000.

In this year, being sixty-three years of age he decided to retire and hand over the business of the value of £390 in stock and fittings to his nephew. He pathetically observes later that he found that he did not have "any due regard for my advice, which was a great trouble to me, that as I had taken so much pains and charge for his education and given him much encouragement to begin trade, and to be so slighted."

A Funeral Custom.

A curious funeral custom is noted. "At this time we sold much cheese to funerals in the country from 30 to 100 lbs. weight, as the deceased was of ability; which was sliced into two or three slices

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in the pound, and one with a penny loaf given to all the attendants."

His Love Affair.

The hero of our story remained single to the end of his life, although he came very near to marriage on one occasion.

"At 38 years of age when I," he writes, "might have thought that reason and prudence might have overbalanced affection and passion; but now found a contest betwixt them with respect to Bethia Greene, of whom I had entertained great hopes that she would deport herself with such duty to her parents as to gain the respect of all their friends; and my affections to her were so far captivated to her, that upon a solid consideration it was impressed upon her mind that if ever I married, it must be to her. At the same time, reason and prudence told me that it was very unequal she being twelve years younger than me, and she being brought up in a genteel manner, under a very indulgent mother, and I of a rustical habit and deportment, and way of living. But I resolved to contain myself for some time, to see how she would be dutiful and assistant to her parents, and converse with sober and discreet people. She was apprehensive of my respect for her, although I had not imparted the same to her, or any other person; and I perceived that she was very averse to it, in respect of my age and plain appearance, and retired way of living, and avoided all opportunity of coming into my company, although her father and mother would have encouraged me. In time I perceived that she (Bethia) was solely affected with light and airy company, young men and women, and had little sense of her parents' necessity of her good conduct and assistance, which was rather burthened than relieved her. Instead of that, she drew off the servants from their necessary business to lightness and vanity. Upon her deportment as aforesaid, it brought me to consider how many good opportunities I had slighted of marrying into good families to several young women of discreet behaviour and good fortune of my own profession and

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religion; being always resolved never to marry any other woman than professors of the people called Quakers' religion."

He eventually decided to withdraw from the contest and we hear no more of any love affairs.

England in War Time.

It is impossible in the space at my disposal to refer to a number of interesting references in the diary to such things as county elections, the rise and fall of fellow tradesmen and the follies of the period, but his notes on the changes in the nation during war time possess a more than passing interest. England was then engaged in fighting France and also Ireland, the sea, as our diarist records, being overspread with the French privateers and ships of war, &c.

"Before this war with France, it was computed that we paid to the nation at least one million of money sterling for their fashions, products and manufactures, over and above what they took from us of our products and manufactures; and although it was accident, during the first year of this war they took from us at least 500 of our ships, which were computed at half-a-million in value more than we took of their ships, which losses were great to particular persons, or merchants; yet the nation got or saved yearly one million of money, this year, to carry on the war with France, by being prohibited trade with them, and this put us upon the silk, linen, paper and many other of the manufactures, to the enriching this nation and particularly in the south of this country, in making canvas in imitation, and as good as their Normandy canvas and Brittany linen. As to wine and salt, we now had them from Portugal and Spain, who took from us the double value in goods of what we had from them. Also at this time the salt rock was found in Cheshire, from the brine of which they formerly made fine salt; but now they digged out the rock and carried it by sea to all parts of England and Ireland, and melted it in sea water, and boiled it up

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into a strong salt, as good as French (and) Spanish salt. Also abundance of stills were set up for extracting good and strong spirits from malt, mollases, fruit and other materials instead of French brandy. Some thousands of tons of prunes used to be brought yearly from France to England, and commonly sold 3 lbs. for 4d. and now not be had at 40s. a cwt. which now turned to the butcher's profit. Resin from France usually sold for 10s. a cwt., now advanced to 6d. or 8d. a lb. till got from New Zealand, where it was in few years extracted in as great plenty, as cheap and fine as French."

Recreations.

The recreations of William Stout seemed to be principally walking and reading. He made it a practice for forty years to take a walk of one or two miles out of the town each morning at sunrise and a walk in his garden in the evening. After he had retired he writes that he employed himself in the day time in reading over the whole Bible and Echard's History of England and Foxe's Book of Martyrs. He continually assisted his nieces and nephews, contributing towards their maintenance and helping in other ways; while he was frequently called upon to act as trustee for neighbours and friends. He was a frequent attendant at the general meetings of the Society of Friends, and in 1736 he writes:

"Upon the 10th day of the second month, this year, I took a journey to Whitehaven, to the general meeting of our friends there, which I performed with as much ease as when I was about twenty years of age, although I was now entered into the seventy-second year of my age. I have hitherto had my health very well, and have not been at one shilling expense to either doctor, apothecary, physic, or surgery for thirty years last past; and I have hitherto accustomed myself to rise at the

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sunrise in summer, and walk a round of two miles in the morning, in different ways each day of the week, and in my garden an hour or more in the evening. I began to use spectacles at fifty years of age, and could not see to write or read without them till I was seventy years old, but since then, my eyesight had returned gradually, so that I can now see to write or read without them; yet when I write or read much, I use them to preserve my sight."

His Passing.

At 79 years of age he was knocked down by a runaway horse and found unconscious, but careful recovery brought him round, and although this is the last event recorded in his diary, we find that he lived till his 89th year and was buried in the Friends' Burial Ground at Lancaster, leaving behind a memory of painstaking endeavour and faithful service. Throughout the diary we recognise in him a hard working, pious and humble man, ever ready to help those in need and striving always to set a good example to his fellows; of such men have the nation been built up.

J. AUBREY REES.

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Feet—juvenile and in need of rejuvenation

FEW things in Nature are more unvaryingly beautiful than the feet of little children. A baby's ugly foot is as rare as an ugly flower. In all ages they have been a delight to parents and a theme for poets. It is all the more curious therefore that the care of them is so little understood, that nearly every adult grows up to complain of corns, bunions, flat-foot or at the very least, cramped and perverted toes due to badly shaped or ill-fitting footwear.

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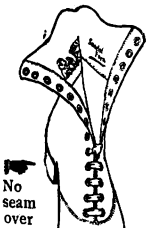

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FRIENDS' QUARTERLY EXAMINER.

No. 224. Tenth Month, 1922.

FROM THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR WINDS. XVI.

Albert Mansbridge, the leader of the Workers' Educational Association, should be a proud man to have dedicated to him so beautiful a book as Mr. George Trevelyan's new work on *British History in the Nineteenth Century*.* Mr. Trevelyan has the blood and the upbringing to be an historian. He has also the experience. Long ago I enjoyed his *England in the Age of Wycliffe,* and who among us has not revelled in his three red volumes on *Garibaldi* or his *Life of John Bright?* Well, this new book is up to standard, and unfolds the wonderful story of the expansion of England in our own times. Here is a picture of the evolution of Britain from 1782 to 1901, when the great Queen died; a continuous growth becomes apparent from economic to social, from social to political changes, and then the reaction from political to social and economic. During the first half of these 120 years the influence of the Inventors, "the men who destroy and create classes, constitutions, countries and modes of life and thought," was mainly the production of wealth at the high cost

* *British History in the Nineteenth Century* (1782-1901). By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Pp. 445, with maps. (Longmans, Green & Co. 1922. Price 12s. 6d.)

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of the destruction of the quiet old England of the eighteenth century, and even of life itself. Little wonder that such a course ends in a Reform Bill like that of 1832. The second part of the period is concerned with the building of a new world, interdependent, full of potentiality for progress or disaster, devised by all classes and all parties, and springing up out of science and philosophy and idealism. Yet in both periods British character and prejudice and common sense were the materials. I wish Mr. Trevelyan would now give us a comparable history of that same science and philosophy and those same ideals—for there I fancy is the hidden secret. But it is not obvious, and we English people are so shy of a rational explanation of our conduct and mode of life that it would be good for us to be 'brought right up against it' as our American cousins say.

Now what strikes me most in this absorbing story is the emergence of what is called Democracy. "His inmost soul," wrote Gibbon of Charles James Fox, "is deeply tinged with democracy." After the personal government of George III. we have the immense part played by Parliament, and then by the extension of franchise the control of Parliament passes from the borough owners to the people. The opinion of the nation was to count for more than the opinion of the aristocrats and the legislators. Perhaps in the realm of politics the Reform Bill and extending enfranchisement is the supreme change of the nineteenth century. Another thing of significance is that though, as we should expect, it was the workers who made the claim—Tom Paine the Quaker, Robert Owen the Welshman, William Cobbett, Francis Place, Joseph Arch, Thomas Burt—and fought the battle, it was all classes who ultimately concurred. Government by the people was not at-

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tained by imposition but by consent. In spite of extreme claims Crown, Lords and Commons still survive and subserve the will of the people. Cheap bread and relief of suffering prevent revolution, and so does enfranchisement, but upon more than anything else national concord depends on good understanding. All through the vicissitudes of the last century there was in Britain, with a few painful exceptions, a fair and increasing measure of understanding, not seldom amounting to sympathy, between the widely divergent classes of the community. And the divergences grow beautifully less. Nothing is more interesting than to witness the change of attitude of the Crown, or the Lords, or Palmerston, or Gladstone—or of the people themselves as they saw the unreasonableness of some of their demands. The consequence is that Queen Victoria left a nation which had become an Empire during her mighty reign, loosely knit by external ties yet one in purpose—with many problems unsolved it is true, with numerous internecine differences, but on the whole one in allegiance to representative government, to justice and to liberty.

Another thing which is very impressive is the emergence of far-reaching changes out of relatively simple and obscure origins. An invention here and there; a road, a canal, or a bridge; a coach, or a train, or a steamboat; the postal system, the telegraph, and the telephone—it was the enormous advance in inter-communication which did so much for Britain, between persons, between trades, between towns; hence ideas became current. As the evolution proceeded from certain variations in social well-being and convenience, so it resulted in social progress. Reform in prisons, schools, asylums, factories, workshops, mines, even in the open field, follow each other rapidly and separate the nineteenth

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century from the eighteenth. Conspicuous in the steps of progress was Lord Althorp's Factory Act of 1833 which fixed legal limits for the working hours of children and young persons, instituted inspection by central government, and laid the foundation for the factory code of the present day. Mr. Trevelyan goes so far as to say that "What the Reform Bill of 1832 was to all later Reform Bills, the Factory Acts of 1833 and 1847 are to the far-spreading system of statutory regulation which now governs the conditions of almost all branches of industry." Yet all this arose out of the appreciation of the simple need to supervise the daily work of women and children. The Parliamentary Committees of the first quarter of the century deal with the most human and domestic circumstances, yet the Acts which crystallised their findings have transformed industry throughout the world. Mr. Macadam's roads, Thomas Telford's bridges and Brindley's canals similarly revolutionised by pacific means the whole question of transport of men and goods.

I always find history the most attractive on its biographical side. Mr. Trevelyan says it is unsafe for the historian to overlook the personality and influence of great men, who are often in large measure the cause of some 'tendency' which only they rendered 'inevitable.' He illustrates this sound theory all through his book, which is a most satisfying mixture of persons and events. Pitt and Fox and Burke; Wilberforce and the anti-slavery movement; Canning, Peel, and Lord Grey of the Reform Bill; Lord Durham, the far-seeing statesman of Canada; Florence Nightingale, who emerged from the Crimean War, "with the only great reputation on our side"; Bright, Gladstone, Disraeli; the great Anglo-Indians and "the agent" in Egypt, the Lawrences and Lord Cromer; Queen Victoria her-

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self—they all pass before us creating and controlling tendencies, a splendid galaxy of nation builders. And the nation spread its influence over the world. In Europe we see the beginnings of the European War of our own day and so much of the makings—"inevitable" when made—of international strife; in the colonies over the sea we are the witnesses of the workings of the instincts, of the sentiments and of the genius for settlement which have proved the bulwarks of England. It is all a very wonderful story; and to Quakers particularly interesting, for as Mr. Trevelyan shows they had a substantial share in the new movements of social reform, of anti-slavery, and of education. I wonder how much of these foundations of empire is known or appreciated by the enfranchised persons here at home. Again, do we grow statesmen like this now? or are there no more giants in polity any more than literature? And our people, do they, like Edmund Burke, use what Lord Morley calls "grave diligence in caring for high things and in making their lives at once rich and austere"? or do they fritter themselves away in pleasure seeking and the worship of false gods? Do they, like Burke, fill their lives with solemn meaning and with an active consciousness of the mastery of laws, institutions and government over the character and happiness of men? It is doubtful.

* * * * *

Though Edmund Burke never became Prime Minister he proved himself to be one of the greatest of all British statesmen and perhaps almost the greatest thinker who ever devoted himself to the practice of English politics. Much of Mr. Trevelyan's story finds inspiration in him—colonial policy, national economy, our attitude to the French Revolution, the limitation of the monarchy. How

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terribly we need his wisdom and statecraft to-day. In John Morley's biography of Burke he tells us of his early training in the following words :—

"In 1741 he was sent to school at Ballitore, a village some thirty miles away from Dublin where Abraham Shackleton, a Quaker from Yorkshire, had established himself fifteen years before, and had earned a wide reputation as a successful teacher and a good man. According to Burke he richly deserved his high character. It was to Abraham Shackleton that he always professed to owe whatever gain had come to him from education. 'If I am anything,' he said many years afterwards, 'it is the education I had there that has made me so.' His master's skill as a teacher did not impress him more than the example which was every day set before him, of uprightness and simplicity of heart. Thirty years later when Burke had the news of Shackleton's death, (1771), 'I had a true honour and affection,' he wrote, 'for that excellent man. I feel something like a satisfaction in the midst of my concern, that I was fortunate enough to have him once under my roof before his departure.' No man has ever had a deeper or more tender reverence than Burke for homely goodness, simple purity, and all the pieties of life; it may well be that this natural predisposition of all characters at once so genial and so serious as his, was finally stamped in him by his first schoolmaster. It is true that he was only two years at Ballitore, but two years at this plastic time often build up habits in the mind that all the rest of his life is unable to pull down."

Nor was the Shackleton influence on Burke restricted to the father. His son was Burke's schoolfellow and for many years his nearest friend. Of him John Morley wrote :—

" . . . Richard Shackleton, the son of his headmaster, with whom he had formed one of these close friendships that fill the life of generous youth, as ambition fills an energetic manhood. Many tears were shed when the two boys parted at Ballitore, and they kept up their intimacy by a steady correspondence. They discuss the everlasting dispute as to the ultimate fate of those who never heard the saving name of Christ. They send one another copies of verses, and Burke prays for Shackleton's judgment or

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an invocation of his new poem to beauteous nymphs who haunt the dusky wood, which hangs recumbent o'er the crystal flood. Burke is warned by Shackleton to endeavour to live according to the rules of the Gospel, and he humbly accepts the good advice, with the deprecatory plea that in a town it is difficult to sit down to think seriously: it is easier, he says, to follow the rules of the Gospel in the country, than at Trinity College, Dublin."

When attending Yearly Meeting Richard Shackleton was accustomed to visit his friend, and in 1776 he reports him to be "the same astonishing bright luminary; the same affable condescending companion; the same steady faithful cordial friend." In 1780 he visits Burke at Beaconsfield and whilst impressed with the magnificence of his abode, he adds that he "was glad to find no condemnation." The regard was mutual as will be seen in the letter which Burke wrote after Shackleton's death in 1792.

"He had kept up the fervour of youthful affections; and his vivacity and cheerfulness, which made his early days so pleasant, continued the same to the last; the strictness of his virtue and piety had nothing in it of morose or austere; and surely no life was better and more happily spent than his. I knew him from the boyish days in which we began to love each other; his talents were great and strong and various. . . Apparently in a private path of life, his spirit was public. . . He sanctified his family benevolence, his benevolence to his Society and to his friends and to mankind, with that reverence in all things to the Supreme Being, without which the best dispositions and the best teaching will make virtue, if it can be at all attained, uncertain, poor, hard, dry, cold and comfortless."

A very worthy testimonial to a truly great Quaker headmaster.

* * * * *

I must not new pursue this Burke theme further, but I should like to turn to the Shackletons. There

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lies before me an old book I took from my bookshelf the other day to seek a reference on quite another matter. It is dressed in grey and its pages are marked by time, for its date is 1823; its title is *Memoirs and Letters of Richard and Elizabeth Shackleton of Ballitore, Ireland,* and its author was Mary Leadbetter, the granddaughter of Abraham Shackleton, famous headmaster and founder of the Quaker School at Ballitore.

This dear old book, for so I must call it, is full of precious things and brings with it a fragrance, I had almost said a perfume, of by-gone days. It tells a story of two hundred years ago—a plain, simple, homely story which changed the lives of men and left its indelible mark on Edmund Burke and on English thought. Abraham Shackleton the elder was born in 1696 in Yorkshire, and after teaching at David Hall's school at Skipton and marrying Margaret Wilkinson he established the Quaker School at Ballitore near Dublin in 1726. A generation later he was succeeded by his son Richard, who married first Elizabeth Fuller and after her early death Elizabeth Carlton. Now my old book concerns these two, who ruled the school for thirty years, and handed it on unimpaired to their son Abraham. More particularly it concerns the fatherly advice which Richard Shackleton gave his four daughters and his son as they grew up to maturity. He gave them information and trained them, thus providing for their education—for instruction and training and education are three different things—though many people talk of them as if they were one and the same thing. I have not space to quote as fully as I should like, but something may be said, and for convenience we may make three categories of advice—on wisdom, on humility and on starting in life.

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(*J.*) *On Wisdom.*

Ballitore, 1767. Rather live under, and appear under, your ability than over; you will experience safety and quietness in it. The contrary is a temptation and a snare, and an inlet to many dangers of various kinds.

Dublin, 1770 (to Margaret). The great point is to make straight steps, and keep steadily right on our way in the right road, without loitering, looking unnecessarily behind, or in the impatience of our own spirits, pressing too hastily forward. . . Too many are taken up with foolish, trifling gewgaws, quite unworthy of the noble rational mind.

Ballitore, 1773. A religion which does not enter into a man's feelings and influence his life, can be of no service to him; it is inanimate, dry and formal.

Waterford, 1779 (to Lydia). The friendship which the world professes is generally capricious and insincere; their favour is deceitful and their applause uncertain; but by commending ourselves to the consciences of all men in our dealings with them, and in the way of our occupation doing service to God rather than to man, we shall be upheld over and above the fluctuating tempers of men—over their insidious smiles as well as their over-bearing frowns.

Clonmel, 1780. Too much backwardness and too much officiousness are equally offensive.

Tottenham, 1781. Religion is the safety, the happiness, the glory of human nature. By its sanctifying virtue, natural and improved abilities are kept in due subjection and regulated and directed to useful purposes; by this we have counsel and wisdom in dubious and intricate concerns; by this we have resource and consolation in distress; and by this we have the evidence, the assurance, the earnest of a happy immortality. Aspire after a knowledge of it, my dear child; with all thy acquirements endeavour to acquire this.

Ballitore, 1782. It is the affecting to appear something above our abilities that renders us contemptible, and which, if persisted in, will be in danger of making us bankrupts. . . . If we would build a firm wall, we must not hurry it up too fast; we must go on gradually and allow the cement to dry.

Dublin, 1784. Our great loss is in that we are apt to be cutting and carving for ourselves, and so we become as vessels marred upon the potter's wheel.

Ballitore, 1790. Be frugal, not parsimonious; liberal, not lavish.

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(*II.*) *The Treasury of the Humble.*

Ballitore, 1773 (to Margaret). Mayest thou, dear child, be preserved in simplicity and nothingness of self; in humility and lowliness of mind, seeking diligently after, and waiting steadily for, the inward experience of that which is unmixedly good.

Ballitore, 1776 (to Mary). Be thou also careful, my beloved Mary, to centre deep in humility. It is the tree which takes deep root downwards that is most likely to stand against the storm. This is the springtime of thy life; may thy tender innocent heart be open to receive the precious seed. . . My dear child, above all things be humble, be humble. Humility goes before honour; it is the humble whom the Lord teaches of His ways.

Ballitore, 1779 (to his son). Each of us has the high fit, the low fit, and the cross fit; and if there be not mutual forbearance and condescension we shall lose peace on earth.

Clonmel, 1780. Treasures of a far more noble kind than any this world can afford are laid up for the poor in spirit, the simple and honest hearted, and those who think little of themselves.

Dublin, 1781. The full the self-sufficient, as they seek not, so they receive not; as they do not feel themselves poor, they neither labour nor beg. The Lord's poor are fed at His gate, but the rich and the full are sent empty away.

Clonmel, 1782. Seek *first* the Kingdom, was the precept of the Great Master: first, in the early part of life: first, as the object of greatest value: first, as requiring the most diligent attention and pursuit.

(*III.*) *On Starting in Life.*

Ballitore, 1777 (to Margaret, recently married). Trust in almighty help, be not anxious about contingent circumstances, nor look too far before thee; live a day at a time as well as thou canst and leave the future. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We are creatures but of a moment, so that in husbanding and improving the smallest portions of our time consist our greatest wisdom.

Lisburn, 1779 (to Deborah). The past is irrevocable, the future uncertain, therefore *now* is the accepted time, and *now* is the opportunity which should be laid hold on, and diligently improved.

Clonmel, 1780 (to Deborah). If we neglect a proper care of our bodies, disorders will hurt them; if we omit to seek

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for spiritual nourishment our souls will be in danger of perishing; and if we exercise not our reason to cultivate and improve our understanding, to form us and our manners, our spirits may, in our progress through life, contract dispositions which will much disqualify us for fulfilling our several departments in life with propriety and with ease and satisfaction to ourselves and others .

Clonmel, 1780 (to his son). It is remarkable how in the moral world the crime of irreverence to parents is punished in its own kind, and the iniquity of the parents, in this line, visited on the children from generation to generation. In all sins the crime begets its own punishment; but in this, the crime begets the punishment in its own likeness.

Ballitore, 1782. To be led and governed ourselves by wisdom can alone qualify us to train up our children.

London, 1791. Alterations, changes, dismemberments, &c., will fall out in families. Get settled on that which is unchangeable.

Ballitore, 1791. I do love to see business going forward, and the youth stepping into their lots, lively, experimental witnesses of the power of an endless life. A little longer time, and we are numbered to the silent grave, in common with all generations which have been before us. Let us then, while we *are* here seek for help to do our duty.

I am sure the readers of the *Examiner* will like to have these beautiful thoughts from this bundle of old letters. They will not be surprised to learn that Richard Shackleton became the friend of great men, and that his influence as a Headmaster went forth from Ballitore to a wider world. "He delighted and instructed his associates because he was humble; the gentleman, the scholar and the Christian were united in his character. It was by his own fire-side that his sweetness of temper and unaffected piety beamed brightest." That is very good, and clean and wholesome. I close this old grey book with regret, almost with reverence, and I shall turn to it again and again.

* * * * *

As I have already hinted, at the back of Mr. Trevelyan's book there is something with which

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he does not deal, the silent, unobtrusive, but penetrating and all-pervading march of science. The nineteenth was the century of science in its relation to progress. Its effective application to the whole of man's life is for this present century. At Hull the other day the President of the British Association (Sir Charles Sherrington) dealt with Animal Mechanism. In the space available to me I cannot discuss his Address, but I may name four points which may be taken from it.

Professor Sherrington dealt with one of the two greatest modern advances in physiology, the control of the human body by the nervous system. The body contains many organic mechanisms, which have been investigated in recent years and the new knowledge has altered our whole understanding of man's powers, but above them all and controlling them all is the nervous system itself, a mechanism outside our own consciousness, regulated in part by the chemistry of the body and in part by reflex reaction to physical stimulus; and strangely connected with our instincts, passions and emotions. Thus, "each insight into mechanism reveals more mechanism still to know," and "to arrive at one goal is to start for others." Then, secondly, the President went a step further and made it clear that the various mechanisms which maintain life, and the forces which regulate them, are mutually interdependent, and it is their co-ordination and integration which ensure the unity of the organism. Thirdly, there is the question of the supreme control of the mechanisms of the body of man. Is that also only a mechanism? is it only governed by chemistry and physics? or is it controlled by mentality? Professor Sherrington had to admit that the relation of Body and Mind eludes us still, and remains an enigma. But it is being illumined in many ways, and it is to be noted that every ad-

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vance honours the mind—"actuated by instinct and instrumented by reason." Lastly, the President's address confirmed again the truth that the only true security of advance is the scientific method—a method to apply not only to scientific work, but to all work and to all endeavour.

But like Mr. Heath and Mr. Unwin, in their moving article in the present *Examiner,* I want to go one step further. Science should be brought ultimately into the service of man or the service of truth, otherwise it is without value. Not all science is immediately applicable; but all science should become part of the whole realm of truth, should guide and inspire the scientific method in all things, and should be applied to the benefit and not the hurt of man's estate, to worthy and not unworthy ends. Only thus can it subserve man's redemption of man, only thus can it save itself and be itself.

"What is all science then
But pure religion, seeking everywhere
The true commandments, and through many forms
The eternal power that binds all worlds in one?
It is man's age long struggle to draw near
His Maker, learn His thoughts, discover His law—
A boundless task, in whose infinitude,
As in the unfolding light and law of love,
Abides our hope, and our eternal joy."

The House of the Four Winds.
October, 1922.

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SOME ASPECTS OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.*

It is the President's privilege to preface the discussions of the Guild of Teachers by recalling the less controversial aspects of the main subjects to be considered. His task is to set out those things that are generally believed among us, and if he can revive afresh the sense of their importance, so much th better. If he descends to commonplace, he can at least find consolation in Lord Morley's observation that 'commonplace, after all, is exactly what contains the truths that are indispensable.'

For a similar reason, this paper will be concerned with the general aims of religious education, and will not deal with questions of curriculum or method, nor attempts to sort out the problems presented by the stages in our development from infancy to manhood. There may be incidental references to these matters, but the writer is little qualified to expound subjects so difficult and prefers to tread safer ground. It is with the aims of religious education as a whole, from the kindergarten to the University or Adult School, that we are at present concerned. If religious education in school, college, and Christian society were what it ought to be, what results would it achieve?

Before we outline the results we should seek to reach through our schools, and through our other agencies of religious education, it may be well to suggest that we ought not to put our expectations

* An address to the Friends' Guild of Teachers, delivered at Woodbrooke, January, 1922.

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too low. We are sometimes tempted to think that little can be effected by religious teaching. Here, if anywhere, the proverb is true about our ability to lead a horse to the water and our inability to make him drink. We are familiar enough with the limited power even of correct teaching to inspire either religious faith or virtuous conduct. A character in Dr. Abbott's Philochristus says I have heard a certain Greek of mine acquaintance in Capernaum say that virtue cannot be taught: for that some men have their hearts inclined by nature to do well, but others to do ill: so that it availeth nothing to say, "Learn to do well." The element of truth in this is reinforced again and again in the history of religion, where the perception of truth has often been unaccompanied by an effective religious life. Another passage from Philochristus will bear this out. Mr. Montefiore and Dr. Abrahams and other Jewish scholars are never tired of reminding us that the Pharisees had fine ideas about repentance and forgiveness, and that the teaching of Jesus goes little if at all beyond these. In this connection, this passage from Dr. Abbott's book is worth noting. His hero says "It was borne in upon my mind that we lacked not the true doctrine of forgiveness (for this we had already in the Law and the Traditions), but somewhat beyond the reach of doctrine: albeit, what it was, I did not yet understand." Doubtless, the ultimate thing in religion lies beyond the reach of doctrine. The best of teachers may get disappointing results, and religious education in the narrow sense of instruction cannot guarantee any positive religious results at all. Among the many pleasing strokes of humour in the Chronicles of Dawnhope, not the least happy is that which makes the first and second books of Samuel figure in a new curriculum for the fourth form as "Elements of Theology." The Biblical

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study in many schools is not calculated to promote a religious end. At the same time, it is a mistake to underrate the importance of imparting information about religion and the history of religion, and it is equally a mistake to enter upon religious education in a wider and truer sense with the expectation of failure or of limited success.

In this connection it may be suggested that the relation of education to religion is not fundamentally different from the relation of education to all higher human interests. It may seriously be questioned whether our schools are more successful in stimulating love of truth or taste in art and literature than in promoting faith in God. In each case the mere imparting of information carries us but a very little way. In each case the best teaching may pass like water off a duck's back from a majority of those who come under it. There is no particular reason why our educational agencies should not be as effective religiously as they are or should be scientifically and aesthetically. Then again it is worth remembering that religious education in schools, however indifferently done, cannot fail to have important results. The desire of the Catholics to control the early education of children is based on a sound instinct. These school impressions stick. They may not make a child a good Catholic, but they do make it very difficult for him to conceive religion in any other than Catholic terms. He may never become a good practising Catholic, but the chances are that Catholicism and religion remain for him identical throughout life. This may be generalised. If religion is taught at a school perfunctorily or as part of a code of good form, it will continue in the boys' eyes to be a perfunctory business or a matter of respectability. We can be sure of the strength of this early bias, when we recall how our first religious habits and forms

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of expression persist. I find even now a tendency in prayer to relapse into phrases I learnt as a boy. Consequently we must beware of supposing that the content and character of the religious teaching given in schools are unimportant because it may not achieve a desired religious result. It will almost certainly achieve other results which we do not desire.

If, however, positive religious results are frequently wanting, and the issue of much religious teaching in schools is a more or less polite indifference to religion, the cause does not lie in the inherent difficulty of religious education, but in the spirit of the religious teaching itself and in the fact that we have not very clearly set before ourselves the legitimate aims of religious education. It is to the discussion of these aims that I now invite you to turn your attention, because whatever may be the particular stage of education with which we are each individually concerned, we cannot determine the contribution that should be made to religious education at that stage, unless we have a clear conception of the purposes of religious education as a whole.

If we try to imagine for a moment such a monstrosity as a completely educated person, what would his or her education involve religiously? In the first place, such a person should clearly be acquainted with the influence exerted by religion in the past, and he should be familiar with the main forms of religious life and thought which at present help to make up human society. In a famous sentence at the opening of his treatise on Economics, Alfred Marshall has suggested that the two greatest factors in history are religion and economic conditions, that men are determined mostly by the way in which they think of God and the way in which they get their bread and butter. The influence of

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religion he regards as the more spasmodic and intense, the influence of economic conditions as the more persistent. This is not a complete philosophy of history, but it does focus attention on the main springs of change and progress in history, which I personally would find in the interplay of religious and economic forces. But for our present purpose, it is sufficient to note that the course of history is unintelligible without some study of the part played in it by religion. Acquaintance with existing influential forms of religious life and thought is also essential to world-citizenship. It is unnecessary to remind you of the baffling factor introduced into international problems by religious conflict. I am inclined to think that Lord Acton was right in asserting that religious divisions still go deeper than divisions of class, nationality, or race. The world-citizen must at least understand the existing religious divisions, and a sound religious education in explaining these differences would go some way towards healing them.

So far as it is a matter of curriculum, this aim might be achieved by including the history of religion as a subject of school-study. Whether a place can and should be found for this subject even in our elementary schools, raises many difficult questions; but I would commend to you a sensible, though for him somewhat dull, essay by ex-Abbé Loisy on the popularisation and teaching of the history of religions. His general conclusion is that the more one reflects on the subject of the history of religion, the more one becomes convinced that it is absurd to say nothing about it in the elementary schools and that it will be very difficult to say anything about it usefully! But the main interest of his essay is his attempt to define the character and spirit of such teaching, if it is given. He claims that in the national schools the teaching must be

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neutral, but that neutrality must not be interpreted, as the ecclesiastics would interpret it, to mean the exclusion of anything that contradicts the accepted beliefs of any church. Loisy's idea of neutrality is that it means the presentation of actual religious systems in a positive and sympathetic way, but without hiding their conflicts with other systems or with the findings of scientific or historical research. On the other hand, he would deny that neutrality is observed when the history of religion is handled either with the Free-thinker's presupposition that all religions are equally false or the Theosophist's assumption that all religions are equally true. The essay was prompted by the publication of Reinach's Orpheus,—a manual of the history of religion which is very witty but rests on the view that all religions are forms of human error. Whilst Loisy would not have the evil side of religious history cloaked over, —full justice must be done to that view of religion which inspired the poem of Lucretius—yet the question of the truth of religion ought not to be foreclosed in a negative sense by a truly impartial handling of the theme. This seems to me a true ideal. In our own elementary schools, I would not have religious teaching necessarily confined to things on which the Churches are supposed to be in agreement. I would not have differences in religion ignored in our schools, so long as they were treated respectfully. I should not object to my son receiving religious teaching from a convinced Churchman provided the Churchman had taken the trouble to understand Nonconformity and spoke of it with respect. On the other hand, I should not feel very confident about the influence of a Friend teacher if he was not really interested to discover why so many Christians were not Friends. A survey, as impartial as we can make it, of the history of the religions of the world and of Christianity in

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particular seems to me the essential basis of a sound religious education.

Two questions may naturally be raised at this point. The first is this, is it desirable to make the history of religion a separate subject and should not the treatment of the matter belong to general history? The second is this, is such a handling of the subject of religion, rightly called religious education? As to the first, my own inclination is to merge the study of religion in the study of history. I should prefer the knowledge of religious history to be communicated somewhat as it is in Wells' Outline of History. And I do not think the teaching of history will ever be what it ought to be, until we give to the religious and economic factors the importance which Marshall assigns to them. In any case, I believe the tendency to relate subjects one to another is one of the healthiest developments in modern education. We have suffered in the past from the isolation of subjects in our own minds and from a premature specialisation forced on the schools by University requirements. And the Universities themselves often fail of their ultimate function; they do not succeed in placing men at universal points of view. And I agree with Wells that our education lacks unity and this lack of unity is due to the divorce of education from religion.

"The over-riding powers that hitherto in the individual soul and in the community have struggled and prevailed against the ferocious, base, and individual impulses that divide us from one another, have been the powers of religion and education. Religion and education, those closely interwoven influences, have made possible the greater human societies whose growth we have traced in this *Outline;* they have been the chief synthetic forces throughout this great story of enlarging human co-operations that we have traced from its beginnings. We have found in the intellectual and theological conflicts of the nineteenth century the explanation of that curious excep-

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tional disentanglement of religious teaching from formal education which is a distinctive feature of our age, and we have traced the consequences of this phase of religious disputation and confusion in the reversion of international politics towards a brutal nationalism and in the backward drift of industrial and business life towards harsh, selfish and uncreative profit-seeking. There has been a slipping off of ancient restraints; a real *de-civilisation* of men's minds."

No doubt this divorce goes further back than the nineteenth century. It must be traced back to the break-up of the mediaeval culture under the influence of the Renaissance. We need a new educational unity inspired by a religious faith,—a subject to which we will return later—and so far as the question of curriculum is concerned, I believe that we should be better served by giving religion its due place in our teaching of history than by offering it as a distinct extra-subject which might never be related in the minds of students to their other interests.

Coming then to the second question, is the kind of neutral teaching of religious history, suggested by Loisy, true religious education? I would answer yes and no. It is not all that is required for the formation of positive religious convictions or the development of personal religion, but it renders a real service to religion. In a sentence or two, the treatment suggested by Loisy associates religion with the love of truth, and the treatment attempted by H. G. Wells associates religion with reality. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of these associations for a healthy religious life. Consider the first for a moment,—the association of religion with the love of truth. The weakness and the curse of religion is the unwillingness of religious people to face facts which do not fit in with their preconceived ideas. Over large areas of the history of

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religion, the fear of truth is more conspicuous than the love of it. It would be difficult to serve the cause of religion more effectively than so to present the theme as to link religion indissolubly with truth. The association of religion with reality is hardly less important. We are well aware how easily our religious beliefs are divorced from the rest of our interests, how readily in politics and business we affirm principles which we deny in our professed creed. Wells's treatment of religion would afford some antidote to this. One clue to the isolation of religion in our minds may be found in the treatment of Scripture in our schools, as a distinct and isolated subject.

Probably in public elementary schools we ought not at present to attempt to go beyond such a neutral presentation of religious history as Loisy outlines, and probably also the end we have in view would be best attained by enlarging the scope and improving the character of our teaching of history. But in Christian schools and in denominational schools, religious education may and should include further and more definite aims. Religious training will be inspired by a religious conviction which we desire our pupils to hold, by a religious experience which we desire them to share. The world-citizen needs not only a knowledge of prevailing religious beliefs, but a positive religious faith of his own. Here again Wells's attitude seems to me significant. The unity of mankind and world-patriotism require a religious foundation. Somewhat similar is Loisy's tribute to the Catholicism which rejected him, and which, it must be said, he rejected. "The ancient faith contained a spirit, an ideal, a virtue. In catholic Christianity, this spirit, this ideal, this virtue were something very splendid. What indeed were they, if not the very idea of humanity itself, of a world-wide family, of a common fatherland,

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made of all fatherlands; of the communion of all men in all truth; the perfect solidarity between all men and all human groups: brotherhood without limits, the struggle for unity; the consciousness of a great work to be achieved on earth by the love of all, faith in the future of the human race?" This is finely said, and describes the catholicism we all need, the spirit of Christianity. We shall not hesitate to suggest and inculcate such a faith by all the means at our disposal which are at once legitimate and wise.

For my own part, I do not believe any such hope for the future of the human race or devotion to a world-wide ideal can be permanently sustained without faith in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The idea of a moral purpose in history seems to me bound up with the revelation of God through the prophets and through His Son. The supreme end of religious education is the discovery and acceptance of this Divine purpose by every man; personal surrender to a will, higher and other than our own. In this connection, I may suitably say what I have to say about the place of the Old Testament in religious education. As far as I can see, the main religious significance of the Old Testament is two-fold. (1) It is essential to our grasp of God's purpose. It shows us the gradual self-disclosure of God. (2) It is a considerable if not indispensable aid to personal communion with God.

So far as our understanding of the reality and character of God's purpose is concerned, what may be called the evolutionary value of the Old Testament is all-important. But in describing the gradual revelation of God in the Old Testament, we often tend to stress the negative implications of the evolution and to obscure its positive significance. The negative implications are brought out by con-

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trasting the rudimentary and sometimes mistaken moral and religious ideas of the Old Testament with the fuller light of the New. This aspect of a genuine evolution must be made plain; especially as many people think they can do justice to the fact of development in the Bible without admitting that the Old Testament and the New Testament cannot stand on the same level of authority if the development is genuine. As F. E. Pollard says, the evolutionary value must be put in the forefront, because it is essential for moral discrimination. We have had Old Testament Christianity enough and to spare. It is essential to break down the superstition which attributes equal authority in morals and religion to the Old Testament alongside the New. The book cannot be understood on this basis and its influence is often positively mischievous. When, however, we go on from this to suggest that the Old Testament and the New Testament should normally be bound up in separate volumes, the one to be labelled Judaism and the other Christianity, it is open to question whether we are not failing to realise the true nature of the evolution we are concerned to interpret. Religiously it is at least as important to bring out the essential unity of the Bible as to render intelligible the different levels of insight in different parts of the Bible. We must help those whom we teach to see that the God who disclosed Himself bit by bit to the prophets is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. In handling any Old Testament incident it is doubtful whether we ever do full justice to it, by merely contrasting it with the New Testament revelation. We should seek to discover in it some real though partial disclosure of the God who is made manifest in Jesus. An example may help to clear the point. Take the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel. It is

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right and necessary to point the contrast between the attitude and conduct of Elijah and the Christian standard. The element of savagery must not "be cloaked over and ignored." In the light of Christianity, we may regard the test of miracle as crude and unconvincing. But it is not in any such contrasts that the significance of Carmel is disclosed. However crude and savage the history is, Elijah is none the less the true forerunner of Jesus, and must be so interpreted, if we are to get at the full religious import of the event. Jesus, too, presents men, as Elijah did, with inexorable alternatives. 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' I would go further and say that the choice which Elijah forced upon Israel was essentially the same as the choice which Jesus presents to the world. It is not enough to tell boys and girls that Baal, like Jahveh, is a groping after the Eternal, only a less successful groping. It is more important to help them to realise that in religion the choice between higher and lower is practically a choice between true and false, and cannot be compromised, without disaster. Carmel represents a turning-point in the religious history both of Israel and the world. Adherence to Baal would have meant stagnation and degradation: progress and truth in religion depended on loyalty to Jahveh. In general we must appreciate the Old Testament as the record not simply of man's search after God but of God's dealings with men. In it is disclosed that Divine purpose which gives meaning to human history.

Another aspect of the Old Testament, to which exception is sometimes taken, seems to me to have positive value as an aid to personal communion with God. I refer to the personification of God, especially as you find it in the earlier parts of the Hebrew Scriptures. God is presented as "an external and separate being. And do we not need to

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make every effort not to externalise God and not to detach Him from man's own spiritual endowments?" That these simple personifications of God in Genesis do cause some intellectual confusion and tend to perpetuate naive anthropomorphic ideas of God, is undoubtedly true. But in our sense of these drawbacks we may easily overlook the true value of this personification of God. It serves to bring home to the mind and perhaps especially to the child-mind, two very important truths about God,—first, the thought of personal communion with God, and second, the thought of God's transcendence. "The value of these naive representations of Jahveh lies partly in the fact that they help one to realise that God is one who has direct personal relations with men and partly in that they enable one to think of God. The ordinary human mind must think of God in concrete terms and even now conceives most easily of the personality of God in terms drawn from human analogies. One of the most impressive passages which represents the Divine Being as personal and present is that in which Moses and Jahveh are pictured as speaking together almost as if on familiar terms. 'And Jahveh spake unto Moses face to face as a man speaketh unto his friend' (Exodus xxxiii. 11). It is perhaps not too much to say that this clothing of God in human form, that men might see Him in their imaginations and realise that He was not altogether out of man's reach, was in its own way a step towards the Incarnation" (R. A. Aytoun, "God in the Old Testament"). This vivid sense of God as an external and separate being who holds intercourse with us as friend with friend, is part of the religious treasure of the Old Testament, and must not be dismissed as one of the primitive limitations which faith is destined to outgrow. Here, too, an apparent crudity conceals an essential link

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between the revelation of God in the Old Testament and the revelation of God in the New. Furthermore, this so-called externalising of God does remind us of God's transcendence. Certainly we want to train our children to look within and to hear God speaking inwardly. We do not want to detach God from man's spiritual endowments. But at the same time, we must not identify God with those endowments. That is one reason why George Fox refused to equate the Inner Light with conscience. Bernard Shaw has a sound reference to "the millions of humble and obscure persons sometimes totally illiterate, sometimes unconscious of having any religion at all . . . who have kept sweet the tradition that good people follow a light that shines within and above and ahead of them." We depend on a light that can be so described,—a light not only within us, but above us and ahead of us. This sense of the 'otherness' of God is essential to true religion. We need ever to remember that God's ways are not our ways, and God's thoughts are not our thoughts.

I hold then that in any survey of the history of the world, a very high place must be given to the religious experience of Israel, and I doubt if any teacher can do more to help children to reach an understanding of God's purpose for mankind, and to take the first steps to personal communion with God, than they can by implanting a deep, discriminating love for the Old Testament.

H. G. Wood.

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ABOUT EDITORS AND PIRATES AND OTHER THINGS.

If in the course of this article we are observed to drop occasionally into the first person singular the lapse must be condoned, for the reason will be presently obvious. This is a story—a perfectly new and true story—mark that, please, and, as it happened to *me* and not to *us*, we must be allowed to tell it in my own way, that is to say, I must be permitted to relate it in our own style.

This is getting mixed: we detest mixture, we know what it leads to: was there not a Western editor once who printed the following—it touched upon political differences with his sub, a horse-thief, as he averred, a boodler and blood-crusted mugwump, questions which do not affect us, it is the grammar we shy at.

"The Ham-descended bunko-steerer then forced his way into our private sanctum, compelled us to seat ourselves in the waste-paper-basket, assaulted us with our ruler, emptied our paste-pot upon our head, blackened our eye and stole our watch."

This (the prosody, I mean) may pass in Kansas but won't do here. We yield to none in our respect for the literary amenities, but this time the 'we' must go.

I am, you must know, that meekest of creatures an occasional contributor, a harmless drudge, little apt to nourish resentments, and as unmeet for the defence of right as a guineapig. And yet, so wicked is the world, that thrice within a twelvemonth as I do live by ink, I met a Pirate (spell it

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with a capital P, Mr. Linotype Operator, if you please).

It was like this. Moved by innocent and laudable considerations I had put together a little thing upon—Heredity, let us say, and posted it to the editor of a scientific journal. It appeared and within the week was transferred bodily without acknowledgment to the pages of a semi-religious weekly, the organ of a sect renowned for its severe morality. Did I ——? I did not. My meek remonstrance was written, so to say, with a dove's quill dipt in milk and water. I forgave, and they forgot. Therein I erred, for look you, a theft is still a theft though the thief be an eminent Christian of conspicuous probity who unselfishly appropriates what isn't his from the purest of motives. A safe maxim is never to condone piracy—except for money down.

Note what followed. The month was hardly out ere, sipping the thin and stinted coffee of Grub Street, I received two letters. One was an advertising Baby-Food man's circular masquerading as a magazine, magnificently encarnadined and gilded, and quite too profusely illustrated. Bloker, it seemed, was the spirited proprietor; Bloker's Patent Anti-Fits Infant Food was lauded in displayed type at the head, and at the foot, and around the margins of every page.

Wheresoever the eye turned sprawled a processed infant of generous proportions displaying unabashed surfaces assuring the reader that it was a product of the Baby-Food-man's art.

Sandwiched between the pages devoted to advertisements were snippets of letter-press, elementary science illustrated by borrowed cuts, rough margin'd from the scissors, redolent of paste. Almost I preferred the babies. 'Almost?'—mistake me not, I am far being one of your baby-haters. I dote not

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upon larval humanities capricious and insanitary—I speak as I find—but I go not so far as an acquaintance who avers (and I believe truly) that wild horses shall not drag him up the nursery stairs; nor to the lengths which moved Browning to his well-known description of a Crêche,

> " . . . toads in a poisoned tank
> Or wild-cats in a red-hot iron cage!"*

The thing did not appeal to me. I opened the second letter. It was from Bloker himself, the great and only Bloker, known to me as to the rest of mankind by his multitudinous and inevitable posters. He addressed me cheerily as 'Dear Miss' —I am a man albeit a little one,—he confessed to having appropriated an article of mine; 'you'll see I have stollen (sic) a little thing of yours'; casually mentioned that to fit it for his purpose he had 'alterd it a bit'; hoped I shouldn't mind and enclosed a cheque for a guinea.

Snatching his gaudy ware from the grate I turned its pages with trembling fingers and found 'Heredity' interposed between a fat and surly cherub and a triplet, all four attired as were our first parents, and warranted the results of undeviating adherence to Bloker's Anti-Fits Preparation.

If the collocation was humiliating the editing was an outrage. The shears had been used without pity or discretion. Ah me! what statements I found myself committed to, and what grammar! 'Twas a signed article if you please.

Did I —? Again I protest that I did *not*. No profane or injurious expression escaped me. Being constitutionally a somewhat broken-spirited creature I merely returned the cheque, with temperate

* *Childe Roland* is confessedly obscure, but our correspondent's interpretation seems of doubtful authority.—Ed.

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FRIENDS' LIBRARY
1[illegible] 15TH ST.

stiffness requesting the Baby-feeder to call in his advertisements and delete my article, or, if this were in the nature of things impossible (for I pretend to no skill in the Baby-Food mystery) to send ten guineas to the unsectarian charity I named; the asylum for Occasional Correspondents.

Bloker's reply was typical. He spoke for his class, the great, hard-headed, iron-handed, money'd middles, back-bone of our Empire. From the empyrean of prosperous advertisement he regarded the crawling scribbler beneath him and, with no thought of impropriety as I am persuaded, addressed me in terms which would have been impertinent if employed by the Lord Chancellor to a blackbeetle.

My grievance was too ridiculous to discuss. My *property?* What property could result from the contact of a cedar pencil with a penny version book? The comicality of my claim was irresistible and tickled Bloker to Homeric laughter.

His theory of copyright was early American; the writer has no rights.

These pleasantries lost little of their crudity in the correspondence which followed. It seemed that my 'thing' was intrinsincally too worthless to 'bother about.' Bloker had never liked it; had 'all along' regarded it as the weak spot in his issue: had put it in to please his sub-editor; could easily have substituted 'better stuff' had I objected sooner.

Thus it was all my fault. Anyway, he wasn't the man to be blackmailed, was not Bloker. He would take it fighting. An injunction? Ha! Hah! he was curious to see what I should get; he shook, so to say, a bag of doubloons in my face and dared me to come on; trained his Long Toms upon my peaceful deck, ran up the Jolly Roger and manœuvred for the weather-guage. Now, I profess myself a man of peace. We of Grub Street are

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next of kin to the worms and used to being trodden underfoot, but, 'tis a long worm that hath no turning; I turned, and— the corsair paid!

Bloker the buccaneer I have never met in the flesh; may I never meet him. Hence I am free to summon his incorporeal presence before the quiet eye that is the bliss of solitude. Ho! methinks I behold that bronze column of bare throat, that jewel'd ear, those coal-black ringlets escaping from the tassel'd cap, that be-daggered belt with its prodigious buckle, the hand on hilt, the 'austere regard of controwl.' Such is the Bloker of my thought, a combination of the penny dreadful and dear Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Pirate King.

A man once told me, who claimed to be in the Baby-Food line, a countryfied person, possibly a Baby-farmer, he said, I repeat, that Jeremiah Bloker wasn't that sort at all, but a mildish, baldish individual with glasses. I refused to believe him.

The Bloker had struck his flag and abandoned piracy yet were not the narrow seas of literature free to the humble coaster.

'Twas the religious newspaper again, an ambiguous craft flying dubious colours, owned and commanded by the Rev. Wilberforce Wagstaffe, L.LD. He, like some old Venetian free-booter when St. Mark's was a-building, lifted five entire columns of my hewing (the supports of a short story), trimmed their capitals with ruthless chisel to suit his private architectural taste, adorned them with original cuts of a distressing vulgarity, altered the title and suppressed my name.

Taxed with his piracy he called it—*quotation* and essayed to face me down. The man's enunciation was slow, his eye steady; it occurred to me at the time that interviews of this sort were all in his day's work.

Like a Nap expert he called brazenly upon a bad

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hand. The patent facts he met with a stolid bluff; it failed; he pleaded the mass of copy, the cares of oversight ('tis a smallish weekly), and four adventurous sub-editors.

Who shall say that the professions are overcrowded? Why ask what to do with our sons? Literary piracy must needs be one of the finest of careers; *there must be millions in it.* Think of four—*four* predacious sub-editors steadily thieving all their time! I am lost in envious astonishment, my virtue totters; O, Wagstaffe, Wagstaffe, almost thou persuadest me to be an editor!

For, look you, the Wagstaffian method is of the simplest, the profits enormous, the risks infinitesimal; advantages which it shares with company promoting and fraudulent bankruptcy, excellent livelihoods both. The whole world of modern letters lies helpless as an oyster beneath the hand of the literary pirate. He has merely to steal his good things from periodicals read in the drawing-room and to reprint them with necessary simplifications in the story-newspaper perused in the kitchen. The author's cook enjoys her master's romance in the room beneath his study, both unwitting!

If one in five hundred larcenies is detected—he pays. This was my case: the Rev. Wilberforce Wagstaffe never fights. His is the *noblesse* of the robe, not of the sword: slim and elusive is this Man of letters. Letters? quotha, *letters of marque*! Letters? 'letters three do form his name,' F.V.R. videlicet.

No, there was no fight; some highish words across the counter in the presence of amused underlings; upon my part pressure, steady and meek, and then it was all over, the black flag came waggling down the halliard: *what would I accept?*

Yet must I confess to a sneaking fondness for the literary buccaneer; his morals are deplorable, his

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sea-manners all to seek, but his means are not to be gainsaid and are very much to my taste.

Once get you the rogue under your lee carronnades and held to ransom, trust me, he gains his freedom at a great price, terms which your honest editor cannot rise to.

So fared it with the Rev. W. W. With unctuous snuffling he planked me down the broad gold moidoes and pieces-of-eight; he paid and he sailed away. Hull down, hull down and under he dwindles to a speck and I am sweeping the horizn to find the next.

H. M. WALLIS.

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OUR HERITAGE.

We, members of the Society of Friends, have received a great heritage from the past. Bygone generations of Friends have left such a record of integrity and consistent living that the name of Quaker is, to-day, an honoured one and Friends are spoken well of and generally looked up to by the community.

This inheritance, which has come to us through no effort or merit of our own, calls us to dedicate ourselves to the work of maintaining those influences which have been the source of such help and power in the lives of Friends in the past.

The centre from which the Society's activities and influence radiates is the Meeting for Worship. On the right holding of these meetings everything depends in both our life and work; this makes it vitally important that the ministry in our meetings should be such that it raises the spiritual life to such a high level that power and energy will be generated in abundance.

God speaks to man for the most part through his fellow-man, and it is through the minister (that is, he or she to whom the delivery of the message is entrusted) that the individual needs of our members ought to be met. The ministry should speak to all conditions bringing help, encouragement, consolation or inspiration according to need.

The functions of the ministry should not stop here, however, but should be particularly concerned to develop and enrich the spiritual life. It is most important to remember that the life of the spirit does not come to us as a perfected whole but rather

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as a plant needing care and cultivation if it is to come to maturity and bear fruit. The awakening and building up of the life that is life indeed is at once the privilege and the bounden duty of the minister.

The ministry should also be concerned to express to the world our own particular message—Friends' principles—or we might be more easily understood if we said Christ's way of life as interpreted by the Society of Friends.

How can we make our ministry effective so that our meetings shall fulfil their purpose?

The most important factor contributing to an effective ministry is prayer, sincere earnest prayer, in all, but especially in those who take a vocal part. They, particularly, need the sense of the presence of God and the power of His Spirit working through them so that their messages may ring true and bear the stamp of the Divine authority. How can this realisation of God's presence be attained except by definitely seeking for Him? And where can He be found except in the hearts of those who seek? All down the ages those who have lived closest to God and spoken with the greatest authority to their fellow-men have been men and women of prayer. Prayer is the medium through which man reaches out to God and God reveals himself to man.

Another factor is preparation of spirit. The meeting and the needs of those who will be gathering there should be on our minds before we set out from our homes, so that when we reach the meeting-house we may be ready to settle down in the meeting at once instead of having to collect our thoughts after the meeting has begun. Preparation in this way is a very different thing to taking a prepared message with us. By thinking of the individuals who make up the meeting we put ourselves in the way of being entrusted with a mes-

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sage which will speak to their condition, which a prepared address, however ably conceived, would most probably fail to do.

We should remember that it is not only those who take vocal part who are responsible for the effectiveness or otherwise of the ministry. We need to realise that we are all of us individually responsible. The meeting will be in some measure what we make it. We can, and do, each of us, contribute to the atmosphere which is dependent upon the attitude of mind of those gathered together. If we are distracted and our thoughts are occupied with all sorts of things—anything but the purpose for which we have met—then we shall hinder the meeting and make the delivery of the spoken message difficult; but if we are gathered in unity and each one taking his or her share of the responsibility then the meeting will be a time of refreshment—we shall feel that it has been good to be there because we have been willing to give, and have not gone only to get. It matters very much how we spend our time in meeting not only to ourselves but to others and especially to those who speak.

In exercising the gift of vocal ministry we should only speak out of our living experience "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled of the Word of Life. . . That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you" (1 John i. 1 and 3). We cannot expect our messages to carry conviction to others unless they are real to ourselves. We cannot preach Christ convincingly unless Christ is a reality to us. We must have had experience of the deep things of life before we can enter sympathetically into the condition and speak to the needs of others. We should be ever on our guard against

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speaking just because it is expected of us. It is far better to remain silent than to speak without the conviction of a message newly inspired and we may be hindering others, to whom real messages have come, from giving expression to them.

It is most helpful if those, who get quite a simple thought or a short prayer or even a text, are willing to share them with the meeting. A message of this description is often particularly helpful early on in the meeting—it may be just the word that gives the opening for other messages. We must remember that God can and does use every one of us, irrespective of age and circumstances, for ministering to our fellows, and if He entrusts us with a message, however simple we may think it, we should be willing to deliver it—that simple message may be just what someone is waiting for.

Taking part in the ministry should make us concerned to live a life consistent with the high ideals and purpose of our ministry. Our ministry does not consist only of the words we speak but also of the life we live. Our lives are seen by those who come in contact with us from day to day and our influence reaches many who may never hear our words. It is therefore very important to "Let your lives speak"* that our words may have the power that accompanies the message when the life is being lived consistently and is speaking through the words.

No consideration of the ministry in our meetings for worship can be complete without speaking of the silence out of which the vocal ministry springs. The silence must not be just a time of ceasing from speech or of resting from our activities or of waiting for someone to speak. A negative silence is a

*Graven on the rock from which George Fox spoke at Firbank Fell in Westmorland, June, 1652.

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dead thing, and the meeting where the dominant note of the silence is of this description will be lacking in life and power and will sooner or later die out. Where, however, the silence is a living reality—a positive fact—a time when we bring all the energy of our spiritual life to bear, in a sustained effort of deep earnest prayer, that we may realise the presence of God and something of what this involves—that meeting will throb with life.

Other Christian bodies have special services set apart when the thought of communion with God is periodically brought before their members. The Society of Friends believes that all our meetings should be communion services held under the guidance of the Spirit of Christ. Our meetings, therefore, if they are fulfilling their purpose should reach at least as high a level as the communion services of other churches. Men of all ages have found that it has been in the silence that God has revealed Himself to them, and to-day many in other churches are finding in silent worship life and power that have been lacking in their ordinary services.

The power of a living silence is very real! Strangers who come amongst us are often more impressed by the silence than by the spoken words. We, who have become familiar with our manner of worship and perhaps grown somewhat lax, are apt to think the silence likely to be irksome to those unaccustomed to it and so we may have lost something of the wonder and power which comes to us only in the silence.

In meetings where the silence is a living one, the messages, however few or many, will be in harmony, they will ring true and speak in a convincing way to all, whatever their different needs may be.

Should we not endeavour to bring life, abundant life, into the silence in our meetings, so that we may individually and as a Society, by being ac-

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customed to wait for the guidance of the Holy Spirit and to commune with Him, be used to speak His messages to the world?

This, briefly, is my conception of what we should endeavour to realise in our ministry. There must be dedication of life in those who feel the call to this service, but I would emphasise the fact that it is only as we realise the responsibility that rests upon each one of us individually that our meetings will become, what they ought to be, centres of life and power, and our Society will once again speak in no uncertain tones to the conditions around us to-day.

CHARLES H. KOHN.

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SOME OLD-TIME BOARDING-SCHOOLS.*

I keep in the garage of my fancy, a handsome and commodious Time-accelerating Machine, built after H. G. Wells' model, and whose chauffeur is Imagination. The engine is at the present moment throbbing, and the motor "on tiptoe" for a run.

Will you then climb in without delay, and allow yourselves to be whirled back to the early twenties of the past century, that we may renew our acquaintance with some of the schoolmasters and schoolchildren, creations of our great novelists of a hundred years ago; and discover if we can, what advances we have made, what mistakes corrected, what improvements accomplished since those good old days, or dark ages shall we rather pronounce them.

Our first call is at the Grey Friars' School in London, one of the typical Public Schools of the time, where, for three centuries the foundation of all education had been the Classics—"those shibboleths of the British Academic World"; so that our budding aristocrats at eighteen years of age, were launched into public life, able indeed to write a little Greek prose, and compose a few Latin verses, and with a vast (?) knowledge of the past glories of Rome and Athens, but almost entirely ignorant

* Presidential Address to Sibford Old Scholars, Easter, 1922.

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of our national history, and of the work of our greatest dramatists; and ludicrously unable to express themselves intelligibly in their own language.

Here we find our young friend Arthur Pendennis, at 16 years of age, just promoted to a coat with a tail, and watching anxiously for the first appearance of his whiskers; a truthful generous boy, the idol of his mother's heart, but averse from his youth, to fighting, physic and Greek grammar. Here he stands in front of the portly Doctor, who is conducting a class in Greek drama; he attempts to construe, but miserably blundering, brings upon himself the wrath of the Doctor: "Pendennis you are a disgrace to the school, a candidate for ruin in this world and perdition in the next. A boy who construes 'de' 'and' instead of 'but,' at sixteen, is guilty not merely of folly and ignorance and dullness inconceivable, but of crime, of deadly crime, of filial ingratitude which I tremble to contemplate. Go on, sir, and I warn you that the very next mistake you make, shall subject you to the punishment of the rod."

How keenly Pen, with his insatiable love for English novels, plays and poetry, would have appreciated the free life at Sibford, with no fighting, no physic (well hardly any), and no Greek grammar.

And for Latin, one sentence only, we hold as a precious possession, and an urge to effort through life: "Da mihi scire quod sciendum est," which freely translated may run,—

> "In the quest for the best may I ever find,
> The juice of the orange and leave the rind."

Our next call is at Chiswick Mall, where the majestic Miss Pinkerton, aided by visiting masters and frigid governesses, trains twenty-four young

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ladies in the accomplishments. Here we meet the rich parlour-boarder, Miss Schwarz; the gentle and amiable Amelia Sedley, who "can sing like a lark, spell as a dixionary itself, and has twelve intimate and bosom friends"; and the clever but insubordinate Becky Sharp, the articled pupil, who has the "dismal precocity of poverty," and a miserable little room in a garret. To her the silly chat and scandal of the older girls and the rigid formality of the school are unbearable; in this cloister-like security, her libido is bottled up, and her peculiar nature repressed and stunted. No hockey at Chiswick Mall; nothing so vulgar as games and romps, so unladylike as high jumping, and potato races, in the halcyon school-days of long ago! One scarcely dare contemplate how great would have been the shock to Miss Pinkerton's nerves, had she seen our merry girls in the ubiquitous gym-tunic, and heard their shouts and laughter in class-rooms, "rampant in the license of evening recreation," or on the playing field with shin-guards, sticks and ball, adroitly dribbling and passing and scoring goals, in a *"mixed"* game of hockey.

We hear a great deal in these days of the importance of "purposeful production" in our schools, in order that children may "acquire manual skill, exercise creative power, and find means of self-expression." Let us take our car, and ride north to Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, where "youth are boarded, clothed, booked, washed, furnished with pocket-money, and provided with all necessaries for twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled."

Here we find Mr. Wackford Squeers already "going upon the practical mode of teaching" in his class for spelling and philosophy. Window-cleaning, horse-grooming, and care of plants are a regular part of the boys' daily work. "C-L-E-A-N,

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clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-I-N, win; D-E-R, der, winder, a casement. When a boy knows this out of the book, he goes and does it; that's our system Nickleby." Has some faint whisper of Pestalozzi, and the new ideals in education, reached even to the ears of this one-eyed, coarse and ruffianly Head of Dotheboys Hall? And his wife has some care for the boys' health, and must not let the temporary loss of her wooden spoon interfere with the hebdomadal dose of brimstone and treacle, "to purify the boys' blood." But when we have mentioned these two points in their favour, we have nothing but vituperation and obloquy to heap upon the head of this Yorkshire schoolmaster, an ignorant, sordid, brutal man, to whom few would have entrusted a horse or a dog. Alas, what joy can life hold for poor little stunted Cobbey, and Bolder and Smike, in ill-assorted and extraordinary garments, out at knees and elbows, in this bare and dirty den? And what hope can Nicholas Nickleby entertain of successful effort? Though he is not a Master of Arts, and has certainly never studied nor even heard of psycho-analysis, or the "inferiority complex," he realises in a hazy way, what most parents and all educationists of to-day recognise as a fact, and endeavour to carry out in practise, that joy and happiness is the rightful heritage of every child, whose environment should be one of freedom and beauty.

So Nicholas shows his disgust of this child-maiming machine by one short and sharp attack on the schoolmaster, and then quietly departs. And it is not long before the brutal cupidity of Squeers leads him to the prison-cell.

Someone says "revenge is sweet"; and again it has been said that "a boy is a steam-boiler, and like a steam-boiler he has a safety valve, and if you sit on that and hold it down, you'll have mischief."

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Perhaps we may attribute it to an admixture of these causes, that when the boys hear of their master's fate, they give a compulsory dose of brimstone and treacle to Mrs. Squeers; reigns pandemonium at Dotheboys Hall for a few hourse; cheers echo and re-echo through the buildings, led by a neighbouring farmer, who addresses the lads thus: "Noo then, let's have yan more to end wi', and then coot off as quick as you loike. Tak a good breath noo—Squeers be in jail, the school's broken oop,—it's a' ower—past and gane—think o' thot, and let it be a hearty un. Hurrah."

Poor and unhappy Squeers! Let us not too much blame him. Doubtless his subconscious self was harking back to his own miserable childhood, and may it not have been his desire to be revenged on a cruel Father, that led him to become the gargoyle here depicted.

Oh gentle Mrs. Squeers: if you were really solicitous for the boys' best welfare, could you but have known it, a free and hearty laugh in the classroom would have done more for them than a dozen doses of brimstone and treacle. All boys and girls must laugh; it is a potent medicine, a natural curative, a simple and effective panacea, "helping to get rid of that psychic poison that embitters the life of the pessimist," that blighted the youth of those unhappy boys.

While we are in the North, perhaps we may take the liberty of calling at Lowood Charity School, where we shall see about eighty girls, all habited alike in quaint brown stuff frocks, and with short hair, combed back behind their ears. Mr. Brocklehurst, the Patron, a direct contrast to Wackford Squeers, is well-educated, gentleman-like, plausible, but a sentimental, priggish, hypocritical clergyman, whose mission, he asserts, is "to mortify the lusts of the flesh" in these little orphan

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girls, and thus "to serve his Maker, whose kingdom is not of this world."

In order to feed their poor little souls, he rules that they spend one and a-half hours in prayers before they break their fast in the morning; and to mortify the flesh, their food is scanty, often ill-prepared, and not seldom uneatable; and their clothes coarse and insufficient to keep out the cold.

Fortunate is it indeed for the school, that they have so sweet, wise, clever and sympathetic a Headmistress as Miss Temple; though her courage and enterprise on one occasion elicits the grave displeasure of Mr. Brocklehurst: "Oh, Madam, when you put bread and cheese instead of burnt porridge into these children's mouths you may indeed feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls."

What would the fat, rosy, healthy little boys and girls at "Zibbard" who sometimes complain of lack of variety and short commons, say to-day to the Lowood dietary: Porridge for breakfast, often burnt; for dinner, "indifferent potatoes and strange shreds of rusty meat, in gravy, redolent of rancid fat"; and for tea, a small cup of coffee, and half a slice of brown bread.

Here on a stone bench, we may come upon Helen Burns, serious minded, imaginative, delicate, intent on the perusal of "Rasselas." But though thoughtful and clever, she is untidy and unmethodical, and on this account an object of insistent dislike to Miss Scatcherd, who emphasises the fault, most cruelly, and in public, and unnecessarily often.

This rouses the indignation and fires the spirit of her little friend Jane Eyre, who has just entered the school. She declares with an impulse of fury, that she would never endure the indignity of being flogged. The doctrine of endurance which Helen

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Burns recommends is quite foreign to Jane's inclination, and quite incomprehensible to her mind, at the present stage of her development. But Jane Eyre has grit and determination, if not meek endurance; and will pioneer her way through every difficulty, overcome every prejudice, and eventually attain real success.

With what pleasurable anticipation do we look forward to the first dish of sweet and delicate green peas! How delicious is the taste of our first gooseberry pie! But those who have partaken of these luxuries at Christmas time, know the disappointment in store. What a poor apology for the summer nature-ripened and juicy fruit! How lacking in strength and flavour!

Well, if you will return to London with me, we will visit Dr. Blimber's very expensive, fashionable and select Forcing Establishment for ten young gentlemen, who "go out walking in the largest possible shirt collars, and the stiffest possible cravats, it is so classical": and are waited upon at dinner by a butler in blue coat and bright buttons.

Here, Briggs and Tozer and Toots, who are nothing more than mere sprouts and twigs of boys, and need fresh air and sunshine and freedom of thought and action, to develop their natural buds and blossoms, are crammed and forced, by a vigorous course of education.

Tozer talks in unknown languages in his sleep, and wakes with a headache every morning; Briggs wishes he were dead, except for his mother, and a pet blackbird he has at home. Toots, it is said, when he began to grow whiskers, left off having brains.

Paul Dombey, a delicate, and old-fashioned little boy, at 6 years of age, entered this establishment, and is the special care of Miss Cornelia Blimber,

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short-haired and spectacled, dry and dusty, with working in the graves of dead languages.

Here we see little Paul this morning, with a pile of lesson-books, set to read a chapter of ancient history, a few Latin declensions, two or three mathematical problems, and a set of questions on General Knowledge. There he will sit for hours, becoming more confused and giddy, and drowsy and dull, till, "at the end of the day, he has an indistinct idea that twenty Romuluses make a Remus, and that a verb always agrees with an Ancient Briton."

So the days will go by, and each morning the boys rise to resume their studies at 7, under the joint auspices of Dr. Blimber and Mr. Feeder, B.A. Even when the holidays come round, there is nothing that can be called a breaking-up; these young pilgrims to Parnassus "ooze away semi-annually to their own homes," and Dr. Blimber, encouraged by the applause of parents, prepares to trim his swelling sails to the same tack next term, carrying on a system that is not only crude but disastrous, and will end before long in shipwreck.

For here is "a learned Guy Faux stuffed with scholastic straw," who realises not a whit that a boy's greatest desire is to discover, to analyse, to investigate, to create; and that his education only progresses as he has freedom to develop these activities.

The business and delight of Dr. Blimber's life is to gorge his ten pupils with intellectual food that would satisfy one hundred, so that there is no room, no time for spontaneous activities of mind and body, for hobbies and country walks, for games and gymnastics, for dramatics and music, and not a moment's leisure for thinking and dreaming—some of the most necessary and most precious moments in a child's life.

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With what a critical and horrified eye would Dr. Blimber have watched the unclassical method that our boys and girls adopt to show joy at their anticipated home return; with what a grating pain have listened to the riotous cheering and unrestrained voices, as the motors vanish up the lane. Nay, our entire system would have met with his scorn and pity. We enjoy the free self-development of a modern English school, while he lived, moved and had his being among the shades of departed heroes.

Six miles from London on the Dover Road, we come upon Salem House, the scene of David Copperfield's school life.

How well we know what to expect behind the high brick wall! How familiar Dickens has made us with the bare gravelled playground, with the long schoolroom, smelling of mildewed corduroys and rotten books, and occupied by some five and forty boys, half of whom are writhing and crying before the day's work begins. Here is the Head, old Creakle himself, ugly, fiery-faced, a real Tartar, never happier than when slashing and cutting at the boys till they are reduced to a state of abject terror.

There at his desk in the long schoolroom in his bright sky-blue suit sits Tommy Traddles, just recovering from a caning, and relieving himself with a burst of skeletons all over his Latin dictionary. Poor Traddles, with his merry good temper, and his sprightly patience, his unconscious humour, and his unlucky fortune. I have an affection for Traddles, and rejoice that later in life a stroke of uncommonly good fortune came his way in the shape of the curate's daughter, one of ten, down in Devonshire, "the dearest girl, I assure you."

And there, lounging with his back against the wall and surrounded by admiring boys, is J. Steer-

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forth, the parlour-boarder, the monarch of the school, the only pupil on whom old Creakle never ventures to lay a hand.

How David admires and loves him! How delightful his friendship! How precious his approval! His gay and easy laugh and his handsome face and figure, hold a kind of irresistible enchantment and fascination, to which David and many another later, most naturally yields.

Among the admiring throng is sure to be seen young Copperfield, who has gained a certain popularity in the school through his wonderful gift of story-telling.

The bounceable Mr. Sharp and the mild, ill-used and jaded Mr. Mell keep some sort of lesson hours, and maintain a sluggish routine with the help of cracked slates, tear-blotted copy-books, and a dirty atmosphere of ink surrounding all.

But as for proficiency in knowledge, encouragement in self-expression and self-discipline, little appears to have been attempted. What can one expect from a Head who has only decided to enter the scholastic world because hop-dealing has brought him to bankruptcy and debt?

Absent is any free and happy intercourse between teacher and pupil. Absent any show of personal interest in the boys by the Headmaster or his assistants. Present the all-pervading feeling of antagonism, discipline, punishment, checking growth and crushing initiative.

Some good schools undoubtedly there must have been; some educationists who understood and loved their work. But how little many of these schoolmasters of one hundred years ago realised what they were about, or how responsible a part they were playing in the destinies of the country.

A short sprint brings us back to Sibford and 1922; and we naturally ask ourselves, do we know

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to-day what education should be, and what we hope year by year to turn out from our schools?

We are far indeed from a true conception, struggling still through fog and mist; yet have not some of us at rare moments caught glimpses of the hills beyond, and the sunshine glinting upon them, revealing golden words of promise and hope.

We are ever aware of the inadequacy of our premises; we realise that our classrooms are not the Temples of Beauty we should like them to be; and that our methods continually need revision and reform; yet we try to keep in view what we are striving after, and what we hope to accomplish.

We believe that a well educated boy or girl is one, who, through the literature lessons, and the use of a large and oft-replenished library, has discovered a perennial joy in reading good books, and has little desire left for shilling shockers and comic cuts; one, who in the history and geography classes, has learned to understand something of the needs, the interests, and the aims of our own and of other nations; and who, by combining manual work with intellectual, has gained a well-balanced and harmonious development of body and mind.

We hope that in the general life of our schools, where repression and punishment have been reduced to a minimum, our scholars are learning the inestimable value of self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, and the divine joy of self-forgetful service.

Then, despising what is paltry and base, and loving the beautiful and the good, these boys and girls will be ready to take their part as useful citizens in the life of the community; eager to join those who are helping to unify the world, to extend and widen international amity, to bring about the longed-for world-peace, and world-progress, and the coming of the Kingdom of God upon earth.

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May Sibford turn out many such in the future, as we believe it has done in the past; for we know that there are among the Old Scholars not a few who are striving towards this high ideal, and who are thus upholding a noble tradition for those who follow after.

Sibford School,
nr. Banbury.

MABEL T. HARROD.

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SEEKERS AFTER TRUTH.

"No blazoned banner we unfold
One charge alone we give to youth,
Against the sceptered myth to hold
The golden heresy of truth."
(A. E. in On Behalf of Some Irishmen).

Some fifteen years ago, being then the minister of a Congregational Church in the Provinces, I came to the conclusion that, with very rare exceptions, the church members were not intelligently interested in the problems of religion either theoretically in discovering the explanation of religious phenomena, or practically in applying the principles of Christian ethics to industrial and political life; but I discovered in the Labour movement a considerable number of men and women who were extremely keen in regard to both issues.

In more recent years, as a member of the Society of Friends, I have seen no reason to change my opinion, for even among Quakers, though there is much greater freedom both of speculation and expression, yet in proportion as Christianity is regarded as an old-established authority rather than as a quest for truth, interest in the problems dies down and enquiry even comes to be resented. Such orthodoxy and conventionality bring with them a lack of interest in any but rather outworn causes, and Friends are apt to spend unavailing energy in endeavouring to revive past enthusiasms while more drastic and vital considerations, whether they be of scientific enquiry or political action, are tabooed.

But it is not so with a very interesting fringe of

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persons who are to be found on the skirts of the Adult Schools and in the membership of Labour and Socialist organisations. A few days ago I had occasion to call upon the organising secretary of an important branch of the Labour Party; I found him busy with a typewriter in a dreary little office at the top of a city building converted into a Trades and Labour Hall. We discussed our immediate concern and then drifted, as serious people will, into talk of religion.

"I'm an agnostic Mr. Le Mare," he announced. "Like many reasonable people," I replied. He glanced up quickly; and then the barrier of reserve was broken down and we exchanged confidences. Brought up in a Free Church, drifting into Unitarianism for mental satisfaction, then abandoning "Christianity" altogether but reading—reading—reading; this was his story and is the story of scores of such men and women.

In a Midland town I got into touch with a man, a vigorous "atheist," who had a similar history, but whose atheism implied a scorn of shams, a great love of wife and children, and a remarkable power of work and self-sacrifice on behalf of his fellow workmen. In the recent Engineers' lock-out he was summoned for unlawful picketing and scored against the justices on a technical point of law. These men are possessed of considerable force of individual character and are passionately concerned about justice and truth.

There is no difficulty in associating with such seekers and organising them into groups, except the initial difficulty of overcoming the orthodox prejudice that Christianity has everything to teach and nothing to learn.

A recent opportunity of visiting meetings in several widely separated districts of England has shown me that in almost every case Quakerism is

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holding on with difficulty to the territory it once conquered. An experience of a Quaker meeting where the major part of the congregation consists of boys from a Friends' School who attend perforce, has led me to believe that, speaking generally, Quakerism does not stir the blood of its younger birthright members. The religious life is too little of an adventure, truth is defended not sought, class distinctions and social inequalities are taken for granted, and Quaker customs of silent worship are accepted as the one and only method of approach to God and man. An invasion of heretics would enormously stimulate most meetings and their advent would certainly quicken the interest of the more youthful members of our community.

What I would like to suggest is that at every meeting-house there should be a seekers' meeting on Sunday evening, instead of, or following, the usual meeting for worship, where short addresses are given on fundamental problems of life by the most highly equipped and broad-minded speakers available, and a perfectly free discussion allowed under the control of some capable chairman. There must be no suspicion of proselytising, rather the inducement to come would be that the Society of Friends offers a comfortable room and invites all who are interested in religion to avail themselves of its hospitality. A frank statement that there are expenses of lighting and cleaning to be met will find a ready response in the form of a collection, in most cases.

If it is objected that in the case of many meetings the speaker and chairman are not forthcoming, the reply is, try the experiment; there is talent in our meetings and Adult Schools undiscovered, and there are often University lecturers and others who will gladly speak upon their own subject from a free platform; and the Society might consider the

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importance of liberating some of its members for such service. Hymns or songs, if free from theological phraseology, will generally be welcomed; a reading bearing upon the subject and one or two periods of silent meditation during each meeting, at the discretion of the chairman, will often check acrimonious discussion.

After the war and pending peace, men and women are disillusioned, old creeds and ceremonies are distrusted, a yeast of enquiry and discontent is fermenting unseen; the leaven will work, but how? There is no organised body of religious people so well able to meet the need as the Society of Friends.

"New occasions teach new duties
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must onward still and upward
Who would keep abreast of truth."

A. S. LeMare.

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SANDERSON OF OUNDLE AND THE IDEAL OF SCIENCE AS SERVICE.

I.

It has become increasingly clear to many scientific workers that unless some ideal of science as service can be formulated, and consciously striven for, not only does their work become less creative in the wider sense of that term, but also it may degenerate into a real social evil. Nevertheless they feel that it is only by the orderly application of the method of science to the immense problems involved in the control of the productive power which science has itself made possible that any hope for the future of mankind lies. The gospel of despair preached by those critics who observe only the evils which come from lack of such control, and lay them at the door of science, brings to the ordinary man neither conviction nor encouragement. It does not seem practicable to turn back upon the line of advance which has marked the last three centuries as a period in which the method of science has been successively applied to the various fields of human endeavour; nor does such a reversal seem anything but wasteful if it be true that man builds on his failures by incorporating in his advances what is of value in previous mistakes. The lines of thought represented by such diverse writers as Bergson, Benjamin Kidd, and Clutton Brock all suffer from this defect. When therefore a man appears who is imbued with the spirit of science and who is above the suspicion that, when he criticises its present results, he is treating the subject merely as a flank attack upon

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the citidal of science itself, then it is only to be expected that he would receive a wide hearing. But when this man is one who wields that most powerful of all instruments—an influence on the next generation; and when his message is so obviously important to him that in his sincerity and enthusiasm for it he is rendered almost inarticulate, then that message makes an even more urgent appeal. The forward-looking character of the man and his work, and the fact that his message is so obviously bigger than the words in which it is expressed, both add to his influence. It was only towards the end of his busy life that Sanderson of Oundle was able in any clear way to express in words the faith that was in him; and striking as some of those words are, he would have been the first to say that what he hoped to do, and what he believed, were things bigger than he could communicate to his fellows. In the various references to him which have appeared since his death, the different aspects of Sanderson's work are often discussed in a disconnected way; and yet of him it may be said, with more truth than of most other great headmasters, that each part of that work is closely articulated with the rest. Something of the greatness of his message is lost unless it is realised as an organic whole.

The connection between the different parts of Sanderson's work is best brought out, I think, by recalling them in the order of development. His starting point was a belief that the school divorce between pure and applied science was a mistake. He thought it to be a mistake, not merely because it left school science estranged from the activities of the real world, but also because it involved an inefficient method of approaching and teaching scientific subjects. He knew that if boys are introduced to a science in the traditional order—in which

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one passes from the logically simple to the complex—any latent interest in that subject will be killed long before the stage is reached at which the applications which interest the boy can be fully and adequately treated. Sanderson's sympathy with the average boy's appreciation of the concrete thing, and especially of new scientific creations, led him to inquire whether a teaching order which was the exact reverse of the traditional one might not be more effective. Instead of beginning the study of mechanics with the abstract and formal definitions of the older text-books, the boy was to be set to work in an engineering laboratory in which he would pick up rough but concrete notions of such things as force and momentum for himself. These he could use as tools for further advance, leaving their exact definitions to a later stage. It should be carefully noted that the stress is laid on the approach to the subject. Systematic treatment is not discarded, but only deferred.

As a young man fresh from Cambridge, and imbued with the idea of making each single step in teaching as clear as possible and built on foundations which were themselves logically simple, it came as a great mental shock to me when Sanderson led me to a group of young boys from the Lower School and told me that I was to teach them mechanics by letting them loose in the engineering laboratory to experiment with the full-sized engines and machines which it contained. "The boys will pick up mechanical notions," he said to me, "by contact. It is true that these will be rough notions at first, but they will be their own. It will be your job to lead the boys to test the value of their ideas, to polish and clarify them, and to rediscover in that way the text-book definitions for themselves." For example, the boys used machines for various purposes and were induced to ask them-

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selves why such appliances as pulley-tackles were found useful. In general they would reply, "Because they make you stronger." From that it is an easy step to interest them in finding out "how many times stronger the machine makes you." The rough idea thus obtained is of real use. It can be clarified later, and called Mechanical Advantage; but reached in this way it is no longer a mere text-book definition or arithmetical puzzle, but something of value in actual work. My time at Oundle was short; but it was long enough for me to learn the value of this method of approach, and to appreciate the new spirit which Sanderson was introducing into school science.

Sanderson's work, however, did not long stop at reforms in methods of science teaching. He rapidly extended the notion of reversal in the order of treatment to other subjects. He realised the power which might be released in every field of study if one could harness the boys' very real interest in modern advances and modern problems. Moreover this introduction of the research method into all school subjects, this stress on the creative spirit as opposed to a passive receptivity, follows naturally from Sanderson's fundamental insistence on the importance of avoiding any divorce between applied and pure science, between work and thought. In English education this disjunction has had disastrous consequences. It is, in part, a heritage from the past; a relic of that time when what remained of man's social inheritance had to be rewon from books. There was just a possibility of breaking this bondage of the past at the time of the founding of the Royal Society. The educational ferment of that period was brought to nothing, however, by the Civil War. Our schools still suffer from the divorce between craft and thought which has made so many of them the homes of pedantry.

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It is part of Sanderson's importance that he re-asserts, in all subjects, that real work amongst concrete problems is the ground out of which flowers any systematic thought about these problems which is worthy of the name. If once men realised this, if they knew that problems in any field of human study cannot be solved by fair words and polished phrases but only by hard work, then your man of affairs might be persuaded that learning could be good fun and a worthy occupation for grown men. And on the other hand, your really learned man might be induced to observe that the practical man of affairs is solving his own particular problems, to the best of his ability, by methods which are strikingly similar to those in his own field.

It will now be clear, I hope, that Sanderson's social message is a natural outcome of his fundamental position, and that his reform of school-method is an integral part of it. When he says that he wants scientific men to claim a larger share in the work of the world and not to confine themselves to what is commonly called science, he is insisting on the extension of the scientific spirit into every field of human thought and endeavour, just as he sought to extend it into every side of school life and work. He regarded his school as a scientific laboratory, and his work as an experiment in that laboratory. And that in itself was a considerable achievement, because it implied the belief that to this field which we call education the method of the sciences is applicable : that when one succeeds in thinking about one's activities in a deliberate and orderly manner, and is willing to put all to the test of experiment, then one's labours are lifted above the level of traditional routine to that of scientific craftsmanship.

By the duty and service of science Sanderson

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meant, therefore, that scientific men should bring their ideal of life, their vision, and their methods to the problems raised by the social structure which science has itself brought into being. "Our industrial life," he said, "is imperfectly organised; all our troubles are due to the fact that we have a process created by science, but organised in the old way by men of a different outlook." He saw that modern industrial processes had only been made possible by the bringing into being of alert and intelligent workers, with the consequence that the control of the whole industrial machine lags behind its power and complexity. The system of management by dual control of master and slave will no longer work. "It is," he said, "a new venture to control a mass of human beings inspired by the knowledge of their own possibilities." The main lines along which a hopeful solution may be sought seemed to him perfectly clear. In his school he had tried to replace explicit teaching by "finding out"; to replace the class-room by the laboratory into which you went not to learn but "to find out the things required for to-day."

Such an appeal to the constructive impulse rather than to acquisitiveness carried with it important social consequences: for though boys may be willing to "learn" out of sheer possessiveness, they don't want to make or discover things merely for themselves. "I have tested that," he wrote, "in the workshops. They don't want to make things for themselves; they soon cease to have any longing desire to make anything even for their mothers. What they love to do is to take part in some great work that must be done for the community; some work that goes beyond them, some great spacious work. You can spread them out in all sorts of spacious things, in all departments, such things as taking part in investigating the truth. The truth.

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for instance, of the actual condition of the coal miners. . . ."

Sanderson therefore felt that he could point the way to hopeful advance when he said that the great thing was to enlist boys and girls in the service of man to-day and man to-morrow. And since, to him, the ideal school was a model of the world to be, he believed that this same way is the path of advance for the world outside school. Scientific workers have to form a faithful band of disciples pledged to create a new world: "not to manage industry on the standards and values of the present, but to transform them." Thus his vision is, in the end, but a variation on the starting point of his whole development: only if our sciences are unashamedly part and parcel of the world's work and the world's concrete problems can we expect that they will precipitate new values based on the creative aspects of scientific discovery. And only such values can free the scientist from mere blind productiveness, and preserve him from acquiesence in the prostitution of the powers he wields to unworthy ends.

A. E. Heath.

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II.

With regard to the very interesting article by Gerard K. Hibbert on Sanderson of Oundle, which appeared in THE FRIEND of September 8th, I should like to associate myself with the tribute paid to this great Headmaster and to add a few words. My experience of a visit to Oundle was very similar and I came away with the same uplift and inspiration.

Our arrival there was delayed by a car mishap, and we had to wait some little time in the Headmaster's study. It was interesting to look round the walls, noting the pictures and the books. Art books, religious books, the works of Ruskin, Edward Carpenter, Evelyn Underhill, Student Christian text-books, life of Silvanus P. Thompson—unconsciously we began to paint a mental picture of the man. The door opened, and, for a moment, I was taken aback, for Sanderson was in no way like my picture of him. Could this indeed be the great man of whom we had heard? It was not long, however, before this initial sense of disappointment became absorbed in a growing wonder and appreciation, as, under his guidance, we saw the results of his labours—ideals made real by the steady and courageous following of the vision. Sanderson's vision was of a school as a real preparation for life.

There is one aspect of his work which has not received adequate notice, and the importance of this aspect must be my excuse for bringing it more prominently to the notice of your readers. It is the relationship between education and the right reconstruction of industry. This problem has become more and more pressing as Science, with all its inventions and aids, has taken its place in Industry. Speaking in February, 1920, in the University Hall in Leeds, Sanderson said :—

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"Education for the new era calls for more direct service in the work of schools, which may exact the sacrifice of change of belief and outlook—perhaps the greatest sacrifice and service man can give. . . .

"For organic changes are desired both in thought and aims to enable the nation to deal effectively with the rising issues. Everything will depend, as we believe, upon the spirit which the schools may create. The schools must be the source from which a transmuting and transfiguring spirit is breathed through the thoughts of men, and their work must be direct work for the community."

He then outlined his ideas of the duty of a school in relation to the needs of the new era and showed that something very different from the usual method of leaving industry as it is and doing something for the people outside it, was in his mind.

"To those who have visions of a great reconstruction of industry," he said, "this attitude appears as 'the great refusal,' but at the moment it is the method of alleviation proposed by educational authorities and by the leaders of labour—the latter from a natural dread of the further exploitation of craftsmanship. The policy proposed and insisted upon of providing entertainment, or of shortening hours of labour, or of organizing literary and non-vocational studies as a relief, to make amends for the character of a man's lifework, is, I believe, unsound. It will have the effect of making the average work more impossible, and will lead to more anarchy in life. The life which consists of dull bread-winning drudgery, with the admixture of pleasure, is unbalanced, and leads to violence. To cultivate a man's literary and artistic faculties whilst he has to remain at dull mechanical work, divides his life into two antagonistic states, and drives men to rebellion or death 'The question for a nation is, not how much labour it employs, but how much life it produces.' A man should gain more of life by the work he does, for if not he is a drudge, a sick man, and will want medicine and narcotics."

Sanderson's aim and desire was to urge schools to face this problem, and to develop a new and a

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true attitude to industry. He felt sure that this attitude would be got if boys could get their intellectual, spiritual and moral stimulus from 'vocational' work through the spirit of co-operation and service. Two quotations were constantly used by him—

> "To teach the average man the glory of his daily work and trade."

and

> "Ah, little recks the laborer
> How near his work is holding him to God,
> The Loving Laborer through space and time."

To find God in industry; to see all labour as divine; to worship in the workshop and the mill. This was his vision.

> "There will come a new creative day, when all the labours of men and women, all their labours which add to the wealth of man, will take upon them a new fashion. Not only within the realms of nature—wild nature, uncontrolled by man, and of which the poets sing—will God walk, but His presence will be manifest in the beautiful and romantic realms of man's genius and endeavour."

It was this great desire to get the right attitude to industry that moved behind so many of Sanderson's experiments at Oundle. He saw the need and he gave himself nobly to the task. We may not be able to follow his methods; but, surely we too see the need, and, seeing it, dare not be unfaithful to the vision. The very freedom of our schools, and the belief in God's universal light should stimulate us to face this important aspect of education.

ERNEST E. UNWIN.

Grove House,
Leighton Park,
September, 1922.

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A MODERN PARABLE.*

(THOUGHTS ON JOHN XV.)

I am the Vine ye are the branches.

This parable of our Saviour's comes home to us with great force in the spring of the year when we see the bare and lifeless-looking branches of the trees suddenly bursting out into life and beauty, and it makes us think of the way in which our lives, however barren they may seem to be, can be made beautiful by Christ's power working in us. The simile is a wonderfully rich one giving us much help and showing us the close connection between our Saviour and those who are trying to follow in His footsteps and live the sort of life which He lived when He was here on earth.

The divine power, which enabled Him to live the wonderful life of which the Gospels tell us, can also work in us and help to make our lives better and more like Christ's life.

We cannot live that sort of life unless that power does work in us. "If any man abide not in me" he is like a branch which is cut off from the tree and withers up. "Apart from me ye can do nothing."

Although this simile is a very helpful one indeed we have at the present day another which helps us even more, I think, when we ask ourselves the question "How am I to keep so closely in touch with Christ that my life may be moulded and guided by the same power which was working in Him when He was living the life of a man in Palestine?"

* An address given at the Severn Street Young People's Meeting, Birmingham, May 20th, 1922.

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Instead of the simile of the Vine and its Branches we can get great help from the simile of wireless electric waves and the wonderful things which they can do. In order, however, that we may get the greatest help in our spiritual lives from this analogy we must understand what we mean when we speak of the electric waves in the ether which we use for sending messages by wireless telegraphy and the wireless telephone. We have doubtless all read of this wonderful invention whereby any of us as we sit in our room can listen to music which is being played at the Eifel Tower in Paris any week-day afternoon at half past five o'clock.

In the first place let us think what we mean by waves in water. When a duck swims about on a pond it makes ripples does it not? Now supposing there were a couple of blind men by that pond. They could not see the duck swimming about and they could not hear it; but if one of them had a bit of wood floating on the pond with a thin string fastened to it which he held in his hand and kept tight, then whenever there were ripples on the surface of the pond he would feel by the string that his piece of wood was dancing up and down on the little waves which the duck made as it swam about. By this simple piece of apparatus—a float and a string—he could find out that there were waves on the surface of the water, whereas the other blind man who had not got a float and string would not be able to find out, and one can quite easily imagine that the man without the float, if he did not know what his friend had got, might say, "How can you tell that something is moving about in the water when you cannot see it or hear it?" The same is true of the wireless waves of the ether. Until we have the proper apparatus we are like the man without the float. The waves in the ether are there but we cannot know anything about them.

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To get the full help from this simile of the wireless waves we must now think about another kind of wave. Waves in the air. What we call sound—the notes of music and all other sounds are due to waves in the air. These travel very much faster than waves on water, in fact, they will go twelve and three-quarters miles in one minute. I need not remind you that the commonest way in which we make musical sound is by stretching a string tight and then making it vibrate, as in the case of the piano and the violin. Now we can learn an important lesson from one of the laws of sound. What I refer to is this, that if in two different violins you have the strings so stretched as to produce exactly the same musical note, when you sound the note on the one violin the other will pick up the note and its string will start vibrating in harmony with the note sounded on the first one. Many of you who are musicians will have noticed this. If you have a violin which is exactly in tune with a piano, when the right note is struck you will find that your violin picks up the note from the piano of its own accord and sounds it. In order to thus pick up a note it must however be exactly in tune with the piano. If the peg has slipped ever so little and the string become relaxed it will not answer to the piano and it will not pick up notes from it until the string has been tightened enough to make the violin once more in tune with the piano.

Here is a tuning fork. If I strike it I start its arms vibrating at the rate of 256 times a second and it gives out a note which we call C. Here is another one which vibrates double as fast (512 times a second). It gives out a note an octave higher—C in the treble.

Now if near this table there were a dozen or more strings so tightly stretched that they would vibrate 256 times a second, i.e., were exactly in tune with

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this fork, when I sounded this fork they would all start vibrating in answer to it; and if I stopped the fork at once you would hear them still giving out the note. This is a universal law that vibrations can communicate themselves from one instrument to another when they are attuned to the same pitch. It even holds true of the vibrations of the balance wheel of a watch. If you have two watches with very nearly but not quite the same tick hung up close together they will try to keep in harmony with one another, and one will tick a little slower and the other a little faster than its proper rate in the endeavour to keep in harmony with each other.

We are now, I think, able to understand something of the wonderful invention which enables us to telephone to places hundreds of miles away without any telephone wires at all. We have spoken of waves on the surface of a pond which we can see or could feel if we had a simple bit of apparatus by which we could feel the up and down movement of the surface of the water. We have spoken of sound waves in the air which we can hear because we have a wonderful piece of mechanism in our heads which will vibrate in answer to the air waves just as a string will vibrate in answer to a tuning fork.

We must now speak of the electrical waves which make the wireless telegraph and telephone possible. They are waves of the ether which fills all space, and the waves which we have now learnt how to make will not only travel all over the earth, but also out to the moon and the planets and even right away to the stars. They travel through walls and solid things quite easily. They also travel immensely fast and would reach Australia in much less than a second. They are, moreover, very big ripples. When the duck swims across the pond the ripples will be a few inches apart. When the

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Eifel Tower in Paris makes the ripples in the ether by which we can hear the music they are playing there, each ripple is nearly a mile and three-quarters away from the next. In other words, each wave including its wave crest and its hollow is 3,000 yards in length. That is, there will be about sixty-four ripples only between here and London. Now just as the blind man with his float could feel the ripples on the pond, so we, by making the proper kind of apparatus, can pick up those wireless waves which are being sent out from the Eifel Tower or elsewhere. But your apparatus must be in proper tune. The string of your musical instrument would not pick up the note of this C fork unless it was just tight enough to vibrate 526 times per second, and if you want to hear the music which is being sent out every afternoon by the Eifel Tower in Paris your apparatus must be tuned so as to be sensitive to waves 3,000 yards long. Or if you want to hear the concert which is given every Sunday evening at a doctor's house in the Wake Green Road, Moseley, you must attune your instrument to the wave length which he is using and then you can sit in your room and hear the songs and the music which is being played there. But the tune of your instrument must be exact. Alter its pitch and you will hear nothing.

But this is not all. It is possible to have an apparatus on board ship which will pick up wireless messages from the shore which will steer the ship upon its proper course, and we may soon have our letters carried from town to town by aeroplanes with no pilot on board but which are flown entirely by wireless guidance from the ground. Before long it will very likely be possible on foggy nights for ships to be guided into port safely past all unseen dangers by means of wireless guidance, if the apparatus with which they will be furnished be

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kept in tune with the station sending out the guidance.

Now what wonderful help all this gives us when we come to think of what Christ meant when He spoke of His life and power entering into us as the sap from the tree enters into its branches. The power of His Holy Spirit is here waiting to guide our lives along their right course, waiting to give us a taste of that Heavenly music which will more than make up for all the troubles and trials of this world. But we need the apparatus whereby we can pick up those unseen and unfelt influences. If we want to benefit by the wireless messages which are being sent out every day we must spend a few pounds in buying a piece of apparatus which will enable us to hear the music and receive the messages, but to get into touch with Christ's spiritual power we must follow the rules which Christ has laid down for us to follow. "If ye keep my commandments," "If ye love one another as I have loved you," "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you." To use the same language that we have been using our whole lives must be in tune with Christ's. The more closely our lives are modelled upon the pattern which He showed us when He was here on earth the more able shall we be to get into touch with the spiritual power which will help us.

Now supposing we have had a good meeting here and go home cheered and helped, feeling that we have realised something of Christ's promise that where two or three are gathered together in His name there He would be in the midst of them. Supposing we have been privileged to know something of the experience the disciples had when they said, "did not our hearts burn within us as He talked with us," and then when we get home some one annoys us and we lose our temper—or we do or say something which Christ would never have done. We are

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at once thrown out of tune with Him and we lose touch with the power by which Christ is longing to guide and help us. Just as if that ship on the foggy night were to alter the tune of its wireless receiver and so cut off all contact with the power that was guiding it safely into harbour.

If we are to know the joy of Christ's power working in us we must be scrupulously careful in all our thoughts, words and deeds and see that so far as in us lies we do nothing which is out of harmony with what Christ would have done had He been here on this world in our place. Otherwise we shall be thrown out of tune with Him and His power will not be able to work in us.

But in so far as we can keep our whole lives in tune with Christ's our souls will respond in some measure to the Divine harmony, and we shall be able to keep touch with that Divine power which can over-ride the weakness of our human nature.

"I am the Vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him the same beareth much fruit."

T. Stacey Wilson.

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WHY I AM NOT A QUAKER.*

Considering the fact that *as an organised body* of Christians, the Quakers alone, among the Churches, have remained true to their professions during the last eight years, and that their individual lives are undoubtedly more in harmony with those professions than those of the majority of their fellow-Christians, I often find myself asking, why it is that I do not sever my connection with the Anglican Church, and apply for membership of that body. For these facts do constitute a supreme attraction. And yet there are forces which seem to bar the way to me in that direction. And though they are not all of an intellectual nature, they are impelling, and I cannot ignore their appeal.

To begin with, I must admit that the atmosphere of Catholicism makes a strong appeal to me temperamentally. Putting creeds and dogma aside, I do not deny that its emotional milieu is personally sympathetic, and that I find myself spiritually at home in Catholic Churches. This is not to deny that other people feel uncomfortable and distracted in them. I recognise the fact, and speak only for myself.

What attracts me is the impersonal, objective character of the rites; the witness to something independent of anything I myself may feel or believe; independent too of the individual convictions of other worshippers. I love the homely informalities of Catholic churches, the little quiet places where

* This paper by Mrs. de Bunsen, a sister of Charles Roden Buxton, was written for a few friends and not for publication, but the writer is willing that it should, in spite of its personal note, be inserted in the *Examiner*.

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a Mary or a Saint, in however crude a setting, keeps watch over some humble shrine. I love the aroma of antiquity and tradition about these things, the sense that for generations past, the poor, the humble, the outcast, have found refuge here, and peace. And I feel that these institutions are right psychologically, meaningless and sometimes repellent as their intellectual content may be to the modern mind. It is not for nothing that such rites as Benediction, the Angelus, the Rosary, especially the practice of Confession, came into being. They do meet the desires and the needs of the human heart, at least of the majority of human hearts whose aspirations after the spiritual follow the lines of any recognised forms at all. Something of their like is found in every religion, not only in Christianity; and modern psychology, in its emphasis on the sub-conscious, and the power of suggestion conveyed by vocal repetition and environment, confirms the fact of their abiding value, and bears witness to the essential character of their forms.

Granted the universality and the psychological reasonableness of Catholic rites, I should yet feel myself obliged to renounce their use if it was only possible to find them within the fold of Rome. I could never accept what I understand that would involve, *i.e.*, Rome's doctrine of Authority and of Orders, its rigid view of the Sacraments, and all its exactly defined dogma. And I do not pretend that I find the Catholic atmosphere in the majority of so-called 'Anglo-Catholic' churches, with their slavish imitation of Rome, and their meticulous formalities in ceremonial. Yet I maintain that I find it here and there, sometimes in unexpected quarters, and as long as I do, I shall retain my membership of the old church. For even if in practice it has lost what I seek—all but completely, it possesses it potentially.

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But an 'atmosphere' which expresses no reality is a hollow substitute for intellectual and spiritual conviction. Emotional satistfaction may be an element, but it is only a subordinate element, in the religious life. It is rather among the *institutions* of Catholicism that I must look for that indispensable something, the absence of which in Quakerism seems so serious a loss to me. And among these institutions there are three which seem to me to fulfil the required conditions.

(1) *The frequent celebration of the Sacrament, and in a lesser degree of the other Catholic rites.* There is much more in these ancient rites than can be grasped at first sight, or perhaps ever fully expressed. They seem to gather up into themselves the shifting, cloudy aspirations, the spiritual yearnings of men; the vital convictions too. They lend them point, they make them conscious and actual. And, considering the all but universal experience of Christendom as to the spiritual help transmitted through them, one may hope one is justified in acting on the assumption of their validity.

Something of the nature of sacraments would seem to be a universal manifestation of the human spirit. We find them among the most primitive peoples, and in connection with religions which have hardly emerged from the stage of magic. They seem to supply the needed outlet to common human impulses; and the fact that they are supported by long tradition must be taken into account, little of evidential value as it supplies to some minds.

The very essence of Catholicism is expressed in this fact of the Sacraments. It strikes its key note; whether of Catholic practice, Catholic philosophy, or Catholic dogma. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us." That is the sum total of

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it all. To the Quakers the spiritual life is independent of the physical, as independent, that is, as the conditions of human existence allow. Asceticism is the ideal; though, unlike the Puritans, they never hold the inherent evil of material things. When, as is sometimes the case abroad, Quakers themselves make use of Catholic rites, they would maintain that they do so only as a means to an end; and the end is spiritual independence of all rites. "God is a Spirit, and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

On the surface the two ideals are radically opposed. Somewhere, no doubt, the synthesis is to be found in which they are seen as only two aspects of one truth. But the Quaker insistence on the one aspect puts them, for practical purposes, out of sympathy with Catholic tradition and Catholic ways of thought.

(2) *The celebration of the Christian festivals.* The orthodox church view of course teaches that each event in the life and death of Christ has its own saving virtue and redeeming power. But a wider view, and one which would be more inclusive, need not be repudiated. By celebrating the Festivals the Church does much more than recall historical events, i.e., incidents in the life of one person, whatever his nature may be. Each of these events in the life of Jesus has become so fraught with human emotion, so symbolical of universal human experience, that in their honouring we reverence and do homage to the great fundamental laws of human life. In this sense, Christ is realised as the Elder Brother of the race, the generic 'Son of Man,' who sums up in His own life the common experiences and sufferings of mankind, rather than as the Incarnate Son of God. We adore in His life the natural laws by which all men live and grow; but we adore also the specifically

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Christian laws which uphold the sacredness of the individual, the peculiar claim of the innocent and the helpless, the saving grace of purity. And in the commemoration of His death we plumb those profounder levels of human experience where heroic and awful forms confront us—sin, suffering, sacrifice, redemption—forms no less insistent and even more implacable.

Whatever our view of the historical events they involve, it is a fact that the festivals that witness to them do gather up into themselves the spiritual import of human experience, the experience of millions. They are true to *humanity,* true, that is to say, independently of the individual history of one person, even though He be one whose life and death have achieved universal significance. Of course their meaning must be indefinitely deepened by the realisation, in its sacrificial sense, of His personal experience. And to most churchmen, that is, I suppose, their *only* meaning. But to those who do not share this conviction there is still value in these definite land-marks, these trysting-places of the spiritual life. The commemoration of the festivals certainly gives expression, as it does point to the dim and fluctuating realisation of truth which is the utmost that most people can be said to attain to.

(3) Closely allied to the celebration of festivals, is *the Catholic practice of the cult of the Saints, and of communion with the dead expressed in prayers, requiems, Masses for departed souls,* &c. Not only does this practice help to keep alive and actual the reality of the spirit world. It forms that link with the past which human nature seems to crave. Undoubtedly we do derive inspiration from the thought that we are links in a chain, the long chain both of human and of Christian experience. Our minds seem constituted so. We need the sense of

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unity, the sense of being parts of a whole. The more we realise our oneness with the past, the less readily do we despair; the more confidently can we face a present for which great spiritual victories have been won in the past. And realisation of the past turns our minds to the future too. We look forward to the goal, to the end of the chain, if end there is to be. We have vision of the final oneness of man with God, the final victory over the burden of the flesh.

To the protest of Protestantism that such a sense of fellowship with the past and the future must minimise the responsibility of the *individual,* the Catholic would suggest that individual effort, unsustained by the experience of the past, unilluminated by the hope of the future, leads more often to defeat than to victory.

But these are "only institutions." And Quakerism, like every sect, "stands for a principle." It does; and I think it is just in this fact, this emphasis on a particular principle, on the *part,* rather than the whole, that I am conscious of limitation and one-sidedness. For myself at least, I need a spiritual home which, blurred and one-sided as its present vision may be, has, in the course of its long history, seen a *whole.* It is, I believe, to this "whole" that such institutions lend invaluable, imperishable witness.

VICTORIA DE BUNSEN.

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FRANCE AND THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that the restoration of Europe depends largely on France; on the extent to which she will adopt a policy of international co-operation instead of maintaining an attitude of rigid isolation. The welfare of Europe is therefore closely connected with the victory of those forces which are making in France for peace and reconciliation; in other words it is ultimately a matter of French internal politics.

For several years before the war these had been dominated by considerations of foreign policy. The conclusion by mutual concessions over Egypt and Morocco of the age-long Anglo-French feud had led the Radical party to believe that the more serious problem of Franco-German relations could be peacefully settled by the exchanging of some French colony for the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. But to any policy of compromise with Germany the parties of the Right were steadfastly opposed. Without going so far as to demand the war of revenge preached by extremists like Déroulède, they declared that France could offer nothing in exchange for territories that were hers by right and had been taken from her by force, and denounced the attitude adopted by the Radical leaders, and in particular by M. Caillaux, as being the recognition of the treaty of Frankfort and a

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betrayal of France. The downfall of the Caillaux cabinet in January, 1912, and the advent to power of M. Poincaré marked the failure of the Radical attempt to place Franco-German relations on a new basis: although the new premier did not take office with the intention of bringing about war, and indeed did his best, within certain limits, to avoid it in 1914, his arrival undoubtedly meant the ruling out of court of what seemed to be the only peaceable solution of a problem that remained the chief danger to European peace. In fact, the threatenings of the coming war grew serious enough to heal the breach caused by M. Clémenceau's industrial policy between the Radicals and the Socialists of the Jaurès school; the "Block of the Left" was virtually remade in opposition to the three years' military service act, and the elections of 1914 brought the Radicals back to power, so that the peace forces of France might have once more made their influence felt in the councils of Europe had not the German military party chosen July, 1914, for the outbreak of the threatened conflict.

Party politics were theoretically in abeyance during the war, and as long as the military situation was predominant the "Sacred Union" worked tolerably smoothly. But when the term "peace" was mentioned for the first time, serious divergences appeared between those who wanted to bleed Germany white and those who were anxious to avoid in their dealings with a defeated enemy the blunders of Bismarck in 1871. The Treaty of Versailles was therefore a compromise, and ever since its signature has been attacked from both sides on the contradictory grounds of leaving Germany too powerful and of placing upon her burdens too heavy for her to bear. But the real issue lies not so much in the actual clauses of the treaty as in the attitude to be adopted by France towards the

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German Republic. The essential factors of the problem are of course common ground to both parties: the fear of bankruptcy and of invasion dominates the situation, and it may be said that the question of Franco-German relations, and therefore of European reconstruction, largely turns on the removal of those fears. As soon, however, as we come to the specific steps to be taken towards this end, we are at once confronted with a deep cleavage in French opinion, a cleavage which is insufficiently realised in this country.

The official view, as stated by M. Poincaré and adopted with but slight modifications by all French cabinets since the armistice, is familiar by now to English readers. It fastens on Germany the sole responsibility for the war, and virtually refuses to institute any difference in this matter between the Kaiser and the German people, or to admit the existence in France of a militarist party whose aggressiveness played into the hands of the German jingoes.* Being solely responsible for the war, Germany must pay for the whole of it, or at any rate for as much as can possibly be put to her account: the question raised by the Keynes school of reducing the agreed total of her debt cannot be even discussed, partly because the burden is a just one and justice is sacred, partly because without German money France is unable to balance her budgets. Germany's ability to pay is equally outside the scope of discussion; her present financial difficulties are due to her own extravagance since the armistice: the buying up of railroads and

* "It is not tolerable that France should be represented on the League of Nations by a man who has taken it upon himself to affirm that this country has any responsibility for the outbreak of the war."—Maurice Barrès in the French Chamber, May 31st, 1922. The allusion is to M. Hennessy, one of the founders of the Ligue de la République.

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canals, bread subsidies, excessive unemployment doles, unnecessary increases in the number of officials. As to the depreciation of the mark, it is not an accident but a deliberate policy. As soon as she chooses to put her internal finances in order, she can pay large sums, partly by raising an international loan, partly by calling-in the millions invested abroad by her nationals. But of course she will do nothing voluntarily; she has never respected anything but strength and has no intention of paying until compelled to do so, and this compulsion can be exerted by the military occupation of her territory and by the establishment of an inter-allied control over her finances. If this is done, and the reparations in kind initiated by the Wiesbaden agreements are carried out on an even greater scale, French finances will be able to regain a fair degree of prosperity, without any recourse to the desperate expedients of socialist finance. As to the further problem of a possible German invasion, it must be solved by the complete disarmament of Germany. Here again she has been unfaithful to her obligations; depots of armaments and ammunition dumps are being discovered daily and the effective armed forces of Germany are in excess of those allowed by the Treaty. Here again, therefore, compulsion is necessary, and meanwhile it is useless to talk of disarmament on the part of France: "We should like to disarm, but can't," said M. Clémenceau in 1919, and M. Poincaré says the same now. A strong France is essential to the peace and prosperity of Europe; in the East, a strong Poland is the only adequate bulwark against the Russo-German military alliance of which the treaty of Rapallo lays the foundations. International co-operation is doubtless a beautiful dream, but as the *Journal des Débats* said a few months ago, "we cannot conceive of a European union in which

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debtor States will enjoy virtually the same powers as their creditors in the management of European affairs. . . Mr. Lloyd George's policy is to mix up together executioners and victims, victors and vanquished."*

Before passing any kind of judgment on the views expressed in the foregoing lines, it must be remembered that they do not represent the extreme of French nationalist opinion. All the ministries in office since the armistice, even that of M. Poincaré, have been accused of moderantism, not to say of pacifism, by the ultra-patriotic elements represented by the "Action Francaise" and by the followers of M. Tardieu, M. Clémenceau's most devoted henchman. This party has steadily denounced the utter inadequacy of the Treaty of Versailles, "a treaty which organises eternal war," says M. Bainville. It demands the dismemberment of the Reich by the separation of Bavaria and of the Rhenish provinces, the immediate occupation of the Ruhr basin, and a large increase in the French army in anticipation of the inevitable next war which will be at last the true victory of France.† It is not anxious for the continuation of the Entente, and terms "hateful" the comparison instituted by Lord Derby between English trade and the devastated provinces of Northern France. It is evident that such a programme is not practical politics; but the importance of the Action Francaise lies not so much in its demands as in the pressure it is able to exert over the less extreme elements of the Right.

* *Journal des Débats,* Jan. 19th, 1922. See also M. Poincaré's speech on June 2nd and 3rd.

† "The war has been but a glorious phase in the merciless age-long struggle between Latins and Germans, and the patched-up peace forced on us by our allies is but a truce."—Marshal Fayolle.

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Although it is committed to the restoration of the monarchy and to the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic Church,† it has a much larger following than is suggested by its actual membership, and can count on the support of many non-Catholic Republicans who are attracted by its extreme nationalism, by its trenchant criticism of parliamentary institutions and by the great talents and obvious sincerity of its leaders. The result is that the party wields an influence far in excess of its representation in Parliament; it played a considerable part in the overthrow of the Briand cabinet last January, and in the present confusion of French parties seems able to place considerable obstacles in the way of any statesman who appeared inclined to act in defiance of its behests. It is evident that M. Poincaré, at any rate, is not prepared to face the storm of abuse and the accusations of treason which any "weakening" towards Germany would call forth from the champions of "integral nationalism."*

English critics of French official policy have always been silenced by the retort that living in a sheltered island they were unable to understand the natural fears of the French, perpetually threatened by a far more numerous and hostile nation living in a passion of revenge. But criticisms of French nationalism do not come from England only; they are directed with equal violence by the

† "A Catholic France is essential to any reconstruction of Europe."—Georges Valois in "l'Action Française." See that writer's newly published work: "La reconstruction économique de la France" for a full statement of nationalist policy.

* The Action Française demands the trial of M. Briand for high treason, and declares that the paper, "le Petit Parisien" is in the pay of Great Britain.

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French opponents of the "National Block" as the present coalition of conservative and centre parties is called. The most significant feature of French political life at present is undoubtedly the re-formation of the Block of the Left, or temporary federation of the Radical and Socialist parties on a common programme in which foreign affairs predominate. It is a return to the policy of Jaurès and Caillaux in 1913-4, and it is significant that while the actual leaders are MM. Herriot and Painlevé a great part of the inspiration and of the actual policy comes from M. Caillaux. This statesman is still indeed under sentence of banishment for correspondence with the enemy during the war; but many Frenchmen believe this condemnation to have been merely a political move by which M. Clémenceau was able to debar from opposition his most serious rival. Be that as it may, the League of the Rights of Man, through the mouth of M. Anatole France, has committed itself to the rehabilitation of M. Caillaux, and while the Radical party as such has not yet made so definite a pronouncement, the fact that M. Caillaux is now a regular contributor to two of its organs, "le Progrès Civique" and "l'Ere Nouvelle" seems to entitle him to be considered as one of its chief spokesmen.

What then is the Radical programme of internal and international reconstruction? We shall find it set forth in the two periodicals mentioned above, in other dailies such as "l'Oeuvre," in the manifestoes of the "Ligue de la République" and in the recent book of M. Caillaux, "Où va l'Europe? Où va la France?" The French Radicals begin by expressing their agreement with the government on two vital points. They admit the need for the complete reparation by Germany of the damage done by her in northern France, and they do not deny that the German reactionary and militarist

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party is a real danger and must be carefully watched. But their positive policy is in direct opposition to that of the Bloc national.

To begin with finance, they declare that the serious situation of France is due at least as much to the defective policy of the government as to any default on the part of Germany. They point to the absurdly inadequate amount of taxation imposed by the war cabinets who went on piling up debts with the comforting thought that Germany would pay for everything and they state that although the French taxpayer now has heavy burdens to bear, too much reliance is still placed upon loans and not nearly enough is asked from the moneyed classes that built up fortunes during the war and have not had to undergo any period of trade and financial depression. They demand therefore an increase and readjustment of the income-tax, and even talk of a capital levy. As to reparations, they maintain that all the devastated areas would have been rebuilt by now had the Government adopted in 1919 the scheme of reparations in kind that was offered by the Germans, and urged by the Radicals, but turned down owing to the pressure of the French contractors who saw in those provinces a fruitful source of profits. It is true that the Briand cabinet at last adopted the scheme, but two years had been lost during which so little was done that, to use the strong phrase of the *Ere Nouvelle,* the Bloc national made the world believe that France did not really want the devastated regions to be rebuilt.* "The present talk of French finances depending on German reparations is mere pharisaism," said the same paper after M. Poincaré's speech at Bar-le-Duc on April 23rd; it is the fault of our governments if the work is not yet done; it

* *Ere Nouvelle,* April 27th, 1922.

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would be already completed if at Versailles we had statesmen of any competence." As to those reparations which can only be affected in cash, the Radicals accept the scheme of a German international loan, but demand the revision of the amount by the cancelling of payments for civil and military pensions, which impose upon Germany a burden heavier than she can bear; this cancelling must, however, be accompanied by the renunciation by the allies of France's indebtedness towards them.

These measures would go a long way towards placing French finances in a sound position; but they will be inadequate without a drastic reduction of expenditure, and the chief economy must be on armaments. Many Frenchmen even outside the Radical party believe that France is endeavouring to maintain an army larger than her finances or her needs warrant, and it is significant that the proposal to substitute one year for the Government's scheme of eighteen months' military service was put forward by a nominal supporter of the ministry, and was only defeated by 83 votes in a house in which the ministerial majority is normally about 300. But the Radical programme goes further than this defeated amendment; it demands a citizen army on the Swiss pattern, such as was suggested by Jaurès in his book "la nation armée."

But what of the German danger against which a strong army is needed? "That danger," the Radicals reply to their opponents, "is largely of your own making, not to say of your invention. Since the armistice you have done everything to discourage the peace parties in Germany and to play into the hands of the German militarists. You have kept Germany at arm's length as if she were a leper, although you had allowed Mr. Lloyd George to say that the allies would treat a demo-

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cratic Germany very differently from the Germany of William II. You have steadfastly refused to believe anything her most trustworthy statesmen said; you have allowed our own jingoes to poison the atmosphere by their demands for the annexation of the Rhenish provinces, and you have ignored the very terms on which the armistice and peace were to be based, President Wilson's fourteen points. You have refused to Germany access to the League of Nations, which would have automatically given you a more certain security against German aggression than any special pact with Great Britain or any inter-allied control of German armaments, a control which cannot be effective unless you deprive Germany of any real political independence. You could indeed have disarmed her at the time of the armistice; a few soldiers stationed at the Rhine bridge-heads could have made sure that not a gun or rifle was taken home by the defeated army; but when this course was urged Marshal Foch, whom some of you now call on as the only possible arbiter of the situation,* refused on the grounds that the Germans having fought bravely, it would be contrary to the rules of chivalrous warfare—save the mark!—to deprive them of weapons they had put to honourable use. Your less avowed motive was, of course, that you then feared Bolshevism more than anything else, and that you thought the German provisional government needed some armed forces in order to put down any possible Bolshevist rising in Germany; and for that same reason M. Millerand, while premier, allowed it to retain a so-called police force of a quarter of a million men. And now you complain of the Germans not having disarmed! In addition to this, you do everything to lend

* "When will the Allies appeal to Marshal Foch?"—Le Matin, April 19th, 1922.

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colour to the theory that France wants the utter political and economic extinction of Germany by destroying her trade, by encouraging alleged separatist tendencies in Bavaria and in the Rhineland, and by preventing the obviously right and natural reunion with the German Reich of German Austria. You have, in fact, put every obstacle in the way of the establishment of democracy in Germany, and at the same time you complain that German militarists are still powerful, and that for that reason you cannot disarm. The problem is simple enough: a little goodwill and generosity and you will leave the German reactionaries with no case. But you are not prepared to do this because you are not really democratic yourself; whether you call yourselves republican or royalists, you are all reactionaries at heart, both at home and abroad. You really regret the downfall of Tsarism; you would give no support to Kerensky and drove the Russians into Bolshevism. Now you are driving the Germans back into militarism. In fact, as Bainville said,* you are the most reactionary country in Europe and you are proud of the fact and wish to take the lead in a policy of reaction; but a really democratic France would have nothing to fear from a democratic Germany. Outside Germany we still see France pursuing the same mad policy. The two powers she is supporting abroad, who are in fact the corner-stones of the Europe she wishes to build up, are Poland and Turkey—the one the representative of the most exclusive nationalism, the other the incarnation of tyranny at home and aggression abroad. Every attempt which is being made to establish a new order of things finds at every turn the opposition of the French Government, whether it be the international limita-

* "L'Action Française," May 11th, 1922.

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tion of the hours of agricultural labourers, disarmament on land or on sea, or the lowering of tariff barriers. The Genoa Conference was the last straw; the inability of our statesmen to realise the international situation, the brutal muzzling of M. Barthou who suddenly saw things as they were —all this showed the Liberals of all countries that there was nothing to hope for from the French Government. 'Our attitude at Genoa,' says one of the manifestoes of the Ligue de la République, 'was brutal, provocative, ill-timed, insufferable to others and detrimental to our own interests.'"

The result of all this is that France has largely lost in Europe the prestige which her courage in the war had won for her. Not only has she failed to gain the confidence of the peace-lovers and democrats in Germany and Russia, but she has lost the regard of her allies. In the eyes of America and of Great Britain she has become the real danger to European peace: "The world at Genoa," says the *Ere Nouvelle,* "was expecting peace; but it had not allowed for the France of the Bloc National; for a France which intends to remain the last citadel of militarism"; and the same paper complains in another article of France having become "the extinguisher of liberal hopes, of her using her victory for the oppression of vanquished nations," so that "the civilised world is against her."

What, then, ought to be done in the eyes of the Radicals? The first step to be taken is the immediate admission of Germany into the League of Nations, the covenant of which provides all necessary guarantees against aggression. The next is the recasting of reparations on the lines already discussed—a recasting which will render unnecessary the maintenance of armed forces on the Rhine and enable France to carry out a drastic reduction of her army. A complete revision of the Treaty of

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Versailles will follow, in co-operation with Germany, so as to eliminate as far as possible the various "Alsace-Lorraines" which the Treaty has created in Central Europe and to destroy the economic barriers which prevent the resumption of trade. This involves, of course, the abandonment by all powers, beginning with France, of the policy hitherto pursued of a suspicious and hostile isolation and self-sufficiency. Thus, and thus only, can economic and political life become normal once more and prosperity return.

This analysis of Radical policy should dispel the legend, carefully worked-up by the nationalist parties, that the accusation of militarism and imperialism levelled against France are the inventions of her enemies in this country or in Germany. We question, on the contrary, whether any criticisms of French policy have appeared in this country equalling in openness and violence the statements we have quoted from organs representing a considerable body of French public opinion. This is not to say that those criticisms, whether of British or of French origin, are necessarily to be accepted as in no wise unfair or exaggerated; if some of our fellow-countrymen have occasionally written in ignorance of the true situation of France, some of the French opinions we have quoted are doubtless inspired by personal jealousies, disappointed ambitions, party rivalries. But when all allowances have been made for these disturbing influences, the fact remains that the policy represented by the Poincaré cabinet, and recently set forth at length in a remarkable book, published under the *nom-de-plume* of "Celtus,"* may command a substantial

* In his speech of June 2nd M. Poincaré declared that this work, written by M. François-Poncet, Jean Benoît and de Tarde, had been published with his full approval.

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majority both in Parliament and in the country, but is certainly not the unanimous opinion of thinking France.

What light does this conflict of ideas shed on the problem of the Entente? It is evident that there is very little to choose between the programme of the French Radicals and that of our Independent Liberals, while the policy for which M. Poincaré stands meets with very little support in this country. It follows that the future of the Entente is largely bound up with the course of French politics; and it may be wondered whether this was not in Mr. Lloyd George's mind when he referred in his speech of May 25th to his "beliefs in co-operation with the democracy of France." We must confess, however, that we are not very sanguine about the establishment of happy relations between any French cabinet and our present Premier. We hope that the *New Statesman* exaggerates when it says† that "no Englishman has of late years been so much hatred in France as Mr. Lloyd George," but it is certainly true that scarcely ever has any British statesman been more universally distrusted. While the Conservatives seen in him the man who, together with President Wilson, prevented the realisation of the age-long plans of French nationalism, and who ever since the peace has done his best to oppose French policy all the world over, the Radicals blame him for the insertion into the Treaty of the objectionable pensions clause and for his lack of courage in not withstanding the jingoism of Tardieu and Clémenceau. Finally, all parties are angry with him for now preaching moderation in victory—after the German fleet is at the bottom of the North Sea, all German colonies safe in English hands, and the world's oil supplies virtually under

†Quoted by Zimmern, "Europe in Convalescence," p. 152.

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British control. They are annoyed by what Mr. Zimmern calls his correctitude, and say that he is really thinking less of Europe than of the next general elections in this country.

Putting aside, however, vexed questions of personalities, it seems to us that the re-establishment of harmonious relations between the two countries depends ultimately on the return to power of the Block of the Left. This is scarcely likely to take place before the elections to be held at the end of next year; and while sudden changes of opinion have been known to occur within a legislature, it seems probable that the principles now in force will tend to control French policy for the next eighteen months at any rate, with or without M. Poincaré. As to the elections of 1923, it would be idle to attempt forecasts. Recent bye-elections and the local government elections just held show a slight movement towards the Left, but not enough to alter to any considerable degree the present distribution of parties.

All our governments can do meanwhile is to pursue the resumption of economic relations with all countries and to hold aloof from any action likely to cause further international disturbances. We doubt whether any separate pact can be signed with France which would be satisfactory to both sides. The events of the last few months seem to indicate that no British ministry could obtain the acceptance by the country of an agreement by which we should be compelled to guarantee against all attacks the present frontiers of Central European States, particularly of Poland; on the other hand it is questionable whether the governing minds of France would accept anything less, convinced as they are that the Russo-German Treaty constitutes a serious menace to Poland and that the guarantees of the League of Nations are inadequate. The suggestion

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made by Mr. Ramsay Muir in the *Manchester Guardian* for May 24th appears to obviate some of those difficulties; but we do not think the French Conservatives will ever agree to any scheme by which the Council of the League would be the ultimate judge whether or no an act of aggression had been committed.*

The essential point is, we think, that nothing should be done by us calculated to weaken the position of French Radicals and to cut off the ground from under their feet by giving in to such demands of their Governments as they would consider unreasonable and unnecessary for the welfare and safety of their country. But we should do a great deal to promote the ends we have in view if we were to cancel unconditionally France's debt to us—nothing would go such a long way to prove to the French people that we are not actuated solely by material considerations. If this were done, and if the problem of reparations can be settled at least for a time, by the floating of a German loan which would give to a large number of French and English investors a direct interest in the economic recovery of Germany, a great step forward would have been taken, and one might hope that the present wave of reaction might pass in France before it had done serious damage. And even if the next French election does not return a parliament pledged to the complete Radical programme, a movement towards more moderate counsel can be reasonably expected. What is needed is a French Premier who will resolutely set his face against the hotheads who have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, and, without fear of being called unpatriotic, pacifist, pro-German

* The Third Assembly of the League, held since the above was written, tends to show the situation in a more favourable light.

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or what not will tell his fellow-countrymen the plain truth about the European situation. The France which publicly confessed her sins over the Affaire Dreyfus is not dead yet; the restoration of Europe depends on her early resurrection.†

† Since this article was set up in type, M. Poincaré has adopted on the matter of Reparations an attitude much less distant from that of the Radicals; and it would probably be true to say that at the present moment (September 30th) while the breech between the Right and the Left grows wider every day the Poincaré cabinet seems more inclined to look to the Left for support in foreign affairs. Its domestic policy remains very conservative.

ROGER H. SOLTAU.

University of Leeds,
July, 1922.

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Feet—juvenile and in need of rejuvenation

FEW things in Nature are more unvaryingly beautiful than the feet of little children. A baby's ugly foot is as rare as an ugly flower. In all ages they have been a delight to parents and a theme for poets. It is all the more curious therefore that the care of them is so little understood, that nearly every adult grows up to complain of corns, bunions, flat-foot, or at the very least, cramped and perverted toes due to badly shaped or ill-fitting footwear.

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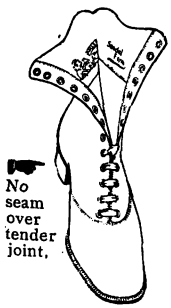

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